





HYMEN'S PRÆLUDIA:
OR,
Love's Master-Piece.

Being that SO-MUCH-ADMIR'D

R O M A N C E,
I N T I T L E D,
CLEOPATRA.

I N T W E L V E P A R T S.

Written Originally in FRENCH, and now Elegantly
render'd into ENGLISH,

By **ROBERT LOVEDAY.**

EVAND.

*Quid magis optaret CLEOPATRA Parentibus orta
Conspicuis, Comiti quàm placuisse Tbori?*

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by J. WATSON, in *Wardrobe-
Court, Great Carter-Lane.* M.DCC.XXXVI.



HYMN'S PRELUDE:

1568/1575

Love's Master-Piece.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

ROMANCE

ENTITLED

CLEOPATRA.

In Twelve Parts.

Written originally in French, and now English.

By

ROBERT LOVEDAY.

London.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the

VOL. I

LONDON:

Printed and sold by J. Sturges, in New Street, near the Old Bailey.





To the Right Honourable
His Ever HONOURED LADY,
THE
Lady CLINTON.

MADAM,

Tis such Times as Your
silent Authority gave
me leave to want bet-
ter Employment, this Trifle (that
now begs to live a Shrub under
the secure Shade of Your Patro-
nage) was sinn'd into *English*;
and though, not to confess the
Presumption, be to add to it, yet
its being born in Your Honour's
Service, bids me hope it less

YACEDVO A 2

Rude-

iv *DEDICATION.*

Rudeness, thus to throw itself
at Your Feet, than to disclaim
the Privilege of being Yours.

MADAM, I am not ignorant
(if You descend to the Perusal
of this Humble Toy) that You
must force Your sublime Thoughts
(which usually fly at fair Quar-
ries) to a Stopping: But as the
Sun, (who is the clearest Em-
blem of Your Virtues) when
mounted to his Meridian, does
not disdain to look downwards;
so if You vouchsafe to let fall
the Beams of a Smile upon this
Piece, and bid it live, how un-
kindly others may use it, shall
never be placed among the Fears
of,

MADAM,
Your Honour's most Humble,
And ever Obedient Servant,
LOVEDAY.



TO THE
R E A D E R.



READER, thou hast here
my Recreations; if they
have the luck to be
thine, I have my End,
and we are both pleased: Thou
wilt here find History enamelled
with Fiction, and Truth Drest
like a MAY-Lady, who thro' the
gay Disguise of her Flowry Or-
naments, does often shew her own
Simplicity. If thou be'st an Histo-
rian, thou wilt trace his Ingeni-
ous Pen through Tacitus, Florus,
Suetonius, and others that wrote
Augustus's Life, and find with
A 3 what

vi To the READER.

what skilful Method he hath culled such Flowers from each of their Gardens, as were fittest to beautify his Garland. It was the same Hand that wrote the much cried up *Callandra*; and the best Judgments agree, now that this is perfected as happily as begun, it need not yield that any other Precedency but of Time (in all things else it claims Advantage.) But I keep thee too long at the Door.

Farewel.

R. L.



T.

To his Deserving Friend Mr. LOVEDAY, upon his
Translation of CLEOPATRA.



OME use to praise before they do
peruse,

And make a common Hackney of their
Muse.

I love my Friend, yet do I love to
look,

Before I pass my Verdict on his Book,
'Tis Merit wins Encomiastick Strains,
While Sycophants, who prostitute their Brains,
Profess a servile practick Art of Praise,
And crown weak Artists with Apollo's Bays.
I would be loth my Genius should be such,
" This pure Elixir'd Grain will bide the Touch."
I dare maintain't; where Language, Method, Wit,
Approve his Judgment that commendeth it.
Nor is it greater Glory to a State,
To invent a Piece, than aptly to translate;
Wherein my Friend has such Exactness shown,
His Native-Dress has made the Work his own:
I am no Partialist; it is a Crime
That suits with Timidity, it is none of mine:
It was a Maxim from a Sybil's Mouth,
Who thwarts it, is Apostata to Truth. [crease,
" Where Nature grounds, and Art improves it—
" That only Hand compleats Love's Master-Piece.

Nomen amoris habens, & amare Charactere co-
Ingenui vatis nomen omenque tenes. (gens,
Nomen amans, & amantis opus sint pignora palmis
Digna peregrinis, ut rediere tuis.

Arbores multi renovant Coloni,
Quo magis cultu redeant opimi;
Hoc agit *Loveday* renovans libelli

Ora faceti. —

Cœtus ut sancti pariunt modestos,
Et novæ vestes faciunt venustos,
Mille te dignum tenuere testes

Messe laboris. —

R. BRAITHWAIT.

Upon this choice Work, *Love's Master-Piece*,
exposed to light by Mr. *LOVEDAY*.

AS Pearl 'mong Gems, so 'mong the Passions
Love

Excels, and in a higher Orb doth move.
Her Sisters Faith and Hope attend us here,
While through the Elements our Course we steer;
But Love sears with the Soul beyond the Sky,
As imp'd in Her to all Eternity;
But what was here frail Fancy that did burn
Sometimes, and freeze soon after, there shall turn
To an Angelick Nature, ever free
From all such Fits of Mutability.

This Author doth this Passion so display,
And in such high Idæas, that he may
Stand to be Chair-Man, and to sit above
The choicest Masters in the School of Love.

JAMES HOWEL.

Thoughts

Thoughts on this Translation of *Love's Master-Piece*.

Greek Heliodorus with Mellifluous *Stile*,
In th' Ethiopick Story did compile
Ideas, which might regularly move
To conjugal Affections, and pure Love.
Loveday, thy Gallick Author doth advance
Such with new Art and Splendors to his France;
And thou (whose vertuous Knowledge did compile
Them in best Language of thy Native Isle)
As he to modern France, thou to old Greece,
For us framed of Stile the Master-Piece.

JOHN CHAPPERLINE.

Upon his teaching *CLEOPATRA* English.

I'Ve Read some Books on this side, some beyond
The Alps, where greatest Rarities are found:
But, to speak Truth, 'mongst all did never find
A Version that so richly cloath'd the Mind
Of th' Author, nor more gallantly advance
Our English Language above that of France.
All Tongues must have their Height, and Fall. In
Rome

Tully made Latin perfect, but its Doom
Soon followed his: Loveday has done the same
For English, whose Beauty will Renown his Name.
The greatest Fear is, none can tread his Path,
So that his Lines will be its EPITAPH.

R. W:

To my very Honoured Friend, Mr. ROBERT
LOVEDAY, upon his Matchless *Version*, en-
titled, *Love's Master-Piece*.

THE rarest Plants, and Flow'rs sometimes im-
prove,
Their Growth and Beauty, by a kind Remove.
Sidney's the Phosphor, thou the splendent Sun,
Deserv'st the Laurel of our English Tongue.
The Garland's thine, O give me leave to say,
I like thy Dawn, but better LOVE thy DAY!

MA. BROWN, Doc. Med.

To his Dear Brother, Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY,
upon his Translation of CLEOPATRA.

Could I with Pencil copy so,
As thou with Pen hast drawn this Piece,
The famed Masters I should out-do
Of both the Empires, Rome and Greece:
And what the old Samian said, prove true in this,
As Souls, so Arts, their Transmigration is.

This Grain adds nothing to thy Store,
And want of Skill bad me not Write:
Yet Love said, Do, though it be poor,
'Twill borrow Lustre from his Light:
A Piece of Gum that from a free Heart comes,
May shew true Love, as well as Heratombs.

A. LOVEDAY.

To

To my much Esteemed Friend, and Dear Brother,
Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY, upon his happy
Labours of translating *CLEOPATRA*.

WERE yet alive the Cleopatra Fair,
Candace, Elisa, or Grand Cæsar's Heir,
With th' Heroes of those Times, they'd all allow,
They ne'er such Lustre did receive as now:
What ever other Authors written have,
Had Buried lain in dark Oblivion's Grave,
Or been deprived of the greatest Glory,
That all acknowledge due to such a Story;
But that thy Pen renew'd and imp't the Wings,
To their illustrious Fame, repeating Things
In quainter and conciser Terms than they.

Spurn then at Envy's Plots, contemn all them
That strove to rob the World of such a Gem;
Or pay th' Opposers Thanks, since th' others Pain
Serves as a Toil to that Politer Strain.

J. WRIGHT.

To my very much Honoured Friend, Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY, upon his Matchless Version,
entitled, *Love's Master-Piece*.

SIR, there is nothing that offends me so
(Next to my Sins) as these your Lines must go
For a Translation; which no less exceed
The French, than fertile Nile the Barren Tweed:
Which (when the Delphick Sword of Him that
reigns

Hath Conquer'd France, made the steep Mountains
Plains,

e'asmyll

And

And laid both Dialects in common,) shall
 Be thought no Copy, but th' Original;
 For where the Author only doth abound
 With grateful Words, here th' ore with Fanny
 crown'd:

What he wrapt up in Clouds of grasser Air,
 Your LOVE diffills in Pbrase Polite and Fair!
 Where he confounds us with an irksome Night,
 Your DAY Reviveth by his glad some Light,
 Chaucer and Gowr our Language but Refin'd,
 You (Sir) true Chymist like, have it calcin'd:
 Hew'd out the Barbarous Knots, and made it run
 As smooth as doth the Chariot of the Sun
 Whilst French is but the Foil, to set us see
 The Lustre of our Tounge's Prosperity.

And this choice Work more fully filed is,

(Not only LOVE's, but) **LOVEDAY's**

Master-Piece.

G. WATSON.

[J. WRIGHT.



Hail Conqueror of France, whose the Rock Mountains

Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

OR,

Love's Master-Piece.

The First BOOK.

ARGUMENT.

Prince Tyridates rescues Queen Candace from the Jaws of Neptune, invites her to his solitary Residence, and there gives the Relation of his Life. His Extraction, Education, and strange Escape from the inhuman Cruelty of his Brother Phraates; and after the Murther of his Father and all his Brethren. The secret and open Practices of his Brother's Malice pursue him through the Courts of Armenia, Media, and Bithynia, where he runs the hazard of his Life by the Treachery of King Pharnaces. He flies into Judea, is received and treated honourably by Herod: Relates his Cruelties, falls in love with Queen Mariamne, and Salome, Herod's Sister, with him. He commands in the War

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B

against

against Malichus the Arabian, gives him many brave Defeats, and at last, by a total Overthrow, drives him out of Judea; returning, finds Hircanus murder'd. He gains Sohemus to let him visit her, discovers his Affection, which she virtuously rejects. Herod's prosperous Return from his Rhodian Voyage to Augustus. He enlarges Mariamne. Salome artificially insinuates her Love to Tyridates, but is civilly refus'd, which half converts it into Spight. Tyridates often renews his Research of Mariamne, and is often confuted and repulsed by her Wisdom and Vertue, which refines his Affection.



THE Shades of Night had not yet given place to the first Blushes of the Day, when the sad *Tyridates*, waken'd by his cruel Inquietudes, and not able to wait the approaching Light, left his solitary Mansion, to breathe his languishing Body and amorous Thoughts upon the Shore of *Alexandria*. The Estate of his Mind, with that of his Fortune, furnish'd him with Matter ample enough to entertain the Hours, and upon this Employment he still bestow'd the better Part of his Day; his Grievs were the most lively, and his Misfortunes the most violent that ever Soul was capable of representing: And yet he fancy'd so much Glory in those Sufferings, that (cruelly as they used him) he could neither hate nor desire the End of a Misery, to which he had consecrated the rest of his deplorable Life. He had given some Moments to these sad Considerations, when lifting his Eyes from the Earth, where they had long been fix'd, and sending a Look toward the Sea, they

they were encountered with an Object capable to arrest them.

It was a great Fire, which raising itself from the Waves, seem'd to climb Heaven, with no other Design, than to seek a Refuge in its proper Centre, from the Enemies it fled; the Flames in some Places, mix'd with thick Smoke, roll'd themselves in great Flashes towards the Stars, and shot their Sparks upwards so fiercely, that they seem'd to contest for Splendor with those Lights, wherewith the Firmament was then embroider'd. *Tyridates* judg'd, with much Likelihood, that the Flames could not rise from the Ocean's Bosom, unless sustain'd in some burning Vessel, which made his generous and compassionate Inclination deplore their Mischance that were involv'd in that Combustion, and, wanting Power to give other Succours, he sent the Assistance of some Vows to Heaven for their Deliverance.

' Ah! devouring Flames! *cry'd he*, you yet act
' your Part with less Power and Cruelty than mine:
' If you be not suddenly quench'd, the Materials will
' soon fail that feed your Fury: But my Fire finds
' in my Soul an eternal Punishment, no hope of
' Relief from a contrary Element, nor End of such
' a Substance as may ever burn without consum-
' ming. With these were mingled many Sighs,
that rose in Throngs from his Breast; and in the
mean time beholding the Fire with a serious Eye,
he spy'd it grow pale at the Day's Arrival, which
soon after disrobed the Sea and Earth of all their
Sables. And thus his Sight was no sooner set at
liberty, but surpriz'd again by a second Spectacle,
which touch'd him more feelingly than the first,
he spy'd some Persons that had indeed escaped
the Fire, and were now disputing for Life with
the liquid Element, and striving with all their

Strength to gain the Shore, which they saw already near them. This little Number was compos'd of two Women, who ty'd themselves with fast Embraces to a Plank that sustain'd them, and a Man that swam behind, and with all his Power push'd it towards the Shore, as if he had only tender'd his own Life to employ it in the Preservation of theirs: Yet he was grown so weary, as the Hope of making good his Assistance began to languish; for though the Distance between the Ship and Shore was not so great but a Man might swim it in a Calm, yet the Pains he had taken in thrusting forward the Ladies Plank, added to what themselves had suffer'd by Water's Coldness, the tossing of the Billows, a Toil too rude to agree with their Delicacy, had render'd them so feeble, as all their Force was left was not able to reach the Shore. Oh! what Beauties were there expos'd to *Thetis's* Mercy! How proud the Waves were grown of the Privilege they had gotten, to court and kiss one of the fairest Bodies that ever Nature fram'd! and, to render their Courtship less dangerous, they seem'd to lay by a Part of their ordinary Fury, yet retained enough to make their Embraces fatal, if the Gods had not sent Relief.

Tyridates well discerning what kind of Pity the Object crav'd, staid not to weigh his Resolution, but, spurr'd by that generous Disposition, that taught him freely to expose his Life for the Safety of the Miserable, clad as he was, he threw himself into the Sea, being only covered with a thin light Habit, that could not hinder his Design, and swimming with a mighty Force, he had soon reached them, just as they were reduced to the extremest Need of Succour; and bidding the Man employ what Strength was left him for his proper Safety,

Safety, he tender'd the same Service to the Women, which till then they had not receiv'd of him, with such Success, and drove their Plank so strongly forward, as in a short time they approached near enough the Shore to find a Bottom, and stay themselves upon their Feet; then leisurely removing their Bodies, and propping each with an Arm, he led them gently to the Shore, whither presently after came their Man, just as *Tyridates* was preparing to repeat the Danger in his Behalf.

The principal of these Ladies resembled *Venus* newly sprung from *Thetis*' Womb, or something more fair, if possible; and though *Tyridates* was prepossess'd by one of the World's rarest Beauties, yet he could not behold her's without Astonishment, and some Inclination to Idolatry; he had, doubtless, taken her for some Sea-Goddess, if he had not seen the Waves use her too rudely to be her Subject: And he would have believed her a Celestial Deity, if the Extremity wherein he beheld her some Moments before had not persuaded him that he lent his Succours to a mortal Beauty: Indeed her Complexion had not so pure and delicate a White as the World could shew, though it much surpass'd common Beauties; but in revenge of this, her Eyes, to whose Blackness nothing but her Hair was comparable, shot such penetrating Rays, all the Features of her Face formed to so rare a Proportion; her Neck, then half uncovered, so well seconded the Charms of her Visage, and her Shape, much over-topping the common Stature of Women, accompanied with a Gesture so graceful and majestick, every Part helping to make the Composure admirable, that no Eye could view it, and not carry War to the Heart;

Heart, and give the Soul a hot Alarm of extraordinary Motion.

Tyridates had not then the Leisure singly to consider all these Marvels; and she that possess'd 'em had no sooner gain'd the Shore, but she let herself fall upon the Sand, too much oppress'd with Weariness to sustain it, or command Force enough to pay her Thanks, or almost one single Regard to her Deliverer; her Woman had the same Title to repose, and was likewise fallen at her Lady's Feet; but the Man, though he had undergone excessive Toil, had too stout a Constitution to sink under what he had suffer'd, or lose the Memory and Power to render a fit Acknowledgment to his Preserver; at whose Feet he threw himself, and embracing his Knees with much Affection, 'What-
' ever you are, *said he*, I will speak the Resent-
' ments I ought to have for the Life I owe you,
' if they were fit to be mentioned with what you
' have for another: But, Sir, the whole World is
' my Fellow-Debtor to your Generosity, for the
' Safety of one of the most considerable Persons.'

Tyridates helping him up, and inviting him to sit a while, and endeavour to dismiss the Weariness his Travel had contracted, told him, 'That
' he would hold that for the happiest Day the an-
' gry Gods had ever sent him, if he had done any
' thing in relation to his or that Person's Preser-
' vation, upon whose precious Life he had set so
' rich a Value.' To these they both added some other Expressions of Civility, when the beauteous Lady, Time having restored Part of her Spirits, rose from the Seat her Feebleness had chosen, and casting her Eyes round, staid them upon *Tyridates*, whom she knew had preserved her. His Face was none of those that might be seen without Surprizal, for the World had very few that could

could thew more Signs of an Illustrious Birth : such a pleasing manly Sweetness was stamp'd in all his Features, that the Fair unknown found enough in his noble Looks to claim Respect, and judging him worthy her Civility, she accosted him with a Gesture replete with Grace and Majesty.

' I owe my Life, *said she*, but am not troubled to be redentable to a Man that carries in his Face so many Marks of a Birth and Vertue sublime and illustrious. *Tyridates*, who by the Beams of that admirable Beauty, and the Stranger's advantageous Character, had already understood what was due to her, rose from his Seat, and returned her these Words with much Submission. ' *Madam*, Your honour me with a high Opinion, borrow'd from erroneous Conjectures ; yet, 'tis true, my Extraction is none of the meanest ; but, with much Regret, I confess, I owe that to the Glory of my Ancestors, which I despair to make good by my proper Vertue. This Fair unknown had certainly endeavour'd to confute *Tyridates's* Modesty, if he had not oppos'd it, by representing the Inconvenience she suffered in her wet Habits, and the Hazard her Health might run if she continued in that Condition ; to remedy which, ' *Madam*, *said he*, I am a Stranger as well as you, and the rather so, because the Miseries of my Life have enjoined me to fly all sorts of Society ; they are those which will not suffer me to offer a Retreat worthy of you, which at some other Time, and in another Country, I might possibly command ; I have only here a little House, some five or six hundred Paces hence, seated in the most savage and solitary Place that I could chuse ; there are some Chambers commodious enough, and Beds in them, where you may repose yourselves till your Clothes be dry. Your Entertain-

'ment will not be so splendid as the City may
 'afford, but you shall have less Noise and Trouble;
 'where you shall see no Person that will not be
 'disposed to serve you.' 'Your Offers are full
 'of Nobleness, *reply'd the Fair Stranger*; but
 'before I accept them, if you please, I would
 'gladly learn what City this is, and in what
 'Country we now are.' 'You do now behold;
 '*said Tyridates*, the Walls of proud *Alexandria*,
 'the Metropolis of the great Kingdom of *Aegypt*,
 'made illustrious both by her Founder, and the
 'successive Residence of so many mighty Kings;
 'but, it seems, at present she sadly suffers the
 'Change of her Condition; for, having been the
 'Royal Seat of the *Ptolemy's*, *Anthony's*, and
 '*Cleopatra's*, she is now reduc'd, not without
 'the Reluctance of some Disdain, to be the Man-
 'sion, and bow to the Command of a Governor.'
 While *Tyridates* utter'd this, the Man which was
 sav'd from the Wreck began to renew his Ac-
 quaintance with the Shore, and Walls of *Alex-
 andria*, and beheld them with Astonishment;
 from thence, turning his Eyes upon the Stranger's
 Face, he perceived her change Colour, and under-
 standing some Sighs, which the Words of *Tyri-
 dates* had forced from her Breast, but striving to
 recover her Temper, she intreated *Tyridates* to
 instruct her further. 'It is *Cornelius Gallus*,
 '*said he*, that now commands *Alexandria*, to-
 'gether with all *Aegypt*; for the Emperor *Au-
 gustus*, who gave him this Government, after
 'the deplorable Death of the unfortunate *Anthony*,
 'and the great Queen *Cleopatra*, who, in this
 'unhappy City, about nine Years since, lost both
 'Life and Empire; but sure you must know this
 'Story, for it is not likely the Earth hath any
 'Part which the Fame of that fatal Quarrel, that
 'de-

‘decided the World’s Command, has not visited.’
‘I have heard of it, *reply’d the Stranger with a*
‘*saint Voice*, but by the Discourse you have
‘made me, I see myself reduced to make use of
‘your Bounty, and accept of the Retreat which
‘you profer.’ ‘Let us go then, *said she, offer-*
‘*ing him her Hand*, when you please; and the
‘Dangers I have newly escap’d among treacher-
‘ous Men, cannot hurt the Confidence my Opi-
‘nion hath of your Vertue.’ At these Words she
began to set forward; and on either side staying
her Arm on him and the Man that was preserved
with her, she overcame that short Way, not with-
out much Trouble, caus’d by her former Weari-
ness, together with the Coldness, and Weight of
her wet Apparel.

The House whither *Tyridates* conducted her,
and where he then made his own abode, was
seated amongst divers points of a *Rock*, which
over-look’d one side of it; on that quarter where
the High-way lay, it was conceal’d from the
Eye, by a Wood mingled with Rocks: but on
that side which regarded the Sea, they might
have a full free view from the Windows, as far as
the sight would reach. The fair Lady, with her
Retinue, was no sooner arriv’d there, but *Tyri-*
dates (having given Command to some Servants,
speedily to make a well furnish’d Chamber fit
to receive them) led them thither, and there re-
spectively took his leave, that they might freely
enjoy the privacy of laying off their Robes: They
went to bed, the Mistress commanding her Ser-
vant to lie with her, being a privilege she had
often granted her in their former Travels: *Tyri-*
dates chang’d Cloaths, and sent a Servant with a
dry Sute to the Stranger, whose Countenance gave

him a good Character, and spake his Age about fifty Years.

After they had all bestow'd some houts upon repose, Dinner was serv'd up to the Ladies in their Bed, and *Tyridates* having din'd in another Chamber with his unknown Guest, desired him to ask the Ladies at what hours he might visit them, and not be importunate: the *fair Stranger* having sent her answer that she was ready to receive him, he entered the Chamber, where she treated him with much civility; she was then so well recovered, that all the Beauty which pain and fear had put to flight, was come back again to its usual lustre, which *Tyridates* took some time to admire; for, though his Heart was captive to another, yet it could not hinder him from giving her the Palm, from all that ever his Eye acknowledged fair: The Lady had no less satisfaction from his brave looks; and this mutual esteem gave to each an almost equal desire of a further discovery: The respect which the Lady's Face had imprinted in *Tyridates*, would not suffer him to own his Curiosity; but she was so hardy to profess hers, and after she had invited him to a Seat near the Bed, and beheld him with a more pleasing Aspect than she had yet exprest; 'I should be very ungrateful, *said she*, if I had any design to hide my condition from a person to whom I am indebted for my life; and though there be many Reasons weighty enough to dissuade the discovery of my Name, Birth, and Fortunes, in a Country that has deserv'd to be suspected; yet I should easily consent to trust the secret of my Life to the remembrance of what I owe you, and the opinion I have of your Vertue, if my desire to know you better did not want some satisfaction: Pardon this Curiosity to my Sex and Apprehension,

‘hension, and think it not strange that I am
‘willing to understand his Name and Condition,
‘whose Face and Behaviour have already spoke
‘so much to his advantage: If you do not find
‘cause to suspect me, deny not my desire, and
‘in exchange I shall give you the Relation of di-
‘vers passages, which, with the confidence I re-
‘pose in you, may be judged important.’

Tyridates took some Moments to reply to these words; but a while after (lifting his Eyes from the Earth, and fixing them upon the Face of his fair Guest) ‘You desire that of me, *said he*,
‘which can never be paid for with a less price
‘than what you offer; and I should be very
‘hardly drawn to reveal the secret of my life to
‘any that could challenge less respect and obedi-
‘ence than yourself; it were frivolous to conceal,
‘that to the confession of my Name is fasten’d
‘the manifest danger of my life; for, that is
‘fallen to so low a Value in my Consideration,
‘that it cannot oblige me to hide it from you;
‘but if I give this Relation faithfully, I must dis-
‘close things which were never yet declared to
‘any, and which I was resolved to continue se-
‘cret, so long as my Breast could hold them;
‘yet I shall forget all these Considerations, and
‘(arm’d with the hope of your promis’d Ex-
‘change) try to subdue all the Difficulties that
‘withstand my Obedience.’

Instead of rebating, these Words enflamed the Lady’s Desire, yet she reserv’d so much Discretion, to tell him, ‘That she should be sorry to
‘importune the Recital of so weighty a Secret:’
But *Tyridates* replyed, ‘He had already cleared
‘all the Obstacles that resist’d his Inclination to
‘obey her;’ and (having kept silence some Mo-
ments,

ments to prepare Attention) he began his Story in this manner.

The History of TYRIDATES.

THE Discourse I am now beginning, is nought else but a Web of Miseries, interwoven with a few memorable Events; it would afflict your Patience if I did not resolve to abridge it, and (slightly touching the rest) only enlarge myself upon those Adventures that are most important.

My Name is *Tyridates*, I am of the Illustrious Blood of the *Arfacides*, Son of *Orodes* King of the *Parthians*, (under whom the *Roman* Power receiv'd so great a Shock by the loss of *Crassus* and his Army) and Brother to the cruel *Phraates*, who now possesseth that great Empire, which our Ancestors have commanded, since the grand *Arfaces* founded that proud Monarchy of whom we are descended from *Father to Son*, in a direct Masculine Line.

At the Knowledge of *Tyridates's* Quality, his fair Guest regarded him with a graceful Eye, and (interrupting the beginning of his Discourse) 'I took my Conjecture, *said she*, from many Signs I observed, that your Birth was not common, and am well pleased to find my Opinion not erroneous; and lest you should believe her a mean Person, that hath engaged so great a Prince to this long Narration, I shall let you know (before I give a more ample Relation of my Life) that I was born a Princess, and am lawful Queen to one of the most Puissant and Rich Empires of the World.' At these Words *Tyridates* rose from his Chair, and making an Obeisance as low as the Verge of her Robe, demanded Pardon for the Faults his Ignorance had com-

committed; the fair Queen made him the same Excuses, and when they had allow'd some time for this Discourse, *Tyridates* being returned (by the Queen's Intreaty) to his Seat, thus pursu'd his Story.

I was born under an unfortunate Planet, and those which consulted the Stars at my Nativity, did all find me menaced by most malicious Influence, especially the Mathematician *Thrasillus*, who, before his Youth had done blooming, had acquir'd a great Reputation in that Science, and does at this Day pass for one of the World's living Wonders; he saw me in *Armenia*, which I visited in one of my unfortunate Voyages; after he had perus'd some Lines in my Hand and Face, and been inform'd of the Day and Hour of my Birth, he foretold my Miseries should not end but with my Life, that neither should long continue, that I was threaten'd with a Death, which should be neither violent nor natural, but participating something of both. In my first Childhood I was nourished in the King my Father's Court, with a great Number of Brothers, of which I was the youngest, *Pacorus* and *Phraates* being sixteen or eighteen Years elder than I. I was not eight Years old, when my Brothers the Princes *Pacorus* and *Labienus* broke into the Territories of *Asia* that obeyed the Roman People, defeated *Saxa*, and, swell'd with their lucky Success, ravaged *Cilicia*, with a Part of *Syria*; it may be you have heard of the Progress they have made in so short a time: But the End was much different, for the following Year they were defeated and unluckily slain by the Roman Army, commanded by *Ventidius*, Lieutenant to *Antonius*.

After the Death of *Pacorus*, the Prince *Phraates* my Brother, not much short of his Age, being already

ready married, succeeded to the Helm of the *Parthian* Affairs; for the King our Father, beginning to stoop under his Years, desired the comforts of a calm Age, and to be releas'd of the Troubles which his Youth had sustain'd. At my tenth Year, the King sent me to a little City upon our Frontier, where usually the *Parthian Royal Infants* were educated, and there the Prince *Pacorus* had learn'd Part of his Exercises: I took some Pains at mine, with a Success fruitful enough to content my Tutors; and after I had there imployed about four Years time, and began to think of being called home to my Father's Court, I understood it had been lately dyed with Blood, and that *Blood Royal*, newly drawn from my poor murdered Brothers: This Act hath been too well known to all the World for the Honour of *Arsacides*; whose Name to all Ages will stand blotted with eternal Obloquy; the cruel and ambitious *Pbraates*, unworthy of the Race and Memory of *Arsaces*, desirous to make sure of that *Authority*, which he feared his Brothers might one Day find means to disturb, caused them to be barbarously slain; and the aged King our Father, for making his Grief appear in his just Complaints, and declaiming against his detestable Inhumanity, in some Terms that displeased, provoked him to compleat the Horror of this Age, and the Infamy of *Royal Dignity*, by the Addition of *Parricide*, thus punishing no other Crime in his murder'd Father, than the giving Life to that Cut-throat of him and all his Off-spring.

I had shar'd the same Fate with my Brethren, if he that was dispatch'd with the bloody Commission to the City where I was, had not been touched with the Sense of *Vertue*; and a Respect due to the *Extraction of Kings*. Instead of exe-
cuting.

cuing *Pbraates*'s Command, he sav'd me from his Cruelty; and having informed me in few Words of my Brothers deplorable Murther, for that of the King my Father was not yet perpetrated, with the Charge he had given him; 'But *Arsanes*,
'said he, will sooner choose a thousand Ways
'to perish, than consent to dip his Hands in his
'Master's Blood; let us save ourselves, Young
'Prince, and evade the dire Design of that savage
'Monster that would destroy us.' I intirely resigned myself up to his Conduct, and being followed by my Governor, with five or six Servants that were willing to run my Fortune, I got to Horse; and though I had scarce attained to fourteen Years, I expos'd myself to the hardship of a painful Journey, uncertain to save a Life, which I never yet could own with Comfort.

Thus I first grew miserable, and began at an early Age to inure myself to Banishment, and thus I have learn'd to hope no better than to finish my Disgrace and my Days together.

Arsanes first conducted me to the Court of *Armenia*, where the King, keeping no very friendly Correspondence with *Pbraates*, and not willing in his Behalf, to violate the Right of Nations, receiv'd me into his Protection. In that Court I enjoyed some Tranquillity. Besides what the King allowed me, *Arsanes* had brought a Quantity of Jewels, valued at above a thousand Talents, which the King my Father, to whom he disclos'd the Design he had to save me, had given him at his Departure: But Fortune soon shew'd how much my Repose displeased her, by the Calamities that befel the good King that had gave me shelter, who most unfortunately fell with all his Family into the Hands of *Anthony*, her Enemy, and was led bound to Queen *Cleopatra*, who some time after
with

with most barbarous Inhumanity, caus'd his Head to be struck off. This Disaster, which doubtless you have heard, being important enough to spread over the whole Earth, sent me to seek another *Sanctuary*; which *Arsanes* would needs have to be the Court of *Media*, betwixt whose King, and the King *Orodes* there was some Alliance; there I found the Retreat I desired, and staid two or three Years. In that time there happened the Ruine of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, the Establishment of *Augustus Caesar* in the Roman Empire, and many other Revolutions, in which the whole World was concerned.

The cruel *Pbraates* often sent to demand me of the *Medean King*, but could never dispose him to put me into his Hands; yet after he had made many Incursions upon his Territories, he at last obtain'd his Promise to protect me no longer. At *Praaspa*, the capital City of *Media*, I receiv'd his Orders to retire, colour'd with divers exclusive Reasons, which laid the Blame upon Necessity. From whence I went into *Bithynia*, where I was receiv'd by the old King *Pharnaces*, who for two Years time treated me with Humanity enough: But at last the Baseness of his Nature shew'd itself: And indeed, what Faith could I hope for from a disloyal Wretch, that in favour of the *Romans*, had betray'd his own Father, the great *Mitbridates*, and inhumanely constrain'd him rather to give himself Death by his own Hands, than fall into his? This perfidious Man, suffering himself to be gained by *Pbraates's* Promises, (who spitefully pursu'd my unhappy wandering Life with an inflexible Cruelty) at last promised either to poyson me, or deliver me up. These Practices were not carried so secretly, but *Arsanes* began to scent them; and detesting such barba-

barbarous Infidelity, after he had given me notice, we made use of the Night to save ourselves, and got out of the Confines of his Kingdom, with our best Diligence.

After this we long wander'd from Place to Place, till at last we arrived in *Judea*, which then groan'd under the Scepter of *Herod*, who was formerly supported by *Anthony*, and is now favoured by *Augustus*. And thus I have passed my disastrous Youth, wandering from Province to Province, and begging Shelter from Court to Court, for this wretched Life, which was never worth the Pains I took to preserve it.

I have hitherto epitomiz'd the recital of my Voyages, which had I drawn at large, must needs have tir'd your Attention; but now my Discourse must take a larger Scope to relate the Accidents beset me in *Judea*, since they are the Authors which compos'd my present Condition. I had plenty of Reasons to seek a Sanctuary with *Herod*; for he was the greatest Enemy *Phraates* had, and had indeed receiv'd such sensible Affronts from that Parricide, which were all fresh in his Memory, that he sought all Ways to breathe his Revenge. A little before my Arrival at his Court, *Phraates* had not only supported his Enemy *Antigonus*, and lent him force to make War upon him, but had invaded his Dominions, spoiled his Provinces that were contiguous to *Parthia*, and took *Hircanus* and *Phasolus* Prisoners; the latter of which, rather than remain in that Tyrant's Power, chose to beat out his own Brains against a Rock. Besides these, he had done him other Injuries, which though *Herod*, being then perplex'd with other Affairs, had little Power to repay, yet he laid them up in his Memory, with a Resentment so violent, as he would willingly have

have given a large Part of his Dominion, for an Occasion to requite his Mischiefs. Of this he gave a clear Proof in the Reception he made me, which was imputed by one that understood his Humours, rather to the Reasons I have given, than any natural Inclination to Goodness.

Indeed, he did heap extraordinary Favours upon me, allow'd me large Pensions for Subsistence; and not only promised me Protection from my Brother, but Forces to make War upon him, and take Vengeance for his cruel Persecutions. I receiv'd those Offers with a becoming Acknowledgment; the whole Court, by his Command, treating me with much Respect: And thus I began to live with Tranquillity enough; I say, I began: But alas! the Repose was not long liv'd, for if my Body enjoy'd a peaceable Retreat, my Soul was encountred with a cruel War, or rather fell into the hardest Captivity that ever Soul resented. Ah! how much better had it been, that I had abandon'd myself a willing Prey to *Phraates's* greedy Cruelty, than expos'd myself to such rending Torments as have since cost it so many Groans! How justly might I say, to avoid the least of Evils, at least the shortest liv'd, I have thrown myself headlong upon the greatest of all Calamities; I would say the bitterest, if the Glory to suffer so did not poise the Misery? In fine, *Tyridates* was doom'd to die by a brighter Weapon than any *Phraates* had; and receiving the Wound that conducts him to his Tomb, he took it with a Respect so profound, as judg'd it a Sin to murmur.

Herod had espoused the Princess *Marianne*, sprung from the glorious Blood of the *Asmoneans* and *Macchabees*, Grand-child to the two Kings, *Mirceus* and *Aristobulus*; indeed, a Scion truly worthy

worthy of so illustrious a Stock, from which *Herod* following *Antipater's* Steps, by the help of the *Romans*, had usurped the *Judean Crown*: 'Tis possible you have heard what Ways he took to arrive at that Height; how his Father *Antipater*, after he had divided the two Brothers, *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, at last made use of the *Roman* Power to ruine both; and whilst *Aristobulus* sigh'd in his Chains at *Rome*, after he had served for an Ornament to *Pompey's* Triumph, he took Advantage of *Hircanus's* Weakness to invade the Sovereign Authority, and make way for his Son *Herod*, after the Destruction of all the lawful Heirs, to mount the Throne. He had then newly made an End of the miserable Reliques of the Family; *Alexander*, the eldest Son of *Aristobulus*, being escaped out of Prison at *Rome*, and having got some Forces together, was unluckily surpriz'd and slain by his Enemies, and the unfortunate *Antigonus*, his Brother, the same that fled for Refuge to *Phraates*, and the last King of the *Asmonean* Race, being fallen into their Hands, had his Head cut off by the barbarous Command of *Anthony*, who, being *Herod's* Friend, believed he could not otherwise assure him the Crown.

Though *Mariamne* had a just Resentment against this Cut-throat of her Family, yet she was forced to marry him in Obedience to the Princess *Alexandra* her Mother, and old *Hircanus* her Grand-father, who being escaped out of *Parthia*, where he was Prisoner with *Phaselus*, liv'd at *Jerusalem* in the Condition of a private Man, and in that Womanish Softness, that made him tamely sit down with the loss of a Crown both from him and his; And thus the old Man's Weakness, and the Woman's Ambition, sacrific'd her to their Interests: But they could never bow her Soul to
love.

love that Husband, whose Disproportion of Manners, and Inequality of Birth, with the bloody Outrages he had committed in butchering her Kindred, and the Usurpation of a Crown, which in right belong'd to young *Aristobulus* her Brother, induc'd her to regard with Aversion and Disdain: Yet she had liv'd in a most admirable Moderation with him, and with an Excess of Vertue done Violence upon her Inclinations, by enduring him, whom Heaven and her Parents had given her for a Husband, till by one horrid Act of Cruelty, she defac'd all that a forc'd Obedience had character'd; it was the Death of the Prince *Aristobulus*, Brother to this fair Queen, whose Vertue and excellent Qualities contriv'd his Destruction; for *Herod*, the subtlest of Men, growing jealous of the People's Inclination to this amiable Youth, that was now eighteen Years of Age, caus'd him to be cruelly strangled in a Bath. There was never beheld a more goodly and accomplish'd thing than this young Prince: no Wonder then if his Sister express'd her Resentments in a sharper Tone for so dear a loss; yet *Herod* clear'd himself of it before *Anthony*, but in such a manner, as all the World still thought him guilty, and *Alexandra* and her Daughter beheld him as the poor Prince's Hangman.

The Court and Family of *Herod* were in this Condition when I came thither, and I soon knew all the Reasons why the fair Queen detested her savage Husband; it was then my Eyes lost me all my Repose, by lifting themselves to that Divine Prince.

The Beauty of *Mariamne* was not, like common ones, to be seen without a dangerous Wonder; the Eye of Man never saw any thing more perfect, and till this Day I believ'd none but
 young

young *Cleopatra* capable of Comparison; he that was sent by *Anthony* to make Discovery of the World's choicest Beauties, publish'd her a Piece that surpass'd Humanity; and, to speak my Opinion freely, Madam, yourself excepted, and that young Princess, Daughter to the great and unfortunate *Cleopatra*, I think the World cannot shew another that may equal her.

These Words chang'd the Queen's Modesty with a Blush; and, interrupting *Tyridates*, 'I have not Vanity enough, *said she*, to believe that what you call my Beauty can challenge an Equality with the Queen *Mariamne's*; I am better acquainted with her Face than you imagine, for I have view'd at our Court the Portrait both of her and her Brother, the Prince *Aristobulus*, and indeed acknowledged them for the exactest Pieces that ever the Hand of Nature drew.' 'It is true,' *reply'd Tyridates*, the Princess *Alexandra*, raised, as well as others, with the Beauties of her Children, had caus'd their Pictures to be drawn, and sent to divers Parts of the World: But, Madam, had it been in the Power of Art to represent her Soul, as well as her Body, your Eyes had yet been entertain'd with better Wonders. All that Report ever spake of the most sublime and refined Vertue, will but serve to express an imperfect Ray of *Mariamne's* Worth; and in those great and frequent Occasions that call'd her to the Tryal, she gave Proofs of it, that could not be seen and not admir'd: Her Constancy shined in her Afflictions, her Patience in the Persecution which she suffer'd, without the least repining; and that prodigious Force of Spirit taught her to endure a Husband, whom she had so much reason to hate, and one so contrary to all her Inclinations, fix'd her like an

un-

‘ unshaken Rock, beat off all the Batteries of her
‘ malignant Fortune, and took all those Outrages,
‘ in which another Spirit would have found out
‘ Reason for Revenge, with a Temper that never
‘ so much as bow’d itself to the least Thought
‘ that might unbecome the Grandeur of her Cou-
‘ rage.’

And since *Mariamne* was thus, was it possible for *Tyridates* not to love her, having a Heart susceptible of Love’s Impression, and a Soul capable to comprehend the divine Qualities of *Mariamne*? Was it possible to defend itself by the Consideration of Vertue from such a Puissance, when Vertue herself came and help’d to give the Passion Birth? Nor did it ever inspire me with a Thought that might justly offend her; I lov’d *Mariamne* with no Intent to improve my Hopes by the Abuse of her Vertue, but because Love had no stronger Arms than what that lent him, to make himself Master of my Soul; and I lov’d *Mariamne*, because it was impossible to see, to know, and not to love her: Yet I endeavour’d to put my Heart in a Posture of Resistance, and to the Birth of my Affection often oppos’d all the Difficulties I could encounter in my Intentions; the Danger I threw myself into, and the Remembrance of that which I ow’d to my Protector: But all these Considerations were too feeble to defend me; one Look, one Word from *Mariamne*, would in a Moment destroy all the Fortifications against her, that had been three Months a rearing: Then I began to arm the Glory against the Difficulties I had to vanquish, the Peril I slighted by undervaluing my Life, and excus’d myself to *Herod* with the Violence *Mariamne* did me, my Affection not being an Effect of my Will: And further, Madam, I confess I suffer’d a Hope to flatter me of being let
into

into the Queen's Bosom, by that just Aversion which the King had given her; for, as I understood it, the Love of a Wife to her Husband, founded either upon Inclination, Merit, or Obligation, is the best Weapon she can take up to oppose the Pursuits of a Lover; and the Queen having such strong Reasons to dispense with all those Ties, had now no other Defence than for herself, singly consider'd, no Fear of Remorse left for a Husband, who had but too much merited all the Revenge she was capable of taking: And from that Time I began to call in these Apprehensions, my Passion grew able to corrupt the most virtuous Inclination, to render me ingrateful to my Benefactor, and to induce me now no more to regard him as my Protector from *Phraates*, but as he that murder'd the Brother, the Father, and Grandfather of *Mariamne*: Then Jealousy began to join with my Affection, and I could not reflect upon the Advantages he possess'd, without deeply sighing, and a thousand times crying out, that the Favours of that fair Queen were more lawfully due to him, who was willing to buy them with his best Services and dearest Blood, than the Man who had paid nothing for them but Indignities and Injuries: When Love first enter'd my Heart it us'd me gently, hiding those cruel Ideas of Torment he hath since inflicted; but now it hath taken an entire Possession, and doth exercise an Authority, which leaves no Liberty to act by any other Motion than his own; all my Thoughts, all my Discourse, all my Actions had no other Subject but *Mariamne*; nay, my very Sleep, whose proper Office it is, by benumbing the Senses, to charm all our Cares, would not quiet mine, still representing to the Eyes of my Soul, when the other were clos'd, the divine Perfections of *Mariamne*.

This

This continual fixing my Spirits, robb'd me of all Repose, and produced Effects that were soon observ'd both in my Face and Behaviour; and though the Care I took to hide it kept the true Cause undiscover'd, yet it could not hinder the whole Court from taking notice of my deep Melancholy, accompany'd with an unnatural Paleness, a Change of my Humour, and an Alteration of my Health.

Arsanes and my Governor, from whom I never before kept any thing conceal'd, in this were Strangers to my Thoughts; and I preserv'd the Disguise with my best Care, rather out of Respect to my Passion, and the Cause of it, than any Doubt of their Affection or Fidelity.

In the mean time, my Access was so easy, that I daily saw the Queen; for the Hopes which *Herod* cherish'd, by my Means to revenge himself of the King of *Parthia*, had made him sweeten his Savage Humour, on purpose to endear me with a kind Entertainment. A thousand times was my Tongue ready before that adorable Princess, not openly to declare my Passion, for I had not the daring to take such a Liberty before a Vertue that made me tremble; but at least, to let her know that no Man had a more passionate Interest in her Fortune, or could pay down his Life, with greater Joy than myself, to purchase Solace for her Affections: But still Fear arrested my Intentions, and I have shak'd at the thought of my Design, like a timorous Soldier at the Sight of an Enemy, or his Approaches to an Assault; yet I express'd part of that in Looks, which my Tongue would fain have said at large; and then if she chanced to cast her Eyes upon mine, and take them in the Fact, they lost all their Assurance, and were either too feeble to receive the Beams she shot, without Astonishment,

ment, or (confounded with the Surprisal) threw themselves at the Feet of this divine Princess, and seem'd, by that submissive Action, to ask Pardon for the Fault.

The Queen had soon discover'd the Truth, if she had not been prevented by so many cruel Cares, that would not permit her to fasten an observing Thought upon any of my particular Actions. I was one Day with the Princess *Alexandra* her Mother, and as I kept a Complaisance full of Respect in my Behaviour to them, by the help of an Opinion which they had conceived to my Advantage, they began to repose much Confidence in me: *Alexandra* being of a boiling Spirit, and a Temper which wanted much of the Sweetness and Patience the Queen her Daughter was endued with, abandon'd herself to the Resentment, which was yet fresh for the Death of *Aristobulus*, exclaimed against the Cruelty of *Herod* in most violent Terms, and deplor'd her own and her Daughter's Condition in Words full of Passion and Transport. From the Injuries she receiv'd in her Son's Death, and the Ruin of her Kindred, her bitter Complaints passed to the deadly Jealousy of *Herod*, and the fatal Effects it had like to have wrought, by the Order he had given to his Uncle *Joseph*, which (at the Brink of his going to appear before *Anthony* at *Laodicea*) commanded him to kill *Mariamne*, in case that Voyage proved fatal to him. *Alexandra* went on with Vehemence, in recounting divers other Effects of her Son-in-law's Cruelty; and during all the Discourse, the Queen never so much as open'd her Mouth, but only to let go some redoubled Sighs, and made her Tears keep company with her Mother's Words, which gave fresh Lustre to her Beauty. Oh Gods! what new deep Wounds did the Sight of that lovely Sor-

row give me! how possible it was to behold my divine Queen in that Estate, without suffering all her Sorrows! I had now no longer Power to dissemble; and losing all Remembrance of my present Condition, and the Danger whereinto I threw myself headlong, by provoking *Herod* against me, I blindly abandon'd myself to the Motions of my Passion; and casting my Eyes, moist as the Queen's, upon her's, that were letting fall their dejected Looks to the Earth, 'Good Gods! *cry'd I, sighing*, is it possible you should submit the most accomplish'd Piece that e'er you made to so much Affliction, and must I owe Safety to a Man whose Actions have given me so much Horror!' I presently repented that I had suffer'd these Words to escape me, fearing I had declared myself too far; but after I perceived I was understood by none but the Princesses, and that they appeared unmoved, I recover'd my Assurance; and a little after, the Princess *Alexandra* being retir'd to the other End of the Chamber to confer with some Persons, and seeing myself alone with the Queen by her Bed's Side, I made a strong Assault upon my Fear, to recover my Discourse; and beholding the Tears that still crept upon her fair Cheeks, 'Would to Heaven, Madam, *said I*, that all the Blood I have could stay the Recourse of those precious Tears you spill. Ah! with what Joy should I resign it, how gladly sacrifice my Life for the Repose of your's!

These Words, wholly compassionate as they were, were ascribed by the Queen to nought but the Compassion I took of her Misfortunes; yet they called her from the Contemplation of her Miseries, which had seized her Thoughts, and raising up her Eyes to mine, with a Look full of a sweet Acknowledgment: 'I should be sorry,

said

' *said she*, to buy the Quiet of my Life with the
 ' Danger of your's; and I have yet more Right
 ' to my own Miseries, than to your Afflictions;
 ' we are both persecuted, you by a Brother, and
 ' I by a Husband: Your Resentments I cannot
 ' disapprove, but I can admit none that are un-
 ' lawful against my Husband; and if his Actions
 ' do frame our Calamities, 'tis fit I should believe
 ' that Heaven makes use of them to chastize our
 ' Crimes. By them it hath let fall its Wrath up-
 ' on the Head of our deplorable Family, and
 ' therefore if any Complaint breaks from me, it
 ' makes its Way through the Weakness of my
 ' Nature, and must be owned for the Child of
 ' Justice.' ' O miraculous Vertue! *cry'd I, in-*
 ' *interrupting her*, it is requisite I should redouble
 ' my Grievs, to see you plunged in such deep Ca-
 ' lamity.' ' My Misfortunes are not insupport-
 ' able, *reply'd the Queen*, if you would find the
 ' way to understand them right; and if you know
 ' the God which I adore, you would likewise
 ' know the Consolation I taste in my Sufferings,
 ' which now you cannot apprehend: If he hath
 ' given me *Herod* for a Punishment, as well as a
 ' Husband, I ought to receive him from his Hands
 ' as both: And if he ordains me to pardon the
 ' Injuries done by the most cruel and remote Ene-
 ' mies, sure he would have me forget those with
 ' an entire Resignation I received from him, to
 ' whom he hath pleas'd to tie me in a Knot so
 ' sacred.' ' It is that, Madam, *answer'd I*, that
 ' makes me hold my Condition unfortunate, that
 ' Heaven hath rais'd you up an Enemy and a
 ' Persecutor, against whom I cannot offer you
 ' my Sword and Life, without offending your
 ' Vertue; that your high-raised Reflections can-
 ' not be combated by a Man that reveres you;

‘ nor can I censure the Consideration you keep
‘ for the King your Husband, since in his Arms
‘ I found my Refuge, nor do him any ill Office
‘ without Ingratitude: But if the Interest which
‘ I take in your Wrongs, the Admiration I have
‘ of your Verue, and Resentments much more
‘ pressing and particular, make me find in your
‘ Afflictions a Subject-----’ At these Words I
stopped, and considering how the insensible-Trans-
port of my Passion had carried me into Terms of
Discovery, I staid in an abrupt Silence, without
conducting my Words to any Period.

The Queen observing my strange breaking off,
look’d upon me, and doubtless either expected
what was behind to close my Discourse, or would
have asked the Cause of my sudden Silence; when
the Princess her Mother came back again to my
Rescue from the Perplexity wherein my Impru-
dence had engaged me: Yet I think we had spent
more Time in this Entertainment, if the Arrival
of some Ladies had not interrupted us; the Prin-
cipal of which was *Salome*, the Sister of *Herod*.
It was not Amity that brought her to visit the
Princesses, for she hated them mortally; but ha-
ving a dexterous and artificial Spirit, she made it
bow to her Interests; and knowing the Power
Mariamne had, as unfortunate as she was, in the
King’s Affections, she forc’d herself to appear offi-
cious, and cover’d her malicious Thoughts with a
black Dissimulation. The Ill-will she already
bore to the Queen, was augmented by a Mis-
chance, which I must now recount; for, since
you have ordained me to give you the Truth of
my Fortune, stript of all Disguise, I am forc’d to
tell you, Madam, though the Relation may of-
fend Modesty, that my mishap, and no other
Cause, made me belov’d of *Salome*. I had already ob-

observ'd her Affection by divers Signs, but was easily perswaded to slight my Discovery, either by a just Anticipation which chain'd me to another, the meanest Part of whom was infinitely above all that *Salome* could boast lovely, or by an imperfect Knowledge I had already got of her dangerous Humour; however, I was content to answer her extraordinary Caresses, with such a Civility, as I believ'd was due to the Sister of *Herod*; and if I received them at first with any Satisfaction, from that Time wherein my Life grew considerable, because I had given it to the Queen, and had begun to seek all that Sweetness I could fancy in her only, I had scarcely allow'd one single Regard, either to the Face or Actions of *Salome*.

For that Day she cut off my further Discourse with the Queen, but I had Liberty enough to renew it in those that succeeded; the Court was not then very large, every Man fearing to provoke *Herod's* jealous and suspicious Spirit; but in all the converse I had with her, Fear still fetter'd my Tongue, and I had not the Confidence to disclose my Thoughts further than what my Eyes, or sometimes a sudden Change of Colour could express. In the mean time, *Herod* (either through Generosity, or those Reasons I render'd) still permitted me those Liberties, when Fortune presented an Occasion to improve my Credit with him.

Malichus, who commanded the *Arabians*, an ancient Enemy to *Herod*, with a powerful Army invaded the Frontiers of *Judea*, committing a thousand Acts of Hostility; it was since believ'd he kept Intelligence with old *Hircanus*, who, as I told you, liv'd at *Hierusalem* in the Condition of a private Man, without any Craft or Cognizance of Affairs, and with the Princess *Alexandra*: however it was, *Herod* uniting his dispersed Forces

with exceeding Diligence, had soon gather'd a considerable Army; and not being able to go in Person, because of some Troubles he suspected at Home, besides his intended Voyage to go visit *Augustus Caesar*, then at *Rhodes*, he put his Brother *Pheroras* in the Head of it. I was asham'd that I had employ'd all my Youth in running away from Death; and desiring Leave of the King that I might accompany his Brother in that Expedition, he not only consented, but gave me the Command of all the Cavalty: I parted very well pleased with the Employment, and endeavour'd to sweeten the Grief I took to leave *Mariamne*, with a Hope to merit her Esteem by some Action of Valour. I will not trouble you with the Particulars of this War, and shall only content myself to tell you, that by an Excess of good Fortune, I acquired a Reputation large enough; in the Engagements made with my Troops, I defeated the Enemy in divers Encounters, which I had still the Hap to signalize by some personal Action. In one Combat, which was obstinately disputed with a Squadron of our Troops, I kill'd the Brother of *Malichus* with my own Hand, and a few Days after, having surpriz'd half the Enemy's Army at a Pass upon a River, I charg'd it with 4000 Horse I had then with me, with so strange a Success, that we kill'd above 8000 *Arabians* upon the Place, and routed the rest with such a grand Confusion, that they left all their Baggage to our Soldiers.

By this and the precedent Encounters, I had acquired as much Credit in the Army as I could well desire; and *Herod* receiving the News, conceiv'd an Opinion of me so advantageous, as within a short time after, having call'd home his Brother *Pheroras* to the Government of the State, during

during his Voyage to *Augustus*, he desired me to accept the Command of the Army in Chief, rather chusing to repose so weighty a Trust in me, though young, and a Stranger, than in any of his old and more experienced Captains. After the Departure of *Pheroras*, I had the sole Command; and Fortune, that had favour'd my Beginnings, did so well second her Kindness in what follow'd, that at last I entirely chased the *Arabians* out of *Judea*, after they had lost above 10000 Lives in divers Encounters. Thus, when all was pacified upon the Frontiers, and we had no more Enemies to combat, after the Garrisons were fortified, I returned towards *Jerusalem*, less satisfied with the Applause was prepar'd me for my good Success, than with the Hope of being suddenly restor'd to the Sight of *Mariamne*; and to see her at such a time, when I believ'd the Service I had done her Country, had purchased some Esteem in her Thoughts.

But, oh Gods! how surpriz'd was I at a sad Report I met with upon the Way, which told me that *Herod* was departed from *Rhodes*, with design to gain the same Credit with *Augustus* that he had with *Anthony*; but before his Departure, he caus'd old *Hircanus* to be strangled, out of Suspicion that he kept Intelligence with *Malichus*, and that great Princess his Grand-Child, with her Mother, to be shut up in a Castle, or rather a close Prison near the City, under the Guard of *Sohemus* and *Joseph*, with express Order to restrain their Liberty, and forbid them all Converse till he came back again. This News not only moderated the Contentment I took in my Return, and the successful Event of my Expedition, but possess'd my Spirit with Astonishment, Horror, and Compassion. I was amaz'd at the Cruelty of *Herod*, who

holding his Life and Scepter of *Hircanus's* Goodness, though he was then fourscore, had not the Patience to stay till Nature would relinquish him to his Tomb; the Horror of this Act, and the sad Pity I had for the Affliction and Captivity of *Mariamne*, bruis'd my Soul with a Grief so weighty, as I was ready to give over all Resistance.

Arfanes, and my Governor *Polites*, seeing my Sorrows swell to such a Proportion, as they thought too big for my Interests in *Herod's* House, earnestly entreated me to undisguise the Cause of it. At first I resisted; but in fine, considering the little Reason I had to disturb them, after they had given such clear Proofs of their Affection, I abandon'd my Secret to their Discretion, and avowed my violent Passion for *Mariamne*. This Confession surprized them, though well knowing what Charms the Queen possessed, and after they had in vain represented all the Reason they could make to extinguish my Flame, they disposed themselves to serve me at the Peril of their Lives. I was a little comforted with the Protestations they made me, and began to judge their Advice not unserviceable for the Conduct of my Desires. I finish'd the rest of my Journey, with such a settled Melancholy, that the Reception I had from *Pheroras* and the rest of the *Jews*, was incapable to moderate it; What, said I, when I was alone, or had only my two Confidants about me, is *Mariamne*, to whom all should resign their Liberties, become a Captive? and can the Gods permit the most perfect Piece that ever they put their Hands to, to be given up to the Cruelties of such an Inhumane? *Mariamne* now weeps the loss of a Grand-father with that of her Liberty; and the feeble *Tyridates* weeps too like her, without offering other Succours than a few womanish Tears; he keeps his Arms
across,

actos, while the Monsters tear his Heart in the Person of *Mariamne*; add then how weak the Reasons are that will not let him arm himself against the Hangman! A Tyger! a thousand times more cruel than *Phraates*: No longer my Protector, but my Persecutor, my Enemy. Savage Monster! too, too unworthy of those dear Advantages thou possessest, trust no further to that Obligation which till now hath tied me to thy Interests, and believe it, I am more injur'd by thee in *Mariamne's* wrongs, than oblig'd for my shelter; for her I will draw my Sword against thee and all the World; nor can it be Ingratitude to defend Virtue from the Oppression of Tyranny.

These were the Thoughts I convers'd with, for this last Effect of *Herod's* Inhumanity had so galled my Spirit, that it forsook all the Considerations I had for him; and now I made no scruple, for the Service or Revenge of *Mariamne*, to do him the worst of Mischiefs; *Arsanes*, to whom I shew'd these Thoughts naked, begg'd of me to cover them, since their publishing might procure my Ruine without the least Advantage to *Mariamne*; in the mean Time I told him it was impossible for me to live and not see her, that I was resolv'd to try all the Ways, though never so dangerous, to compass it. *Arsanes* long oppos'd this Intention: But, seeing no Possibility of Dissuasion, resolv'd to seek some Means to serve me in it.

He was very well known to *Sobemus*; besides, I call'd to mind that I had done him a Courtesy with *Herod*, in a Business wherein he stood in great need of my Favour: This gave *Arsanes* a Belief, it might make way for the obtaining Part of my Desires, and indeed we found a greater Facility than we durst hope: For *Mariamne*, against the Power of whose Charms there was no Resi-

stance, had so perfectly gain'd *Sobemus's* Heart, as he had no Passion more powerful than a Desire to please her, and would not have scrupled to hazard Fortune and Life itself to serve her; he was very willing to have set her at liberty, and have follow'd her Fortune, if his Companion in the Charge had not been suspicious it would betray him to the Rage of *Herod*. At the first Proposition, *Arsanes* made him let me see the Queen; he shewed much Willingness to oblige me, only scrupled the Difficulty of gaining his Companion's Consent to my Satisfaction, and therefore thought it unsafe to hazard the Proposition. *Arsanes* gave the Desire I had to see the Queen no other Title, than Pity of her Miseries, and so made my Passion pass for an Effect of Generosity.

Sobemus demanded the rest of that Day to seek Expedients to content me, and on the Morrow came and told me he was resolved to satisfy me, though he foresaw some Danger threatned the Enterprize. *Arsanes* intreated him not to impart our Design to the Queen, for fear, *said he*, she should oppose it with some timorous Consideration; but he found it more difficult to make that Request prevail with *Sobemus*, than any he had yet mentioned, so entirely was that honest Spirit at the Queen's Devotion; but at last, clearing his Doubts with a Belief that I would bring no other Intention, than to serve her, and that I would not have sought an Occasion so perilous to make my Visit, if I were not assured my Sight would not be unwelcome. They resolved then, that the following Evening I should be ready at a certain Place near the Castle, where *Sobemus* had appointed, and there he promised him, about two Hours within Evening, to come and conduct me to the Queen's Presence: He made choice of that Hour, because
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the Queen had then her Chamber free, and was not importun'd with *Joseph's* Visits, who, at that time, was usually retir'd to his own. Besides, my Face was so well known to all the Court, that no Disguise, without the Aid of Darkness, could have conceal'd it.

There was much hazard in this Enterprize, as well for what might then have befallen me, as for the Fatal consequences, if *Herod* should ever light upon the Discovery: Yet I not only slighted all that Fear could alledge, but waited the wished Hour with an impatience that took all those that preceeded it for tedious Years. At last it came, and when the Night had spread all her Sables, I left *Hierusalem*, only followed by *Arsanes* and my Governor, and having not above a hundred Furlongs to ride, I soon arrived at the Place desired.

Sohemus kept his Word, it being that Day his turn to Command the Castle, and therefore free for him to go in and out when he pleas'd; he came to find me, only attended by one of his Guard, which was a young Man, in whom he repos'd an entire Confidence. Besides, he chose him from all the rest, because his Age and Shape did not much disagree with mine. The Plot was, I should put on his Cloaths, and he stay with *Arsanes* in mine, that those that saw me enter with *Sohemus*, might take me for the same Man that went out with him, my Face being hidden from those in the Night's black Masque. When I had got on the Guard-Casaque, he led me to a Gate of the Castle, flanked with high Towers, and surrounded with a deep Ditch, and commanding the Bridge (by a Signal given) to be let down, he conducted me into the Court without a Torch, having left an express Order with those that guard-
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ed the Gate, not to light any thing; who seeing me enter with him, never examin'd my Face; or regarded whether I was their Companion or not; yet he would not lead me by the great Stairs, nor carry me through the Guard-Hall, but conducting me up a little pair of Stairs, and so through a Gallery, where there stood a Centinel, which he made a shew to come on purpose to relieve, and put me in his Place, he led me to the Door of the Anti-Chamber.

By this time I confess all my Courage had almost forsook me; for though no Danger could ever instruct me what was meant by the fear of Death, yet I trembled to think I might displease the Queen by this bold Intrusion; and then unseasonably reflecting on what was past, I almost repented the Enterprize, and was divers times about to stay *Sobemus*, and so return hack without seeing the Queen.

At the Name of *Sobemus*, the Door of the Anti-Chamber was presently open'd; and because of the Inclination he had always express'd to the Queen's Interests, he had a free Access to her at all Hours. When we entred her Chamber, she was upon her Knees by the Bed's-side, praying with an ardent Devotion to the God she ador'd, and the Princess her Mother was newly retir'd to her Cabinet. The Noise we made coming in, made her turn her Head that Way; and having spy'd us, she asked *Sobemus* if he had any thing to say. I did not give *Sobemus* time to answer, but approaching with a troubled Posture, I fell upon my Knees before her, and taking one of her fair Hands, joyned it to my Lips with an ardour so vehement, as bereaved me of the use of Speech. The Queen (finding this Action too familiar, and too passionate for a Guard) at first repulst me with
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some Disdain; but afterwards suspecting a Part of the Truth, and beholding my Face with a serious Eye, by the help of those Lights which were set by her Bed's-side, she knew me. It was no mean Astonishment wherewith this Sight surpriz'd her, and recoiling some Paces back, after she had withdrawn her Hand from mine: 'Ah! Tyridates, said she, what mean you? to what a Danger have you expos'd yourself? Danger, Madam, replied I, Ah! that the Gods would confront me with a thousand times more, than I might find Occasion to shew you how mean a thing I think my Life in Relation to your Service. My Calamities (replied the Queen, engaging me to rise) are too much in debt to your Compassion: But I cannot yet quit the fear you have given me, and the Knowledge I have, of Herod's Humour, makes me Wish from my Soul, you had not tempted this Peril to see me. I beseech you, Madam, said I, do not keep those Fears for me; for believe it, while this Condition lasts, to which your Misfortunes have reduc'd me, I shall neither fear Herod's Hatred, nor desire his Amity. I have a long time consider'd him as a King, of whom I hold my Life, but must now know him for a Man, that hath used that Life a thousand times more cruelly than Death itself would have done, from which the Retreat he gave me hath possibly defended me. Till now the Obligation disputed with the Outrage, and in the Person of Mariamne's Persecutor, I found my Protector; but at last, Madam, the Resentments of what I owe him, have quitted what they held within me to such as have a juster Title; and these last injuries which he printed in your Grand-father's Murder, and your own cruel Captivity, have strangled all

‘ all those Considerations, which till now my
‘ Heart suffered to speak in his behalf, and have
‘ brought me to ask Orders at your Feet, which
‘ I vow to execute without Condition or Reserva-
‘ tion. Be not loath then, *Madam*, to ordain me
‘ all that may be done in your Quarrel; and if
‘ you please, believe that I will not only shut my
‘ Eyes upon all sorts of Considerations, but tram-
‘ ple upon all Difficulties that shall offer to with-
‘ stand me, when once fortified with the Honour
‘ of your Commands.

While I spake in this manner, the Queen re-
garded me attentively, and though she knew the
malicious Heart of her Husband, and remembered
how often she had been deceiv’d by such as acted
the Part of officious Persons, and made use of
some such Terms as mine to sound her Intenti-
ons, with Design to carry the Report to the King,
I was so happy as not to be suspected of so base
an Ambush; and of this she assur’d me by
these Words: ‘ I have too good an Opinion of
‘ you, *said she*, and can too well distinguish the
‘ Princes of *Arfaces’s* Blood from cheap and base
‘ Persons, to suspect the Dissimulation wherewith
‘ divers others have betrayed me.

‘ I know your Words parted from a true Com-
‘ passion, and such generous Motions as are fa-
‘ miliar with Persons of your Extraction: Besides,
‘ you have given Proofs of too great a Vertue, to
‘ leave me the Shadow of such a Thought; and
‘ (to witness the Confidence I have in you) I will
‘ open my Heart to you with a most entire Free-
‘ dom. It is true, though Heaven hath given
‘ me *Herod* for a Husband, I cannot love him,
‘ and indeed I should be rather insensible than
‘ constant or loyal, if the Death of my Grand-
‘ father *Aristobulus*, of my Father *Alexander*,
‘ of

‘ of my Uncle *Antigonus*, of my Brother *Aristobulus*, and this last of my Grand-father *Hircanus*, should be remembred without stirring
‘ my Soul against him that murdered them, and
‘ destroyed the royal House of the *Asmoneans*;
‘ besides these known Injuries, I have received
‘ some more Particular, but not less Sensible.
‘ There comes not a Day wherein I do not look
‘ for a Knife at my Throat, and this bloody
‘ Man, at his Departure for *Rhodes*, hath given
‘ the same Command to *Sobemus*, that he did before
‘ to his Uncle *Joseph*, to kill me if the
‘ Voyage proved unfortunate. I have now freely
‘ represented my deplorable condition with *Herod*,
‘ but I must tell you (with the same Truth)
‘ that (as much Monster as he is) he is yet my
‘ Husband; that my Apprehensions of his Injuries,
‘ are not more prevalent than the Rules of
‘ my Duty, and that I am not permitted to desire
‘ a Revenge against him, which Heaven hath
‘ reserved for its own Appointment. If my Miseries
‘ come once to be pitied by our Sovereign Master,
‘ he will find Power to release me of them; and if it be his Pleasure they should still
‘ continue, I shall endeavour so to suffer for the
‘ Love of him, as I may be render’d more worthy
‘ of his Love. Behold, *Tyridates*, the State
‘ of my Condition, with the Temper of my
‘ Thoughts, I am deeply in your Score, for the
‘ Propriety you claim in my Misfortunes: But let
‘ me now beg you will give it over, lest the Dangerous
‘ Pity should at last prove fatal to its
‘ Owner. Ah! might it please the Gods, (*cried*
‘ *I, wholly transported*) that your Evils might
‘ be brought off, with the cruellest Death that
‘ *Herod* is capable of inventing, with what glad
‘ Heart should I run to embrace those glorious
Tor-

‘ Torments, which possibly might procure me
‘ some small Acknowledgment in yours! How
‘ fair would be my Destiny to pay down my Life
‘ for this adorable Princess, to whom all Lives,
‘ all Hearts ought to be sacrificed!’ These Words,
with the Passion that helped to pronounce them,
open’d the Queen’s Eyes, and shewed her, by a
prompt Reflection on what was past, that Trans-
ports so violent could not spring from a naked
Pity; this Discovery call’d up a Blush into her
Face, and having silently beheld me with an Ac-
tion that betrayed some Trouble: ‘ Tyridates,
‘ *said she*, do you well consider what you say?
She let fall these Words in so severe an Accent,
that it struck such a Terror into me, as I lost all
my Assurance; and, instead of answering, fell to
consider how imprudently I had opened my Breast;
but I had kept too much Passion to keep the rest
still disguised; and in this Uproar of Thoughts,
(toss’d with Love, Grief, and Despair) I let my-
self fall at the Queen’s Feet, embracing and kis-
sing them a thousand times over, without so much
Power as could utter one Word; by this Action
clearly confirming the Suspicion my Words had
given her. Oh Gods! how sensibly she was
touched! how violent were her first Apprehen-
sions to proceed from so sweet a Soul! She took a
long Time to weigh the Resolution was fittest to
be taken, and I, in the mean Time, the Advan-
tage of her Silence and Immobility, to rally my
scattered Spirits. ‘ *Madam, said I, (keeping my*
‘ *Hold at her Feet, without daring to lift up*
‘ *my-Eyes to her Visage)* if my Tongue have be-
‘ trayed my Soul, and, contrary to my Intent,
‘ display’d a Passion which my whole Life should
‘ have preserved a Secret, ordain me all the Pains
‘ that are due to it; and I vow by all the Gods,

‘ to

to suffer them without a Murmur; to you I will not justify a Passion, which otherwise might call to its own Purity to defend it. I will not tell you 'tis impossible to look upon you, and not incur the Fault I have committed, nor that the Silence of divers Years, have given some Proofs of my Respect. No, I am Criminal if I have contracted your Anger, and am worthy of the most cruel Punishments, if I have been capable to displease you. I had gone further, if the now-resolved Queen had not staid my Progress, and repulsing me with one Hand, while she carried the other to her Face to hide some Changes there: *Tyridates, said she,* you are yet more culpable than you believe, and if you had known me well, you would never have granted yourself the Licence to give me the Displeasure I have now received. I will not noise your Folly, because I know *Herod's* Humour, which doubtless would destroy you for it; and as I pardon him the bloody Injuries he hath so often done me, so I forgive the Offence you have so lately committed.

At these Words she rose from her Chair, and calling *Sohemus*, who was discoursing with her Maids in the Anti-Chamber, commanded him to conduct me presently back, and so resolving to hear me no more, she retir'd into her Mother's Cabinet. Oh Gods! in what an Estate was I, when I saw myself thus deserted! in what a strange Fashion I followed *Sohemus*, when he led me out of the Castle the same Way we enter'd it? I had scarce the Power to embrace him at our Parting, or to give him thanks for the Courtesie he had done me. I found my Men, got to Horse, and return'd to *Hierusalem* with a Melancholy darker than the Night's blackest Shades, and with a Countenance

tenance which I think little differ'd from that of a condemn'd Man.

I would scarce hear the Comforts *Arsanes* offer'd me, to whom I had recounted my Disaster, but pass'd the rest of the Night in the most cruel Inquietudes that ever tore a Soul; I could not remember the incens'd Looks of my Divine Princess, without calling in the same Fear that seiz'd me at the first Effects of her Anger; nor think of the Displeasure I had given her, without letting myself sink almost under the Sorrow I resent'd; all the Words she spake came flocking to my Memory; but it gall'd me to think she should put my Offence in the same Ballance with *Herod's* Villainies. Ah unjust *Mariamne*! said I, how unskillful you are in discerning Injuries! Could you have judg'd aright, you would have found little Cause to associate the Cruelties of *Herod* with the Oversights of *Tyridates*. *Herod* hath wrested the Crown from your Family, *Herod* still blushes with the Blood of your nearest Kindred; *Herod* gives daily Orders for your own Death, and *Tyridates* gives you his Heart, his Soul, and himself entire. Sure this Offence is not of a Nature so heinous, as those you have receiv'd of that Miscreant, and methinks you need not the same Patience to endure them; but why said I, repenting my Words, why do I justify my Crime? Is it not true that I am Faulty, since my Rashness hath merited *Mariamne's* Anger? I ought to consider her as a Divinity sublim'd above the Reach of human Thoughts; I should tremble before her Vertue; and if it were impossible to see her without falling in Love with so much Beauty both of Soul and Body, yet I should have suffer'd those glorious Pains without Publishing, and not have improved my Misfortune by my indiscreet and rash Discovery. In

In such thoughts as these I passed the night, and divers other days that followed it, in which space I often saw *Salome*, *Pheroras*, with the chief of the *Judean* Court, who strove among themselves, who should treat me with most Caresses for the service I had done their Country; but neither their company nor their kindness could ease the evils which my Love inflicted, nor sweeten the sorrow I took for the choler and captivity of *Mariamne*: But about that time there came News to *Jerusalem*, that *Herod* was triumphantly return'd from *Augustus*; that by an Artificial Oration full of an affected generosity, he had so gain'd upon the spirit of that great Emperour, as it procur'd him a specious entertainment, and got him little less in his amity, than he had before in the affections of *Anthony*. Those that had an interest in his good success, were more overjoy'd at the news, in which (a few days after) they were confirm'd, when they saw him arrive with a proud train at his heels, and read in his erected looks the satisfaction he receiv'd in that Voyage.

There was made him a magnificent reception, and (I mingling my self with those that went to meet him) he receiv'd me with extraordinary caresses, call'd me the valiant Defender of *Judea*, and promised a grateful remembrance of the services I had rendred to his Crown. But alas! how little was I sensible of his Offers and Civilities! And though indeed I could not but confess he had put me in his debt, yet the love of *Mariamne*, and the resentment of her wrongs stifled all his obligations. The same day he arrived, he restor'd her liberty, and burning with love, could not forbear to visit her in the same place which had been her Prison, where he spent the night with her, and the next day brought her back

back with him to the City, with many open professions of a most ardent affection.

I understood by *Sobemus*, that at that interview he had made her a most passionate Discourse, and after he had excus'd the death of *Hircanus* with a necessity that constrain'd him, so to prevent the design he had to ruine him, he deeply protested, that the abridgment of her freedom, was only meant to secure her person from the attempts of such, whose disaffection in his absence might hazard her safety, and to disarm the designs of some persons that were likely to make use of hers and her Mother's presence (whose turbulent spirit he was well acquainted with) to authorize sedition, and stir up troubles in the State.

The wise Queen receiv'd this Discourse with a becoming temper; and, if she could not entirely hide her distastes, she dissembled part of them, lest they should prove as fatal to *Sobemus*, as they had been to *Joseph*. The Court was then more glorious than ever; the King highly pleas'd with the success of his Affairs, and (having nothing else to subdue that might keep him from getting above the reach of Fortune, but the spirit of *Mariamne*) he sought all sorts of occasions to divertize her; but if the Queen (whose griefs were gone too deep to be sweetned with the vain shadow of pleasure) took little notice of it, I was not less incapable than she, of taking any jollity; and my remembrance kept the deep graven Characters of my Love and her Anger so fresh in my Soul, as all the splendor and pomp of *Herod's* Court wanted power to charm them. I still saw her every day, because she forbid it not; but I scarce durst open my mouth in her presence; scarce lift up my Eyes to her face, instructing all my actions to inform how deeply the fear to dis-
please

please her was engraven in my heart; yet neither her looks, nor her actions express any sign of aversion: indeed she had a Soul too beautiful, too sweet an inclination to loath a man, who had only offended with Affection, since she had much ado to return hatred where it was deserv'd by such bloody Injuries: but believing she could not hear my Love plead farther, without offending Virtue, she avoided all occasions of Discourse as much as possible; and though she still spake to me with much affability, yet she never did so but in company, and so contriv'd it, that we never exchange'd words without a witness. Though this behaviour of hers could not give me an entire satisfaction, yet it left me no cause of complaint; and the knowledge I had of her admirable Virtue, having extinguisht with my hopes, a part of those flames her Beauty had kindled, I learn'd to think my Passion sufficiently rewarded by the esteem she had of me. Indeed there was never any person lov'd with less interest; and with truth I may say, I lov'd *Mariamne* for her self alone, nor in all the process of my Passion did I ever consider *Tyridates*.

In this manner I liv'd a whole year; and though my Eyes did all the messages of my love, yet she might easily read in all my actions, that it had lost no ardour; and that my sufferings were therefore more cruel, because they stood in awe of respect.

At last my perseverance, link'd with discretion (which she knew by a thousand marks) touch'd her with compassion; I say compassion, for Love could never be admitted: And what she did since in my favour, did all proceed from a motion so purely generous, as the most perfect Virtue was engag'd to commend it; nor could it be censured by any without injustice. Her heart which was
neither

neither stone nor brass, suffer'd itself to be softened with pity; but it was never capable of an impression not conform'd to the severe rules of her duty: she could not see a Prince languishing so many years, a Prince dying for her; but dying in a fashion so respectful and obliging, and dying without complaining of the cause of his death, or of death itself, and not give some proofs that Nature made her sensible: But she would rather have suffer'd him to die; nay, died her self, than let in the least thought to her soul of pitying him, to the prejudice of her Virtue: I was so happy in the conduct of my passion, and had carried so much caution in all my actions, that *Herod* (the most jealous and distrustful of all men) had not yet the least suspicion of me; and this discretion was not undervalued by the Queen.

I was one day in her company with the King, *Pheroras*, *Salome*, and some other of the chief Courtiers in the Palace-garden, where we had walk'd a long time, and where I had done my best to evade the pursuits of *Salome*, who had then been trying (having too much courage to give me her naked Passion) to make me spy it in her Actions, and understand it by a thousand ambiguous Discourses; when the King, who had walk'd all this time with the Queen alone, being oblig'd by some important Affairs to retire, he called me to him, and giving me the Queen's hand, which till then himself had held: 'I leave
' you to Prince *Tyridates*, said he, and I cannot
' put that which I tender more dear than my self
' into better hands than his: Try, if you please,
' to divert her from her deep Melancholy.' To these words I return'd no other Answer, but an action full of reverence and respect; and, considering how my condition stood with the Queen, I
durst

durst not adventure to take her hand, till she tender'd it her self, with a countenance that did put on a World of sweetness : And thus I helped her to walk, without daring either to open my mouth, or to look upon her. Her behaviour was a long time like mine ; but at last she broke silence, and took this opportunity to declare what her heart had for me. *Tyridates, said she, if the King knew* your Intentions, he would not put me into your Hands with so much Confidence ; and since they were known to me, I ought to have hinder'd it ; I could easily have done so, if my Will had consented ; and probably I had too, if I had not believ'd I might permit your Converse, and acquaint you with my Thoughts, without interesting what I owe to him or myself. Know then, *Tyridates*, that the first Notice I had of your Malady, gave me some Resentment against you, but the Progress of it, Compassion ; I have truly pitied the Estate you are in, and cannot, without Grief, see a Prince (to whom Heaven hath given such excellent Qualities) pass his Life in a Condition so miserable. But, in fine, *Tyridates*, what are your Pretences ? and if you have judg'd me worthy of your Esteem, what can you hope for of me ? Think you I can license in your Favour the least Act that may satisfy your Passion ? I say the least ; for, did I believe you could harbour a Thought to my Dishonour, I would look upon you as a Monster, as a mortal Enemy : Do you think the little Content I have with *Herod*, and the Remembrance of the Wrongs he hath done me, can turn my Affections upon another, because less worthy of my Aversion ? Is it upon this Thought you build your Hopes ? If so, *Tyridates*, disabuse yourself ; and believe, that if Heaven hath
' made

' made me miserable, by submitting me to this
 ' cruel Man, I will never consent to merit my
 ' Misfortunes by my Actions; though my for-
 ' lorn Hap hath married me to him, it shall ne-
 ' ver match me to his Crimes: I would not be
 ' so ungrateful to the Goodness of Heaven, that is
 ' ever sending Comfort to my Miseries; nor so
 ' unworthy of your Estimation. For my sake,
 ' *Tyridates*, consider these Truths, since they are
 ' represented with as much Mildness, as much
 ' Affection as I can keep for you with Reason's
 ' Leave: Call up the Greatness of your Courage,
 ' to give a brave Assault upon yourself, and pro-
 ' pose this ruinous Passion to your Thoughts as
 ' an Enemy you ought to fear, as an Enemy that
 ' would destroy you, and probably me too, unless
 ' you vanquish it.' The Queen ended with these
 Words, which I heard with Admiration; and du-
 ring the Discourse, having rallied out Part of the
 Confidence Fear had scatter'd, I made it serve
 me to answer these Terms.

' I am unworthy, Madam, of this Favour you
 ' have given me; and since I have merited your Dis-
 ' pleasure, 'tis fit I should perish for the Expi-
 ' ation, rather than reserve myself for such a Pity
 ' as you lately mention'd; nor should my Tongue
 ' ever hazard a second Purchase of your Indigna-
 ' tion, if that generous Bounty, which keeps com-
 ' pany with the rest of your admirable Vertues,
 ' did not allow me liberty to justify my Thoughts
 ' before you. I will adventure then to tell you,
 ' That Love, as I apprehend it, can neither be
 ' odious nor considerable to the Person beloved,
 ' but by the Effects it produceth, since of itself it
 ' is obliging and advantageous, even to the Crea-
 ' tures least capable of Apprehension; if my Pas-
 ' sion had hatched any Desire within me contrary

to

‘ to your Virtue, you might detest it as a Criminal, as an Enemy that would poison the Purity of your Soul. But if it shall never inspire any other than such as shall instruct me to revere those admirable Qualities the Gods have given you, to interest myself in your Fortune, and sacrifice myself for your Interests, where will you find a just Occasion to condemn it? Is it a Crime for *Tyridates* to do the Homage of a pure Veneration, to the divine Beauties and Perfections of *Mariamne*? Is it a Crime for *Tyridates* to give up all his Thoughts, and dedicate his whole Time to this Employment? And is it a Crime for *Tyridates*, to long for an Occasion, with the Price of his Blood and Life, to buy Repose for *Mariamne*? Madam, If I have other Thoughts, other Desires than these, punish me with all the Rigour your first Resentments inspir’d you with; and let the Divine Powers joyn with yours, to compleat me the most Miserable of all Men: But if you find in my Affection all the Innocence you require, in the Gods Name, Madam, give me leave to carry it to my Tomb; it is a Necessity which will never endure to be dispens’d with, a Favour which I conjure you by the Remembrance of all that you hold most dear, to grant me: And if the Place were clear’d of Witnesses, that I might be permitted to ask it at your Feet, I would never rise from thence till I had obtain’d it.’

These Words, and the Vehemence wherewith I pronounced them, wrought upon the generous and tender Spirit of the Queen, and stirred up such Thoughts, as took her some Time before she could get them out into an answer; at length she dispos’d herself to it; and as she was beginning, we found ourselves at the End of an Alley, where

turning to continue our Walk, we spy'd *Salome* and the rest of the Company so near us, as the Queen saw she should not have Time to discharge her Heart, and seeing her Company staid to let us pass, before we quitted the Place, she thus replied: '*Tyridates*, if your Thoughts be such as you say, I can find no just Cause of Offence: But were they yet more innocent, I must counsel you, and do with all my Soul crave of you, if it be possible, to discard them from your Heart, since they cannot be but ruinous to your Repose and mine.

She said no more, and whether it were that she was willing to pursue this discourse no further, or that she suspected the malicious Spirit of *Salome* might probably raise a bad Comment upon our Privacy, she join'd with the rest of the Company, and would separate no more.

From this Day I dated a happy Change in my Condition, and believed my Estate much more advantageous than formerly. The Queen, though she disapproved my Research, and saw the Continuance of it with Displeasure, yet she endured it with a most noble Patience, that would neither suffer her to banish, nor hate a Prince who adored her with a Devotion so pure and unbyass'd, as nothing in it could be found fit to censure; and never hoping to advance farther in her Favour, I learn'd to stay my Content upon what I had. This began to restore my Spirits, and recal my Colour; and if my Face still shew'd some Discontent, it had a Root in the Queen's Miseries, and not mine.

The Condition of this great Princess was deplorable; and though the King loved her with an almost enraged Passion, such was her Aversion to all the endearing Passages of his Love, as she took them

them for so many Effects of Heaven's Indignation; and though her vertuous Resolution held her to the severe Rules of her Duty, her great Courage could not be pliable to such Caresses as she believ'd not due to the Destroyer of her Family, and a Man yet crimson'd with the Blood of her nearest Kindred. These Disdains sometimes rais'd such Tempests in the King, as he was often ready to pour them upon her, as the last Effects of his Fury; but then would Love step in to check Anger, and, taking the Reins from those raging Transports, which he had suffer'd to get uppermost, render'd him more soft and submissive than ever; and sent him to seek that with Prayers and Tears, which he could not obtain with all his Menaces.

We were one Day in the King's Chamber, whither he had invit'd the Queen: And they standing together at a Window; after some discourse which we heard not, he proffer'd to kiss her: But the Queen, whether she thought such Condescension injurious to Modesty in so great a Company, or in effect, follow'd the Motions of a just Hatred, recoil'd some steps back, and turned away her Head with disdain enough. The King was so gall'd with this Action, especially appearing before so many Witnesses, as all the Power he could make was not capable to hide his Passion; and beholding the Queen with Eyes sparkling with Rage, and a Countenance on which Fury had spread itself: 'You are unworthy, *said he*, both
' of the Honour was offer'd you, and all those
' that went before it: Go, get you out of my
' Chamber; and if you do not remember the De-
' stiny of your Fathers, remember that I promise
' to make you know him for your King, whom
' you now scorn to acknowledge for your Hus-
' band.' The Queen return'd no other answer to
D 2 these

these cruel Words than a disdainful Look, which more provok'd him; and saluting the Company, without Change of Countenance, quitted the Chamber to retire to her own. The King's Choler (which had often produc'd horrid Effects) made the whole Company tremble, only in me it mis'd that Influence; for, all the Prudence and Discretion I could make, had much ado to hinder my Discontent from breaking loose, and it was the Consideration I had for the Queen, and not myself that bridled it: Yet not in such a Manner, but when I saw the Queen retire, I hastid after, and offer'd my Hand to lead her to her Lodging: But, as her Spirit was less distemper'd than mine, and had therefore more judgment at the Stern, to apprehend how much the Civility I profer'd might displease *Herod*, and deeply endanger me, she refus'd it; and having no time to explain her Thoughts, she only made me a Sign with her Eye to retire. I came back again to the King with much Regret, whom I had indeed displeas'd with this Action, but it was otherwise taken from me, than it would have been from any one of his own Subjects: He thunder'd still against the Queen in most bitter Terms, but seeing that (without unmasking my Inclinations) it was in vain to speak in her defence, with much constraint, I silently heard all his injurious Language: A few Days after he was appeas'd by the powerful Ascendant the Queen had upon his Spirit; but he quickly relapsed again; and their whole Life was nought else but that continual Disorder, which usually results from the Incompatibility of Vice and Virtue.

In the mean time, *Salome* had given so many clear Proofs of her Affection, as I cou'd scarce any longer personate an Ignorance; and though she had still the Power to forbid herself an open
Decla-

Declaration, yet she had said enough, and her Actions had too well seconded her discourse, to permit me to doubt it; I had sought all Ways to escape this Discovery, and when I was perfectly assured of the Truth, yet I dissembled it as much as was possible. *Salome* well judged by her Actions and mine, that I knew well enough what pinched her; and this coldness kindled in her such a Despight, as in any Spirit but hers, would have been capable to have quenched Affection.

We met one Day at the House of *Pheroras*, whom I often visited, and who at that time was indispos'd; after we had spent some time by the Bed's side, *Salome* that longed to exchange some particular Discourse, invited me to walk with her into an adjoining Gallery, pretending to shew me some Pictures; I could not civilly avoid the Snare, and lending her my Hand, I led her thither, where we entertain'd some time in perusing the Pictures, wherein were represented the most memorable Events of the *Judaick* History; there she shewed me so many admirable Things, as might pose the Belief of all but those of their own Religion. She pointed at some Captains, which in the midst of their Battles, with their Prayers, staid the Course of the Sun, and gave a prodigious Day to the Universe: Of others that opened the Flanks of the red-Sea for their Troops to pass through; but she chiefly insisted upon the Actions of *David* (the greatest of their Kings) and upon those of his Son *Solomon*, which among them passed for a Miracle of Wisdom; and relating in order the Life of that latter, she particularly staid upon one Picture that represented a beautiful Queen, that fell so in love with the Fame of *Solomon's* Virtues, as she abandon'd her Realm, and travell'd a vast Tract of Land to visit him.

Salome took Occasion to assault me with this History, having compriz'd it in a few Words: ' This Prince, *continued she*, was the wisest of all Men, and yet disdain'd not the Affections of a Prince that loved him, but requited her with his, to the Satisfaction of all her desires.' At these Words *Salome* (though in a little Confusion) beheld me with a fixed Eye; and by that Action oblig'd me to answer her. ' It was but just, *said I*, that a King so vertuous as you have spoken him, should be flexible to so fair a Queen, that had forsaken her Estate, to expose herself to the Hazard and Inconvenience of a long Voyage to see him; this Enterprize was so considerable in the Person of a great Princess, as *Solomon* cou'd not have been just (as you have represented him) had he used her ingratefully.' ' You have said enough to convince yourself, *said Salome*, and if these be your own Thoughts, you shou'd consider what you owe to Princesses, who ('tis true) have neither abandon'd Realms, nor travers'd Provinces to see you; but abandon'd for your sake a Liberty more dear than Empires, and trampled upon Obstacles more difficult to surmount, than the Incommodities of a Voyage.

This Discourse, which I had always feared, put me to trouble past all dissembling; and seeing myself oblig'd to reply: ' I am too unfortunate, *said I*, to believe that ought can appear in the Miseries of my Life, but Subjects of Compassion; the Affections of Princesses will doubtless find Objects more worthy of themselves; and I am too far from imagining that a Wretch exiled from his Country, persecuted by his King, that has no Retreat upon Earth, but what he owes for to the King your Brother's Bounty, thou'd triumph over those precious Liberties which are
 ' doubt-

‘ doubtless reserv’d for Persons more happy, and
‘ for such as by the Loss of their own, with a
‘ long Succession of faithful Service, have deserv’d
‘ them.’ ‘ Those that have bought them at a low-
‘ er Rate, *said Salome*, are more oblig’d than
‘ such as paid for them with Pains, Blood, and
‘ Years of Service; and without extream Ingrati-
‘ tude, they cannot prefer those Things that have
‘ been dearly sold, to such as have been liberally
‘ given them. You are of this Number *Tyridates*;
‘ you evade the Notice of Obligations, that you
‘ may fly Occasions of Requitall; you are better
‘ esteem’d in *Herod’s* Court than you desire to
‘ be, and the Misfortunes of your Life are there less
‘ consider’d than the Qualities of your Person:
‘ You know this for truth, though you force a
‘ cunning Ignorance to disguise it: You are too
‘ clear-sighted, not to perceive it by a thousand
‘ Actions, and as many Discourses, which have
‘ but too plainly declared it. But disdain closes
‘ your Eyes and Ears; and none but such a Soul
‘ as that you play the Tyrant with, but would
‘ turn edge at your Neglect, yet she hath prefer-
‘ ved many Years in the same Ardour, and with
‘ much Satisfaction would so continue her whole
‘ Life-time, if you would let her hope that such
‘ a Constancy should not go unrewarded.

While *Salome* pronounced these Words, her Eyes
let fall their Looks upon the Earth, with all the
Signs of Shame, which she was not able to dissem-
ble: And indeed how should she, when myself
was so ashamed in her behalf, as I had a harder
Task to hide it from her, than to find Words to
answer her? ‘ *Madam, said I, (after I had a*
‘ *while kept silence)* till now my Soul hath been
‘ so chain’d to the Consideration of my Miseries,
‘ as it hath not been capable of other Thoughts;

' and I have found so little Appearance, nay, so
 ' little Reason in what you have done me the Ho-
 ' nour to let me know, as, it could never have
 ' enter'd my Imaginations. 'Tis this must answer
 ' for the Faults I committed, and not a Disdain,
 ' which never grew in my Nature; and which
 ' I should practise but unhand somely. The Gods
 ' have not given me those advantageous Quali-
 ' ties to look up at a Fortune so little thought
 ' of; and though it should offer itself indeed in-
 ' to my Arms, in this wretched Condition, where-
 ' to my Miseries have reduced me, I think I
 ' should not have Power to taste it.' *Salome*
 (who could no longer doubt, but that her Love
 was perfectly discover'd) found my Words, and
 the Action wherewith I pronounc'd them, so dis-
 obliging, that (if it had been possible) that very
 Moment she would have thrown it off: However,
 she would no further advance a Parley, the be-
 ginning of which taught her to hope for little
 Satisfaction in the Sequel; and turning back to
Pheroras's Chamber, in a Fashion that shew'd the
 Marks of Spight: ' Oh! Well, *Tyridates*, said
 ' she, your Perplexities shall no more be redoubled
 ' by a Discourse so disobliging; and since you are
 ' oppress'd with Affection, there shall be care ta-
 ' ken to free you of that Importunity.

As she finished these Words, we enter'd the
 Chamber of *Pheroras*, which stopped my Answer;
 and she was so overcome with Anger, as all the
 Time we staid together, she would neither vouch-
 safe to speak or look upon me. Since that Day I
 began to understand her Disposition, of which I
 had already a very evil Opinion; and at my next
 Conference with the Queen, I had not Power to
 conceal *Salome's* Folly, willing to prepossess her
 Spirit by a true Relation, lest the malicious Crea-
 ture

ture should render me some evil Office with her. This Relation provok'd the Queen's Vertue to express more Contempt and Aversion for *Salome* than ever: Which, after she had witnessed by some Words she let fall against her, '*Tyridates, said she, smiling, are you so cruel then to Ladies that love you?*' And a little after, putting on a more serious Look, '*If you open these Eyes to Reason, which Passion hath shut up, you will soon perceive, that God doth punish your unjust Affection with another, which yourself disapproves; and if Salome (being married) cannot hatch such Desires, and not be wicked, sure I that am in the same Estate, and having a King to my Husband, cannot countenance your's, without incurring the same Sin you condemn in Salome.*' '*Ah! Madam, said I, what a vast Difference is there betwixt suffering an Affection pure and innocent, as mine, and persecuting, with a vicious Passion, a Person that loaths it! And if ever my Adoration shall oblige you to let fall any particular Favour upon me, how well may Salome serve to excuse it? And then how little reason have you to consider a Man, which hath more Right to the Title of cruel Enemy than that of Husband?*' '*I have often told you, reply'd the Queen, that you ought not to ground any Hope upon that Consideration; nay, though I were releas'd of all which is due to Herod, yet I shall never forget what I owe to myself.*' With such Answers as these, the Queen still gently confuted me; and in these pleasing Liberties of Discourse, were stor'd my best Advantages. While this Life lasted, I was but too happy; for my Hopes had such weak Encouragement to aspire at better Fortune, from such a Vertue as *Mariamne's*, as I did my best to bound my Content in what I had.

The Necessity I had of the Aid of *Sobemus*, made me open my Heart unto him: Besides, by some Presents, I had gain'd *Philo*, the Queen's Eunuch, and *Cleophe*, whom of all her Maids she most trusted. These Persons, though the Queen knew it not, befriended me with their best Industry; and I had no hard Task to get some Confidence among them, because I knew the whole Family detested the King: Yet the Queen was ignorant of my Influence upon her People; which had she known, she would never have suffer'd. She avoided all Occasions, as much as possible, of being alone with me; and when she could not shun it, she kept me in such Awe to displease, as I had scarce the daring to open my Mouth; yet sometimes I broke these Chains, and calling that Commiseration to my Succour, which she never had ready for my Miseries, methought I tasted most delicious Comforts in that very Liberty of speaking; but when I presumed, upon a large Privilege, to take a Kiss from her Hand, she would take such an Anger into her Looks, as carried me to the Extremities of Grief and Repentance.

In the mean time, if the Circumpection which I carried in all my Actions deceived the Eyes of *Herod* and his Court, *Salome* (as the most interested, and therefore the most clear-sighted of all others) finding little cause to attribute this Contempt of mine to any thing but Anticipation, set so much Care and Cunning a-work, as to observe my Looks, and spy out all my Actions, as at last she began to gather Part of the Truth; but she had not then Time enough to enlarge her Discovery, because I soon after parted from *Jerusalem*, and was oblig'd for a Time to leave the Queen, upon an Occasion which I shall let you understand.

Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART II. BOOK I.

A R G U M E N T.

Phraates, upon the old Quarrel, invadeth Judea with 30,000 Parthians, under the Command of his Lieutenant Barsapharnes; they ravage and devast the Country about Samaria. Tyridates is sent General by Herod, with an Army to oppose them: He sends a brave Defiance to Barsapharnes, which he stoutly accepts. Barsapharnes is slain in the Fight, and his Army totally routed. Tyridates returns to Jerusalem, and is welcom'd by a general Applause. Salome plots his and Mariamne's Ruin, by kindling Jealousy in Herod's Breast, which enrages him to a Resolution of destroying Tyridates. Mariamne gives him notice of it by a Letter. Arsanes spills the Poison as he was lifting it up to his Mouth. Tyridates, with his Servants, attempt-

attempting an Escape by flight, finds the Streets all blocked up with Soldiers: They endeavour to cut a Passage with their Swords; but, oppress'd by the Multitude, are forced to take Sanctuary in the Temple. The Contestation between Herod and the Priests about him. Socius, a Roman Senator, interposes, and threatens Herod to a Consent, that Tyridates might go safely out of his Territories: He conducts him out of Jerusalem. Tyridates returns the same Night in Disguise, by Sohemus's Aid is admitted to the Queen, takes a passionate Leave of her, and quits Judea: Goes to Rome, and is honourably treated by Augustus. His Melancholy drives him from thence. He is cast upon the Shore of Alexandria, and so finishes his Story. Eteocles (commanded by Candace, to acquaint her with his Fortunes) begins with those of CLEOPATRA; her Descent, Beauty, and rare Qualities. Her Brother Ptolomy's vicious Inclinations, by the wicked Advice of his Counsellors, he designs her Ruin: She takes up Arms in her own Defence, is overpower'd, and besieged by him in Pelusium. Pompey flies to him for Refuge, after his Pharsalian Overthrow, and is basely murder'd by his Command. Cæsar brings his victorious Army into Egypt. Cleopatra petitions his Protection against her Brother; her Condition kindles Pity, and her Person Affection in Cæsar's Heart. He reconciles them. Ptolomy's treacherous Intentions to murder Cæsar; being discover'd, he flies to open Arms. The bloody Sea Fight betwixt them, wherein he is slain. Cæsar crowns Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, and privately marries her.

The



HE barbarous *Phraates* seeing he could neither prevail with *Herod* to give me up into his Hands, nor put me to death, which he had often solicited, and being otherwise his mortal Enemy, sent thirty thousand *Parthians* upon his Frontiers, under the Command of *Barsapbarnes*, one of his Lieutenants, and the very same that some Years before had taken *Hircanus* and *Phaselus* Prisoners. *Barsapbarnes* did all the Mischiefs in *Judea* that Hostility could exercise, and made all that stood in his way, without Distinction, feel his impartial Sword. Yet his March was not kept so secret, but (before he entered *Judea*) *Herod* (that like a most prudent and vigilant Prince, always kept store of Spies in pay) had a timely notice of it, which made him rally his Forces with such Diligence, that before the *Parthians* had made any considerable Progress, he was grown strong enough to oppose them. He would gladly have marched in Person; but Mistrust (the ordinary Companion of Tyranny) made him fear some Palpitations in the Heart of his Estate, if he absented himself, and therefore resolv'd to send one of his Lieutenants. I had too much Interest in this War, not to seek the Employment; and all the Regret I suffer'd to leave *Mariamne*, was swallow'd with the greedy Desire of Glory and Vengeance, which drew me at the Feet of *Herod*, to ask the Conduct of his Army. He was very well satisfied with what I had already done in his Service; and weighing the Propriety I had both in the Motive and Success of that War, he concluded he could not put his Forces into better Hands than mine, and therefore freely bestow'd the Command upon me.

So

So soon as my Equipage was ready, I disposed myself to part with that Place, where I left the better Part of my Soul. The Queen (who could not hate me, though my Passion still perplex'd her) was well pleased to hear the King had given me this Employment; and told me, in most obliging Terms, She had an Opinion that I would bring home a fair Increase of Honour: But when at the Even of my Departure, I desir'd she would give me a particular Audience, and permit me to take leave of her in her Chamber, without any further Witnesses but those we suspected not, she was deaf to my Prayer; and after she had begun with some sharp Words, to shew me how much the Request displeased her, 'No, *Tyridates, pursued she, with a milder Look*) this Conference is not necessary; I know already all you would say: Nor are you ignorant of what I have to answer you; cast off these unjust Desires, if it be possible, and believe it, if a high Esteem of your Virtues, and a thousand Wishes for your Happiness, may requite your Affections, you shall never have cause to call me ungrateful.

Though these Words were perfectly innocent, yet the Queen fear'd they betray'd too much Favour, and could not let them go without a Blush, wherein I read so much ravishing Sweetness, and fancied such Advantages to myself, that I found nothing in my Condition that might patronize Complaint. I did all that was possible to obtain leave to write to her: At first she return'd me a mild Refusal; but, in fine, she absolutely forbade me any further Importunity. I submitted to her without repining; and being constrain'd to take leave of her in the Presence of the King, and the chief Courtiers, I render'd the same Respects to *Salome*, who was then in the Presence; by this Means

Means avoiding a troublesome Discourse, in which a particular Farewel might probably have engaged me. She well understood my Intention; and adding this to her former Quarrel, she could not keep her Spight from breaking into her Looks; but when I bow'd to salute her, after the *Jewish* Mode, she lifted up her Head, and thus whisper'd as low as possible: 'Signior *Tyridates*, your Carriage is fair, but somewhat dangerous.' I had no time to reply to this, and indeed it had put me into so much Disorder, that I should hardly have found out fit Words for an Answer; and this she understood so plainly by my Looks, as it powerfully served to confirm her Suspicion.

Thus I parted from *Hierusalem*; and putting myself at the Head of the Army, which attended my coming, we marched towards *Samaria*, where *Barsapharnes* had made some Progress, and already burnt some Villages, with some little Cities, that were not able to make Resistance. Madam, I suppose you willing to learn the Events of this War in a few Words; I shall endeavour therefore to contract a Narration that may sound too harsh to your tender Ears, and only tell you, that I advanced, by great Marches, towards *Barsapharnes*; and being arriv'd within two Days March of the Place where his Army was encamped, I sent to offer him Battle, and to let him know that *Tyridates* himself had brought his Head into the Field; and if he could get the Good-will of Victory, he should reap that desir'd Fruit of his Enterprize, with the entire Satisfaction of his Master.

Barsapharnes (who was espoused to the cruel Disposition of his King) gladly accepted the Battle; and (trusting in the *Parthian* Valour) quitted his Quarters to advance towards ours. Upon the second Day the Armies came in view; and both
being

being ranged with as much Care as we were capable to carry, there began a most cruel and bloody Battle. The *Parthians* were, doubtless, much better Soldiers than the *Jews*, and their Numbers full as great as ours; but the Gods favour'd the Justice of my Cause, and we so happily made good our Choice of some local Advantages, as after an obstinate Dispute, which cost us five or six thousand Lives, Victory came and lighted upon our Banners. The Hatred which the *Jews* bore to the *Parthians*, made it more bloody than I desired; and though the unnatural *Phraates* had so deeply provoked me; yet, in the Pursuit, I us'd all the Power I had to spare the *Parthian* Blood, and to draw those out of the Victors Hands that had not yet felt their Fury. A *Jew* presented me with the Head of *Barsapharnes*; and though the View at the same time gave me Horror and Compassion, yet I thought it fit to send it to the King of *Parthia*, instead of that which he demanded; and to let him know, by that Present, in what manner I was able to defend mine against his inhuman Pursuits. The Prisoners I sent freely home again, by this gentle Usage, obliging them to detest the Cruelty of their King: And after we had repaired the Damages the *Parthians* had made upon the Frontiers, and put the Fortresses there in a better Condition of Resistance, I triumphantly return'd to *Hierusalem*, where I was receiv'd by the People with great Acclamation, by *Herod* with extraordinary Caresses, and my fair Queen bad me welcome, with an Aspect that assur'd me the Importunity she receiv'd from my Passion, could not wipe out her Interest in my Success.

But oh! the Pride of my Content! when I learn'd from her fair Mouth, that she had admitted Fear for the hazard of my Life, what could I

do?

do? Nay, what Acknowledgment might my Thoughts be capable to fathom, that might suit with the Effects of such a Bounty? This put me in possession of the most glorious Estate that my Reason would let me wish for; and though the divine *Mariamne* was neither able nor willing to bow her Soul to any Sentiments which she judg'd unjust or criminal, yet she let me have as much Estimation and Affection, as Innocence could part with. All those (to whom either good Fortune, or a long Perseverance had given an entire Possession of what they lov'd) could not boast so dear a Satisfaction as mine; nor could I fancy so much Glory and Happiness in having the rarest Beauties of the World at my Feet, as I found in kissing the Robe of *Mariamne*; I say her Robe, for I never kissed her Hand but by surprizal; and when I took that Licence, it cost me the Pains of many Days to expiate the Boldness.

The different Effects of my Passion produced as many Varieties in her; sometimes she laughed at the Extravagancies which the Violence of it forced from me; but the Cruelty of my Sufferings still made her conclude with Pity. Indeed she would take up an earuest Anger, when any Word chanced to escape my Mouth, that she thought favour'd of Impiety; for the Severity of her Religion, which acknowledg'd but one Deity, would not permit me to attribute any thing divine unto her; but when I did, she would use all the Authority she had to command me silence.

I received her Words as I would do Oracles; for she never spake any thing but what deserv'd an entire Attention, and an eternal Memory.

' Tyridates, said she one Day to me, how commendable it would be in you, and how much
' you might oblige me, for my sake and your
' own,

' own, to recover yourself of this Distemper,
 ' which must be fatal to one of us, and possibly
 ' may betray us both to Destruction: I suffer'd
 ' the Beginning of it with an Indulgence that can-
 ' not be excus'd, and 'tis that hath render'd me
 ' guilty both of your Misfortunes and your Faults;
 ' employ the same Courage wherewith you van-
 ' quish'd *Judea's* Enemies, to combat this dome-
 ' stic Foe. I know you have Virtue enough for
 ' the Design, if you would use it; try but to op-
 ' pose it with all the Forces of your Reason, and
 ' you will carry an undoubted Victory, in which
 ' both you and I shall find our perfect Repose
 ' and Satisfaction. I have yet, by the Grace of
 ' my God, led my Life in Innocence, and taken
 ' no Licence from the Provocations of *Herod*, to
 ' commit any Act unworthy of my Birth; do
 ' not desire, *Tyridates*, to blemish that in me
 ' which you prize highest, because 'tis undefiled:
 ' to drop a Blot upon my Fame, which can never
 ' be washed off again: If you have yet blinded
 ' the Eyes of *Herod*, do not dim your own with
 ' a hope of the same Success for the future. *Sal-
 ' lome* hath an Interest that will set Spies upon
 ' all your Actions, and soon discover enough to
 ' ruin you; and if that cruel Woman doth nei-
 ' ther spare the clearest Innocence, nor the nearest
 ' Alliance, 'tis but just you should fear her as a
 ' Stranger; and a Man, who, in her Opinion, is
 ' already culpable.

The fair Queen utter'd these Words with a
 Grace wholly divine; but alas! they found little
 Inclination in me to be so wrought upon; for
 what Influence could she hope, upon a Spirit that
 had reserv'd no Power to dispose of itself, that
 could resent nothing in those sweet Words, but
 what redoubled the Passion they dissuaded, and
 ren-

render'd it incapable of that rigorous Complaisance she demanded? I shew'd her this Weakness of mine in as passionate and submissive Expressions as my Love could utter; protested how impossible it was to obey her, and forgot nothing that I thought might stir her Goodness: I say her Goodness, for upon that only I built all my Fortune.

But I had roved too much in a Calm, too long belied my unfortunate Birth, and the Science of those Astrologers that condemn'd me to so many Misfortunes; till then I had so warily kept my Passion under Hatches, as the King (though of a most diffident Nature) had not perceiv'd it; but *Salome*, that survey'd my Actions, with more design than all the rest, who of herself was one of the subtillest Women in the World, at first suspected, and, in the end, by divers Marks, discover'd the truth of it. Of this she gave me some Intelligence, by the Words she let fall at my Departure for the Army; and though they sensibly touch'd and taught me to carry more Care in my Behaviour for the future, to lessen her Suspicion, yet all those Endeavours proved unfruitful; and the Artifice I employ'd to disguise my Affection, (which, in all likelihood, would have gotten Credit in any Soul but *Salome's*) in her produced an Affection quite contrary, and confirm'd her in that mischievous Belief she had already entertain'd: When this was once established in her Head, Spight came, and joined so violently with it, that in a short time, I think Hatred flam'd higher in her Heart than ever Love had done. The Queen she always mortally hated, as well out of Envy of her admirable Qualities, which had inspir'd all others with Love and Veneration, as some Disdain she apprehended in that great Princess, who indeed could not so debase her Spirit to smile on
such

such as she deemed unworthy of Affability : Besides, her Power was too great with the King, and *Salome*, that aim'd to be uppermost in his Favour, was stung with Discontent at the Queen's Authority.

With these Considerations she mingled her Jealousy, which stirr'd up such impetuous Storms in her Breast, as made it capable of the foulest Treasons, and blackest Crimes ; and if she hardly endured her Disrespect and Authority, she could not look upon her as a Rival, without resolving her Ruin, and with her to destroy that, which a few Days before her Affection had set at so high a Value.

This Change may appear strange unto you, but it was so true, that she no sooner believed me amorous of *Mariamme*, but that Love with which she had before perplexed me, was converted into such a hatred, as render'd her apt to entertain most violent Resolutions, and set her presently a hatching a Design to involve me in the Mischiefs she prepar'd for that innocent Princess ; she was so well acquainted with the King her Brother's Spirit, as she knew it to be of the same Temper with her own, and therefore doubted not but to make the least Impressions she could give him, powerful enough to destroy us. By this Way, as the most assured, and the least dangerous, she resolved our Ruin, and began to labour it with all the Subtilty that her Malice could invent : She first began to observe the long Stay I made in *Judea*, notwithstanding that I might elsewhere find Sanctuaries of more Assurance, and that the Emperor *Augustus* (an Enemy to the King of *Parthia*) had invited me to *Rome*, and offered me a peaceable Retreat there, with all sorts of Succours against *Phraates*. She shew'd him how it disa-

greed

greed with Reason, that I should disdain such advantageous Offers, to be supported by the Masters of the Earth, if I had not some powerful Tye in *Judea*. Then without unmasking her Design, she made him curiously to mark my Actions, desired him often to observe my Face when I enter'd the Queen's Chamber, to take notice of my Sighs, my passionate Looks, with divers Passages, in which a violent Love cannot belye itself to the Eyes of interested Persons that will carefully survey them. These Things in a short Time wrought upon *Herod's* Spirit, and (as none was more tenderly sensible and impatient in that Respect than he) I should soon have felt his Fury if he had not been restrain'd by divers Considerations.

Besides the hatred which he bare to *Phraates*, and the services I had render'd to his Crown, he consider'd me as one protect'd by *Augustus*, who had oft writ to him in my favour, and express'd a particular care of me: This dextrous and politick King dissembled his first resentments, only he made known to *Salome* a part of his suspicion; and when that malicious wasp perceiv'd she had made way for her intention, and half train'd the King to her design, she neglected no time to strike the blow as she had premeditated.

' Sir, said she one day to him, I am constrain'd to declare that which (till now) the care I cherished for the quiet of your Family, made me conceal, but the peace of your mind being yet more dear to me, hath overcome all those considerations, that made me dissemble my thoughts. Seek no more for the cause of *Mariamne's* disdain, her aversion doth not spring from a resentment for the death of her Kindred; for were she not prevented by another passion, the proofs of your love must needs have softened her: That

Rock

‘ Rock so insensible to your Caresses, is not so
‘ unrelenting to others; for that *Partbian* that
‘ that holds his safety of your Charity, does doubt-
‘ less love her with better luck than you; I have
‘ discover’d their intelligence by divers marks, and
‘ whatever care they took to disguise it, their passion
‘ hath so blinded them, that they have lost all power
‘ to dissemble it, and I fear at last the whole Court
‘ will perceive it with scandal; I struggled hard be-
‘ fore I could resolve with my self to reveal this
‘ to you, and I should have been willing at the
‘ price of my blood to have shunn’d the occasion
‘ of it without betraying you; but at last, Sir, my
‘ zeal for you interests, and my indignation at the
‘ Queen’s ingratitude, have vanquished those Rea-
‘ sons that would enjoin me silence.

While *Salome* spake, the King accompanied
her Discourse with many sighs, and swallow’d at
deep draughts the poison she had prepar’d him;
this first information wanted little of transporting
him to some fatal action: but, as he had shewn
much power upon himself in divers encounters,
he then mastered these first motions, and grew
desirous to discover further, before he enterpriz’d
things that might bring him such displeasing con-
sequences. For this reason, suppressing his appre-
hensions as much as possible: ‘ Sister, said he to
‘ *Salome*, I am oblig’d to you for the advice you
‘ have given me, and doubt not but it parts from
‘ the affection you bare me; I have already had
‘ suspicions conform’d to your belief, but they
‘ were not so strongly ground’d to seize wholly
‘ upon my judgment; besides, I have understood
‘ the Queen’s Vertues by so many proofs, as I
‘ found it hard to believe that her aversion to me
‘ could urge her to the violation of her duty:
‘ Yet now I begin to lean to your opinion, and
‘ with

‘ with you to judge it almost impossible that a
‘ thousand ardent proofs of my affection should
‘ not efface the Queen’s resentments, nor so much
‘ as soften her rocky heart, if she had not given
‘ it to another. I love her but too well, *con-*
‘ *tinu’d he with a sigh,* too, too well I love that
‘ ingrateful Woman, and though she unworthily
‘ abuses my love, yet I cannot choose but love
‘ her.’ He stopp’d at these words, walked up and
down the Chamber with an action that express
his transport and irresolution, wherein *Salome*
might read, that her plot had not ill succeeded.

Ah! *Tyridates* cry’d he, after some silence, dost
thou thus requite the protection and refuge I have
given thee? Dost thou not fear to find that in my
just anger which thou hast avoided by my as-
sistance? Had I deserv’d to have felt thy indigna-
tion, couldst thou not have galled me in a part
less sensible? And canst thou believe that a cruel
brother is more formidable than a jealous hus-
band, than a passionate lover? He mingled these
words with fresh sighs, and again took some turns
in the room; then turning to *Salome*, ‘ Sister, *said*
‘ *he,* before we enterprize any thing upon the ad-
‘ vice you have given, ’tis fit we instruct ourselves
‘ farther; for the quality of *Tyridates*, back’d
‘ with the care that *Augustus* takes of his safety,
‘ prescribes me much caution; if you please, con-
‘ tinue to improve your discovery of the truth,
‘ and on my side I shall take such care, as it shall
‘ prove a very hard task for them still to abuse me.

This was the discourse between the King and
Salome, all which a while after I learn’d from *So-*
hemus, who had been told it by an Officer of the
King’s, his intimate friend, that over-heard it in
the Anti-chamber.

From

From that day these two malicious spirits employed all their care to observe my behaviour, and indeed I confess, that (whatever circumspection I endeavour'd to carry) many passages slip't from me, capable to undisguise my passion to persons so powerfully concern'd; my looks, sighs, and change of Countenance often betrayed me; for before I understood the King's suspicion, I behav'd my self with less prudence than I should have used, had I distrust'd it; the Queen was yet more narrowly sifted, and as that great Princess observed something in me (if I may speak it with Modesty) that gave me a better Title to her Esteem than any of the *Jews*, and possibly feeling herself oblig'd to my persevering respectful Passion, she compell'd herself to shew such apprehensions of it, as reason told her were full of innocence, and treated me in publick with a countenance capable to confirm the King in those cruel impressions *Salome* had given him.

This jealous Prince that saw not but with the troubled Eyes of his suspicion, beheld all our actions, as if every one had the countenance of a Criminal; the effects of the Queen's goodness and civility were interpreted for so many marks of her affection; and thus he was ready every moment to abandon himself to such a rage, as almost pos'd all the prudence he could make to tame it. I often marked these Changes both in his Looks and his Humour: and, though in the whole Course of his Life he had appear'd the most dexterous Dissembler of all Men, yet his raging Jealousy had so weakned the Power, which usually held the Reins of his Passions, as he could not so well contain himself, but I discover'd much Coldness and Change in the Discourse and Entertainment he made me; indeed I should have apprehended

prehended all these Things with such a Spirit as his, and doubtless had so, if the powerful Love of *Mariamne* had not stifled that in my Soul, which Nature places there for our proper Safety, and forc'd a Neglect of all that Care I should have carried about me for the Preservation of my Life. The Queen perceiv'd this (which she always suspected) as soon as I; and though her Conscience witness'd to herself the Innocence of her Carriage, yet she was desirous to avoid the Danger she apprehended, by treating me with a more reserv'd behaviour, if possible, than she had done formerly. I studied a more specious Dissimulation, but it was too late, the Tempest was already risen, and at last made itself known by most dangerous Flashes.

One Day, the Remembrance of which I must preserve as the most remarkable of my Life, the very same whereon the *Jews* celebrate that which they call the Feast of Tabernacles, being desirous through Curiosity (though of different Religion) to assist at their Ceremonies, I accompany'd the King to that famous Temple, which from the Name of its Founder, they call the Temple of *Solomon*, and which for Riches and admirable Structure, may pass with more justice than that of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, or that of *Jupiter* the *Olympian*, for one of the World's Wonders; at first the Ceremonies borrowed my Attention, for methought they were very specious: But in fine, no longer able to keep them off, I transported all my Thoughts to *Mariamne*, and with those tied my Eyes to her Face, with so attentive a Regard; and though *Arfanes*, who stood behind me, often endeavour'd to call me to myself, and made me mark in what manner the King observ'd me, I had much ado to retire them for a few Moments, while the Sacrifice lasted; nor was I ignorant of the Fault I

committed, but I believe the Gods struck my Reason blind, to punish my Offence of assisting at the Sacrifices of a Religion which was Enemy to theirs: Whatever the Cause was, that was the Day wherein the King abandon'd himself to his Jealousy, though possibly he had not yet determin'd upon the Resolution he was to take. Coming back from the Temple, he went to visit the Queen's Lodging, full of furious Thoughts, his Face carried the Copy of his troubled Soul, and his Eyes sparkled Messages of Death: Yet they were no sooner encounter'd by the Queen's, but all their Storms clear'd up, and those Tempests which Rage had rais'd against her, by that marvellous Ascendant she had upon his Spirit, did homage to the Charms of her Beauty, and grew calm in a Moment; of one terrible as a Lion, in a few Minutes he became mild and tractable; and instead of uttering the Threats he had prepar'd, his disarmed Anger gave Place to Kindness, which render'd his Spirit pliable to Caresses and Flatteries.

He made the Queen a Discourse full of Affection, which she receiv'd with her usual Modesty. But then offering to take some Liberties with her, which he might have lawfully believ'd his due, if (by so many Cruelties inflicted upon her and hers) he had not violated the Rights, and lost all those Advantages of which Marriage had possess'd him, that courageous Princess, who could never tamely hide her Resentment in a Disguise, disdainfully repuls'd him.

Herod, that was not ignorant of the true Cause of this, though he suspected others, would not take a Denial from her first coldness; but perceiving she resisted with an invincible Resolution, and being no Way able to obtain these Favours from her, which his desires were greedy of, he

recall'd

recall'd that Choler that had so lately thook him,
and beholding her with Eyes that sparkled Fury:
' Ingrateful Woman, *said he*, do not longer
' think to abuse me by thy specious Pretences;
' but know I am not ignorant that it is the Love
' of *Tyridates*, and not the Memory of *Hircanus*,
' or *Aristobulus*, that renders thee inflexible to
' thy Husband's Kindness.

Though the Queen had ever fear'd these Things
from *Herod's* Humour, yet she could not be less
than surpriz'd at this Language, and appear'd as
if she had been struck with a Thunder-bolt; her
Tongue remain'd mute, her Visage chang'd Chou-
lour, and from the profound Astonishment which
Herod there observed, he receiv'd cruel Confirma-
tions of his jealous Thoughts. This Apprehension
redoubled his Fury, and now not doubting but
the Queen's powerful Surprisal rose from the Re-
proaches of her Conscience, and the Shame or Fear
she might have to see her Passion discovered, he
gave himself up to the most furious Transports
that Rage could inspire, and had much ado to
keep it from committing Outrage upon her Per-
son; but he upbraided her with the most injuri-
ous Words that Choler could invent: ' How now
' Traitors, *said he*, must I then be robb'd by a
' Barbarian's Witchcraft, of what is only due to
' myself? And thou, that would'st fain pass for
' a demure Zealor, does it suit with the Law of
' thy God, or the Repute of the World, that
' thou findest more Sweetness in the shameful
' Embraces of an Infidel, than in the legitimate
' Affections of a Husband? Ah! disloyal Wo-
' man, unworthy of a Love, which has preserved
' thee in a Rank from whence thou hast deserved
' to fall with thy Family, a Love that hath expo-
' sed me too, to the Contempt of my People:

‘ Is it by these infamous Passions thou makest
‘ good thy claim to the *Maccabean* Blood, of
‘ which thou hast so often boasted? Thinkest
‘ thou those illustrious *Asmoneans*, with whose
‘ Glory thou hast still reproached me, (should
‘ they return to the World) could approve of the
‘ ignominious Preference thou makest of an ex-
‘ led *Parthian*, to a King, whom the latest of
‘ thy Ancestors gave thee for a Husband, or ra-
‘ ther who honoured thee with the Title of his
‘ Spouse, when he might have used thee as his
‘ Subject?

He accompanied these Words with a Torrent
of others more cruel and injurious; during which
the fair Queen, having had time to restore her-
self from her first Astonishment, began to regard
with all the Assurance that Innocence could give
her; and, neither able to make her Spirit flexible
to his Flatteries, nor her own Justification, of
which she believed him unworthy, after that he
had given some truce to his Invectives, ‘ Finish,
‘ *said she*, thou cruel Man, finish thy Rage, and
‘ believe that after the Exercise of so much brutish
‘ Cruelty upon mine, thou may’st give it leave
‘ to let fall its last Effects upon myself; there on-
‘ ly remains the last Part of it to be acted upon
‘ me; for having had (by the Murder of my
‘ dearest Friends, by a miserable Captivity, and
‘ the bloody Orders thou gavest for my own)
‘ my Repose so often tortured, there rests no
‘ more but to assault my Honour, which by the
‘ favour of Heaven I have till now defended from
‘ thy horrid Persecutions: Do, tear my Reputati-
‘ on, which hath maintained itself pure and spot-
‘ less in my Misfortunes, and still persecute the
‘ *Asmonean* Memory by the Shame thou prepa-
‘ rest for the last of its illustrious Blood, which
thou

‘ thou hast spilt so brutishly: Hope not I will
‘ assert my Innocence; no, that Account must
‘ only be render’d to him that knows it, and by
‘ his Goodness will defend it against the Calum-
‘ ny of my Enemies: believe all of the unfortu-
‘ nate *Mariamne*, wherewith her envious Detrac-
‘ tors have inspir’d thee: Thy Cruelties have gi-
‘ ven me but too much Cause to dispense with
‘ the Justification which I owe to him, whom
‘ Heaven in its Anger gave me for a Husband;
‘ but do not involve such Persons in my Misery,
‘ as have no Part in the Crime thou imposest;
‘ and if thy Rage demands a Victim to appease
‘ it, seek no other than her whom thou hast
‘ taught to desire Death, by rendering her Life
‘ calamitous.

The last Words of the Queen transported *He-
rod* to the farthest Degrees of Fury: And now,
more than believing the Care she took of my Ju-
stification, while she disdained her own, could
spring from no other Root but that of Love, he
concluded the Proof clear enough to convince her;
and not able so far to over-rule this Belief, to
dissemble his Intention: ‘ Yes, perfidious Crea-
‘ ture, *cryed he*, I will credit all that my Eyes
‘ and Ears, and not the envious Detractors, have
‘ told me; I will credit all that will convince thee
‘ of the most shameful and blackest of all Trea-
‘ sons; and in fine, believe that of thee, which
‘ thou wouldest I should do, and disdain’st to
‘ disavow: The Care thou takest of that ingrate-
‘ ful Wretch, which has so basely betrayed me,
‘ to the Prejudice of thy own Safety, shall suffice
‘ for his and thy Condemnation: The Ruin of
‘ that thou holdest so dear, shall begin the Pu-
‘ nishment of thy Disloyalty, and the Choice of
‘ Victims due to my just Anger shall not be at

thy Disposal; for before thou learnest what to
 resolve upon thyself, prepare to know what I
 shall execute upon the Person of thy Adulterer.

At these Words he flung out of the Chamber, with a Countenance so furious, as those that met him in the Passage could not behold him without trembling; alas! how erroneous was the Opinion he had of my Fortune? how remote was I from that sovereign Degree of Happiness, and how worthy my Condition had been of Envy, had his Suspicions been true.

In the mean Time I was at my Lodging, wholly ignorant of what had passed at the Palace, and employed the rest of that Day upon my ordinary Diversions. The Hour of Supper being come, I was served after the usual Manner, and sitting at the Table with some Friends of the Court, which were come to visit me, we had done Part of our Repast, when, calling for Drink, one of the King's Cup-bearers that was accustomed to serve me, presented the Cup with a troubled Look, and discomposed Countenance: I observed this Change in his Visage, but made no Reflection upon it, only contented myself to ask him if he was not well; and in the mean Time taking the Cup from his Hands, I was carrying it to my Mouth, when *Arsanes* enter'd the Chamber, and hastily running up to me, just as I touched the Cup with my Lips, he rushed against my Arm so rudely, as he made me let fall the Cup, and spill the Liquor, part on the Table, and part upon my Cloaths: This Action of *Arsanes* was so little respectful, that (knowing his Disposition) I concluded he had not done it without some powerful Motive: But he stayed not till I should ask the Reason, and (desirous to hide his Intent from those were with me) ' Sir, said he, I beseech you to pardon the
 ' Offence

‘ Offence which my rash Haste hath made me
 ‘ commit, and be pleased to vouchsafe me the
 ‘ Liberty of your Ear for one Moment.’ This
 said, he drew me by the Arm with an Action so
 earnest, as I perceived he had some Advice of
 Importance to communicate: I rose from the Ta-
 ble, making a bad Excuse to those that supp’d
 with me, and followed *Arsanes* into my Cabinet,
 which he first enter’d. We were no sooner there,
 ‘ But, Sir, *said he*, nothing but a speedy Flight
 ‘ can save your Life, the Gods in good time con-
 ‘ ducted me hither to spill the Poyson prepared
 ‘ for you; but if we stay longer here, it will not
 ‘ be possible, with the same Facility, to put by
 ‘ those other Dangers that menace you; read this
 ‘ Note, which just now I receiv’d of the Queen’s
 ‘ chief Eunuch, it is written with her own Hand;
 ‘ and if the Gods consent that we escape, ’tis to
 ‘ her alone you owe your safety.’ I was amaz’d
 at the Words and Actions of *Arsanes*, and with-
 out reply to his Discourse, I took the Letter,
 where I found these Words written by the Hand
 of my divine Queen.

Mariamne to Prince Tyridates.

‘ **T**HE Peril to which I expose myself in wri-
 ‘ ting to you, cannot hinder an Advice which
 ‘ I owe to your Virtue, and the Proofs of your
 ‘ Affection. *Tyridates*, if it be possible save your-
 ‘ self, and stay no longer in a Place, where Poy-
 ‘ son and Sword are employ’d to give you Death.

I read over the Billet twice or thrice, kiss’d
 those amiable Characters which that adorable
 Hand had traced, and after the Perusal, I was
 much to seek, whether the Cruelty of *Herod*, that
 sought to destroy me, after he had given me shel-

ter, or the Goodness of *Mariamne*, who took such noble Pains to preserve my Life with the Peril of her own, touch'd me deepest; I knew not to which of these Resentments my Soul was to give Preheminence, but I know well the Death that was threatned could not put on so rude a Shape as that departure, to which I saw myself condemned by the Hand of *Mariamne*.

The Grief I felt was too prodigious to be wrapt in Words. I stood a long Time silent and immoveable, which *Arsanes* (who had ballanced the Estate of my Affairs) disapproving, after he had often urged me to resolve: 'What would you I should do, *said I*? What Resolution can you with me to take in so cruel a Proposition? 'think you this Life, which through your care 'I have miserably dragg'd from Court to Court, 'is so dear to divorce me from *Mariamne*? Do 'you believe this separation more easy than that 'of my Soul from my Body? Shall I abandon 'her for ever, whom I can scarce leave for a 'Moment without dying? And to avoid one single Death, shall I carry a thousand in my 'Breast, through all those Places where my pitiless Fortune shall lead me? Ah! let us die first, 'continued I, walking a great Pace, without 'listening to the Reasons *Arsanes* pressed for departure; let us die a ready Death, since a slow one is much more sensible, leave the Body cold and pale in that Place which the Soul cannot abandon; and since we must die one Way, let us seek to die in the Eyes of *Mariamne*; and if that Glory be refus'd, at least give up that Spirit which neither was, nor ever shall be, but to her, as near her as is possible.

I pronounced these Words with an Action full of transport; and while thus my Irresolution shook

shook me with such terrible Inquietudes, *Arfanes* lost all his loyal Pains about me; but after he had alledged divers perswasive Reasons, to which I could not so much as lend Attention: ‘Sir, *said* be, I doubt not but you dispose yourself to this parting with much Regret; but if the Care of your own Life cannot oblige you, consider the Command you receiv’d from the Queen, you will find it so express, that if you have any Respect left for her, it is impossible to disobey it.’ The Queen’s Command, *replied* I, proceeds from nought but a compassionate Care she takes of my Life: Did she know that to die were a thousand Times more pleasing than to quit her for ever, she would doubtless permit me to stay here still.’ *Arfanes* was about to reply, though he could never have perswaded me, when my Governor, enter’d the Closet, and told me in a few Words, that *Sohemus* desired to speak with me, that favour’d by the Night’s Darkeness, he had slipt into the Garden where he had attended me, not daring to approach farther, without running a Danger too manifest, and giving the King such Suspicions as might bereave him of the Means to serve me.

I ran, without replying, to the Place where *Sohemus* waited, without a Torch, or any Company but *Arfanes* and my Governor; and so soon as I came at him, ‘Well, my dear Friend, *said* I, embracing him, then we must either die or separate; and by the Cruelty of *Herod* and Fate, either Life or *Mariamne* must be quitted.’ Yes, Sir, *reply’d* *Sohemus*; and if you use not Diligence, ’tis possible you will have both snatch’d from you.’ ‘That may easily be done, *said* I, and I shall feel less Pain and Repugnance that way, than violently to chain my Body

‘ where my Soul refuses to keep it company.’ Then I repeated almost the same things I talked to *Arfanes*; to which, when he had lent an Attention as serious as the Troubles that involv’d us had left him, ‘ Sir, *said he*, if you love the Queen, ‘ you ought not to consult farther, nor enlarge ‘ your Explications upon her Commands, which ‘ cannot be but fatal to one or other; if you neglect your own Life, you ought to consider ‘ hers, and to believe, that while you are in *Judea*, ‘ she can never be in safety; ’tis not only against ‘ you that the King’s Anger does lighten, ’tis rather her that this rising Storm doth threaten; ‘ and you have no other way to keep it off her ‘ Head, than by removing the Cause of the King’s ‘ cruel Jealousy.

Then, in order, he briefly recounted what he had learn’d of the Conference between the King and Queen from the chief Eunuch, who had overheard it; and thus, by urging the Queen’s Safety and Repose, he rang’d all that was repugnant in me under his Obedience. Yet I could not dispose myself to forsake the Queen for ever, but I resolv’d for some time to fly the Rage of *Herod*; and, in the mean time, to go in search of some Occasions that might either restore my Condition by the Knowledge he might gain of the Queen’s Innocence, or, if it were possible, procure to see her without her Knowledge. This was my Hope that got my Consent to part; but I would rather have taken a thousand Deaths, than given it to take eternal Leave of *Mariamne*.

While I discours’d with *Sobemas*, thanked him for his good Offices, and promised a perpetual Amity, with such a Share in my Fortunes, as his own Desires should crave, (if ever the Gods thought fit to change them) and drew Promises from him

to persevere in his faithful Assistance, *Arfanes* and my Governor got ready our Arms and Horses; and having caused them to be led, without Noise, by three or four *Parthian* Servitors to the Garden Gate, (that had served me from my Infancy, and followed me in all my Voyages) and having carefully pack'd up my Jewels and Money, with what else was necessary, I rewarded *Sobemus* with some Gems of great Value, and leaving others in his Hand to give to *Cleopbe* and the Eunuch that had been my Confidants, I bid him adieu with Tears in my Eyes; and arming myself, in a short time I got to Horse with *Arfanes*, my Governor, and my faithful *Parthians*, without taking any Jew along with me, or so much as letting them know of my Departure.

I went out at the same Gate *Sobemus* enter'd, which open'd into an unfrequented Street; while I issued out at the back-side of my Lodging, the Front of it was assaulted by those that *Herod* had sent either to take or kill me; and as they had Order to environ my Lodging, I had not trod many Steps in the Streets, before I saw both Ends of it seiz'd upon by a great Number of Soldiers, that shut up the Passage on all sides. I perceiv'd I should find it a hard Task to save myself; yet I resolv'd to sell either my Life or Liberty as dear as possible, and turning to those that followed me: 'Are you resolv'd, said I, to defend yourselves like valiant Men, and either to owe your Safety to your own Bravery, or perish with your Prince, if the Gods have so ordain'd it?' They protested with one Voice, That they would die at my Feet: And being assured of their Resolution, I spur'd in upon those, with my Sword in my Hand, that defended the Passage, and was follow'd so courageously by mine,
that

that my Enemies began to judge it not so easy a Task to take me as they imagined.

I pass'd upon the Necks of those that first oppos'd me; and cutting out our Way with our Swords, we bestir'd ourselves so vigorously at the first Encounter, as (after we had thrown many of our Enemies dead at our Feet, and scatter'd the fiercest of the rest) the Passage through the Street remained free, and we advanced into another more large, through which we galloped towards the Gate that was nearest. And now we had begun to entertain some hope of escape, when passing through a Place adjoining to the Temple, we espy'd so many Troops of armed Men from all Corners approaching to us, as we judg'd it very difficult to force them.

The Light which the Torches cast, shewed me *Alexas*, the Husband of *Salome*, at the Head of the foremost; and hearing him loudly animate his Men either to take or kill me, I ran up unto him, with my advanced Sword in my Hand, which I let fall upon his Head so forcibly, that had not the Blow been warded by a Soldier, that put his Sword before it, his Life had paid for his Wife's Malice; nevertheless, the Blow was not so slight, but it threw him with a deep Wound at the Feet of his Soldiers: The *Jews* raised a loud Clamour at the Fall of *Alexas*; and, in the meantime, we charg'd in so successfully, as we tumbled many of them dead at our Horses Feet. Indeed we did perform Actions there worthy of some Remembrance; and 'tis probable the *Jews* had never seen such a Handful of Men in their City dispute their Lives so courageously. But in fine, our Enemy's Strength increas'd to such a measure, and ours grew so feeble, as we soon perceived, without some miraculous Assistance, the Ways to
Safety

Safety were all blocked up. My Governor *Politis*, who till then had accompany'd and serv'd me in all my Disgraces, with a marvellous Affection, (bravely fighting by my Side) was forced by a Multitude of Wounds to breathe his last; his Death was succeeded by one of my faithful *Parthians*; and sure I had not long staid behind him, if *Arfanes*, who is endow'd with a dextrous Wit, and that temper'd with a marvellous Prudence, bethought himself, in the very midst of Danger, of a way to save us; and approaching to me, as near as possible, 'Sir, said he, I beseech you follow me, I have discovered a secure Retreat.' And at these Words, instead of spurting towards the Gate, as we did before, where the thickest Throng of Enemies and Difficulty withstood us, he caused me to face about towards the Temple-Gate, which was behind us; and on that side (having but few Enemies to combat) we soon cleared the Passage; and were no sooner arriv'd there, but we readily quitted our Horses, and threw ourselves into the Temple, which was then open, because of the Feast of Tabernacles, the Celebration of which lasted three whole Days.

That Temple had always been a Sanctuary for Criminals, but at that Feast (the most considerable of any the *Jews* Religion celebrates) it was so assured a Refuge, as the *Jews* would rather have suffered the entire Ruin of their Nation, than permitted any to be forced from the Temple, that had there taken Sanctuary, whatsoever Crime they were convicted of. This cool'd the Heat of their Pursuits; and when they saw us enter'd, they stopp'd at the Gate, and stood with Arms a-cross, without the least offer to follow us. Indeed some there were of the most muti-

mutinous among them, and the most interested in the hurt of *Alexas*, and the Deaths of their Companions, that cry'd out to the Priests to put us out; that I was the King's Enemy; that it was by his Order and expreis Command they pursued us: But the Priests, instead of listening to their Clamour, received us with much Humanity, and protested they would rather perish than suffer the Temple's Privileges to be violated. The Dignity of the Priesthood among the *Jews* was very eminent: That of the High-Priest had heretofore been only exercised by Kings themselves; after the Kings *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, the Grandfather and Brother of *Mariamne*, had discharged it, and then it was in the Hands of one the nearest ally'd to the Crown. And thus we saw ourselves in that sacred Fortrefs, and our Enemies only content to environ it, without daring to advance one Step to force an Entrance; but as soon as Day shewed itself, the King having learn'd the Truth, after he had sent divers Messages to the Priests in vain, he came himself, wholly transported with Fury, in such a Tempest, as gave belief to those that were next him, it would hurry him to the most violent Extremities.

The Priests, inform'd of his Arrival, came to the Gate to meet him; but so soon as they saw him, in the Name of their God they forbade him to put a Foot into the Temple, if he brought any other Intention than to render that Respect which was as due from him, as from the meanest *Jew*, to that holy Place, and the Divinity within it.

Herod, though deeply in Rage, and possibly not over-zealous in the Service of his God, as he was very politick, fear'd, that being already hated, and but weakly assured of the *Jews* Fidelity, (should he venture to violate their Customs, and infringe their

their Privileges) it might provoke some Revolt; besides, news was brought him, that in divers Parts of the City, the *Pharisees*, that were the greatest Zealots in their Religion, and the most considerable among the People, began to murmur. He considered that there was then cause to fear every thing, the Feast having fill'd the City, not only with its own Inhabitants, but with the greatest Part of all *Judea*, which the Solemnity had summon'd thither. These Considerations staid *Herod* at the Gate; but the Trouble of his Soul express'd itself at the Eyes, and in the disjointed Words his Rage let fall: Yet, Time having reconciled him to some Reason, he represented to some Priests, that the Asylum of the Temple was not to protect us; that we were Infidels, and of a contrary Religion; that they ought the rather to put us out, lest our Presence should profane the Place's Holiness. But the Priests reply'd, That God's Asylum was equally for all Men; that if our Opinions did not tread the right Path, we might there find it through the Conduct of his Grace; that probably having made us incur the King's Displeasure, he had therefore called us thither.

Herod answer'd, That I had violated the chief Rights of Hospitality, that were as ancient as Temples themselves; that no Nation ought to contain a Refuge of the Man that had directly abused the proper Person of the King, and mortally wounded his Brother-in-law: But all the Arguments he could urge, were not strong enough to batter the Priests Resolution; neither his Menaces nor Promises could dispose them, either to remit me into his Hands, or suffer him to enter into the Temple, without thundering against him with all their Authority, wherewith their Office had

had invested them, which enjoin'd the Conservation of their Privileges.

The Gods can witness, that I did not love my Life so well, to bestow all the Care they made me take upon its Preservation : But I condescended much to the Entreaties of *Arsanes* and my Servants, and indeed to the Priests themselves, who would not permit me to leave the Temple, though I had desir'd it.

Whatever Resentment I had entertain'd against *Herod*, as the Persecutor of my Life, and *Mariamme's* Repose ; yet I could not quit the thought of his first Reception, and the Shelter that he had so many Years given me against my Brother's Barbarism. This Remembrance made me desire to see and speak to him, to testify that I was neither ingrateful to his former Kindness, nor had ever injured him in the least Particular he could imagine. Upon this Score, forcing this Resistance of *Arsanes's* Dissuasion, I approached within eight or ten Paces of the Gate, where he contested with the Priests ; and, so soon as I could be seen or heard, ' King of the *Jews*, cry'd I, I am neither
' thy Subject nor Inferior : And the Gods, who
' have given me Birth from the noblest Family
' in the World, have not left me to acknowledge
' any superior Power but theirs ; for this Reason
' I have little cause to justify myself to thee, that
' would'st have taken my Life both by Sword and
' Poison, and hast pursued me against all divine
' and human Right, even to the Temple of thy
' God : But the Satisfaction I owe to my Con-
' science, and to the Memory of that Entertain-
' ment wherewith thou hast formerly treated me,
' doth oblige me to declare my Innocence. I
' protest unto thee, *Herod*, both before thy God
' and mine, that I have no way deserved to of-
' fend.

‘ send thee : In those Employments thou gavest
‘ me for thy Service, thou hast found it, (and
‘ possibly to thy own Advantage) that I neither
‘ spared my Blood nor my Life for the Interest
‘ of thy State ; and for that which concerns thy
‘ Person, I repeat my Protestation ; that I never
‘ did thee any Injury. If that which seems ami-
‘ able in thy Eye, hath appeared worthy of Ve-
‘ neration and Respect, those Sentiments, to
‘ which thou canst only attribute my Crime, can-
‘ not make thy Complaint against me legitimate ;
‘ and I wish this very Temple, which now serves
‘ to shroud me from thy Malice, may crush me
‘ with its own Ruins, if in the most culpable of
‘ all my Thoughts, there was any Mixture of
‘ what might be capable to wrong thee. Nor
‘ do I assert this Truth with design to disarm thy
‘ Fury, or avoid the Death thou threatenest : I
‘ cannot fear basely ; nay, could I now be shewn
‘ any occasion to perish nobly, thou shouldst
‘ quickly see how low I prize my Life ; but I per-
‘ ceive, that either thy own blind Transport, or
‘ the Rage of mine and thy Enemies, have made
‘ thee involve, in my imposed Crimes, the purest
‘ and the most entire Innocent that ever yet was inju-
‘ red. Destroy him, if thou wilt, whose Thoughts
‘ may have displeased thee, though they were al-
‘ ways innocent enough to endure stripping ; but
‘ do not let fall thy Rage upon her that never un-
‘ derstood them. What I have represented may
‘ plant quiet, as well in thy Family as thy Breast :
‘ And if thou wilt promise me, at the Foot of thy
‘ Altars, and before the Ministers of thy God, to
‘ make me the only Mark of thy Fury, I will
‘ abandon this Asylum that defends my Head
‘ from thy Rage, and without further delay ren-
‘ der it up into thy Hands.

I had

I had further enlarg'd myself, if the enraged *Herod* would have given me a longer hearing; without Interruption. He had endur'd the Beginning of my Discourse with some Patience, or at least had suffered me to speak, because the Excess of Choler that possess'd him, had ty'd up his own Tongue. But when he saw with what Passion I endeavour'd to justify *Mariamne*, and then remember'd that her Goodness had taken the same Care for me, he let himself fall into a cruel Redoublement of his Jealousy; and, not able to dissemble the Rage that Remembrance inspir'd; 'Barbarous Traytor, cry'd he, unworthy of the
' Protection I have given thee, against those that
' knew thee better than myself; and would justly
' have cut thee from the World, through the Ex-
' perience of thy disloyal Inclination: Dost thou
' hope to find, that at the Foot of our Altars;
' against my just Resentments, which none but
' my Arm could have given thee, against the
' Pursuits of thy own Brother? Thinkest thou,
' Heaven, that abhors thy Ingratitude, can arm
' itself in thy Defence against a King, that hath
' but too well defended and received thee, not
' only into his Dominions, but with a hospi-
' table Liberality into his House; a Favour thou
' hast unworthily abused? Ah! no, false Man;
' do not hope divine Preservation for such Crimes
' as can neither be excus'd before God or Man;
' nor think thy artificial Words can pacify an
' Anger armed but with too much Justice. Thou
' shalt perish for the Expiation of thy own In-
' gratitude; nor shall thy Counsel direct me
' what Punishment to inflict on the Complices of
' thy Treachery.

He would have said more, and possibly in the end violated all Right of Privilege to get me into
his

his Power, if *Sofus* (followed with a great Guard of *Romans* and *Jews*) had not arrived at the Temple-Gate. This Man was a *Roman* Senator, that some Days since came to *Hierusalem* to treat with *Herod* about certain Affairs concerning the Emperor *Augustus*. And the same *Sofus* that, with a *Roman* Army, had formerly aided him in his War against *Antigonus*, and contributed more than himself to the Defeat and taking of that poor Prince.

Herod highly respected this Man, as well for his personal as his representative Condition, being the Emperor's Ambassador. *Sofus* had formerly known, and fancying something in me worthy of his Amity, gladly consented to be my Friend; and at that time understanding the Danger I was in, he came to find *Herod*, with intent to employ all the Imperial Authority for my Preservation: and so successfully he labour'd it, that *Herod*, as hot as his Rage had made him, was constrained to tame it at the Name of *Augustus*, of whose Power and Greatness he was a timorous Idolater.

Sofus urged, that he ought to permit me to retire to the Emperor, who had oft invited me to *Rome*, and professed an Interest in my Preservation; that his Proceedings were but too violent against a Prince of my Extraction; that it was fit to consider what might follow; his Quarrel being grounded upon nought but weak Suspicion; besides, that he had learnt the Wound of *Alexas* was not dangerous, which I had given him in such a Resistance as was allowed to all Men: Besides these, he represented divers other Considerations, to which, in the end, he join'd the Emperor's Authority, protesting he should render an exact Account of that Action: And to this Menace, *Herod* (that was a Slave to the *Roman* Fortune and Great-

Greatness, and without that Prop, knew it impossible to support his own) rather render'd than to any other Consideration. At last, therefore, he consented I should go safely out of the Temple; with all that was mine, on condition I should make no stay in the City, but quit it the same Day, and in six more depart the Limits of his Realm; pawning his Word to *Sofus*, (who received it in the Emperor's Name) that neither in the City, nor upon the Way, there should be any Trap laid for me.

This was our Capitulation; and having paid my Thanks to *Sofus* and the Priests for their Kindness, as well as my Grief to abandon *Mariamne* would suffer me, I quitted the Temple, and soon after the City, under the Conduct of *Sofus* and his *Romans*, and they accompany'd me without the Gates; it was likewise permitted to the rest of my Train, to repair to the Place of my first Night's Lodging, which was at a Town distant about an hundred Furlongs from *Hierusalem*. Thus I escaped *Herod's* Fury, but not the Persecutions of my unfortunate Love; the Ills I had avoided were found scarce worth considering, when compared with those this cruel Parting procured me; and though my Resolution was thus imperfect, thus far I had gone, rather to suffer a thousand Deaths, than renounce *Mariamne* for ever, for fear of one.

We were no sooner arriv'd at the Place where we were to lodge, but taking *Arsanes* aside, 'My dear *Arsanes*, said I, you see that I have condescended to your Reasons, that urg'd my parting from the Temple, and the City, to avoid *Herod*; and possibly the Consideration of you was none of the feeblest Arguments to win my consent to preserve a life which I can never love, in this condition it is now reduced to; but if
'you

‘ you believed there was any of those reasons so
‘ puissant to make me welcome a despair of ever
‘ seeing *Marianne* more, disabuse yourself; ’tis
‘ as impossible to live without her, as without
‘ respiration: and spare your dissenting reasons, for
‘ they are all incapable to reverse the resolution I
‘ have taken to see her this very night, if possible;
‘ when the Night has spread her shades upon
‘ Earth, I intend to return disguised to *Hierusa-*
‘ *lem*, and to go to the House of my Friend and
‘ Confidant *Sobemus*; I have some hopes, that by
‘ his and *Phylon* the Eunuch’s assistance, I may
‘ gain a sight of the Queen: The design is now
‘ more easy to effect than ever; for besides the
‘ service that the Night and my disguise are like
‘ to do me, in such an infinite number of Stran-
‘ gers that are now in the City, because of the
‘ Feast, I shall run no hazard of discovery: be-
‘ sides, *Herod* will never imagine, that after so
‘ late an escape from such a peril, I would venture
‘ afresh to repeat the Precipice. The Queen I will
‘ see, if Heaven prove so kind that she permits
‘ me the opportunity, and if her intentions prove
‘ opposite, I shall receive the Command from her
‘ own mouth, which her Letter did not clearly
‘ explain. You will find it in vain to oppose this
‘ Design, therefore spare the fruitless pains to di-
‘ vert it; and if my Life be dear to you (as you
‘ have often protested) remember you ought to
‘ assist me in all such things as are ordained to
‘ make it suffer.

Arfanes stood astonish’d at my resolution, but
found it impossible to fasten any reason upon it;
and the Night had no sooner made its dark ap-
proach, but clad in one of my Servants habits,
with one Attendant I return’d to the City, desir-
ing *Arfanes* to stay with the rest, the better to
hide

hide my departure, and expect the Orders I should send him as the event advis'd.

I re-entred the City, and found no difficulty to conceal myself in such a confluence of People, that fill'd it in all parts, and getting within twenty paces of *Sobemus* his House, I sent my Man thither, who happily encountred him entring his own Gate, being newly returned from the Palace. *Sobemus* was amaz'd to see me, not thinking it possible that I should re-attempt the danger I lately escaped with so much ado. 'Ah! my Lord, *said he*, is it possible I see you again in a place where to day you ran so great a hazard of your life! Be not astonished, dear *Sobemus*, *said I*, I have a passion can produce stranger effects, they that have courage enough to lift an Eye to *Mariamne*, cannot want it to despise danger. I am return'd, *Sobemus*, to challenge that of your Friendship which you promised, and that which I ever expected from you; I come to the Queen, by your means, if it be possible, and if your assistance can create me so happy, that benefit shall compleat your purchase of the Heart of a Prince, that you have powerfully gained.

Sobemus heard my entreaty, with much desire to oblige me, but found so little facility in the attempt, as he staid a long time before he could shape an Answer; at last, when he had thought enough, 'My Lord, *said he*, you desire Effects of my Obedience so difficult and dangerous, as I know not in what fashion I shall find it possible to serve you; since yesterday the Queen hath been more strictly watched than formerly; and though the King has not yet discharged the thunderbolts, which we fear'd would fall from his violent choler, yet he still keeps her in terms
of

of distrusting his fury: nevertheless, she is not so rigorously observed, but (if her consent be not wanting) you may see her; but as I believe she will not approve your attention, so I fear she will not contribute those things to the interview as are in her power to effect; however, for your sake, I will run the hazard, and it shall be no fault of mine if you be not satisfied.

At these words I often embraced *Sobemus*, and weighing the truth of what he had said, I long consulted with him upon the order we were to observe; all the ways were block'd up with difficulty and peril; at last we fix'd upon one that we judg'd the least dangerous; and *Sobemus*, not willing to stay me longer in the street, led me through a private door and up a little pair of Stairs, not unknown unto me, to the Eunuch *Phylon's* Chamber: The Eunuch was then with the Queen, but his Chamber-door was opened to *Sobemus*, by a Servitor that waited there; *Sobemus* went that way to the Queen's Lodgings, while I expected his return in the Gallery, without a Light.

My fear to afflict your Patience, makes me forbear the repetition of *Sobemus* and *Phylon's* Dispute with the Queen to dispose her to see me; the anger she express'd against them and me, and the pains they took to obtain the grace I demanded, I refer to your apprehension; for your reason cannot be a Stranger to what might be alledged on both sides; and shall content myself to tell you, that after a long contestation, at last the Queen consented to see me in *Cleopbe's* Chamber, where by her she was only attended, while *Sobemus* and *Phylon* were set Sentinels at both avenues to prevent a sudden surprisal. You will possibly find, *Madam*, something worthy of censure in this condescent of *Mariamne*, and judge
with

with rigour, that she ought not to have bow'd to my Passion with so much indulgence; after she had given in the whole course of her Life such haughty proofs of a marvellous Virtue; but when you shall know what she intended, you will doubtless conclude this action did not spot her whiteness. *Sobemus* returned to the place where he left me, to conduct me to *Cleophe's* Chamber, where I entred trembling, and the Queen immediately after me; I had scarce the assurance to lift my Eyes to her visage, so weak I grew at the apprehension of an angry look, which my fears told me I had provoked by importuning a favour that my merits could no way challenge; indeed methought I saw some Choler sit upon her brow, but while I threw myself at her feet, and embraced her knees, without the utterance of a single word, ' Is it possible, *said she*, that you could have so little consideration of the repose of my Life and Reputation, to hazard both so visibly; and after having led my Life, till now, with such caution, you should force me to see you by Night in a disguise, without any other necessity than to sooth your unjust Passion? Have you done well to exact this from *Mariamne*, when you had so lately reduced her to the greatest extremities that ever Princess of her condition and propension did encounter with? Nay, can yourself approve that (which in your favour I now do) against all the Rules of Prudence and Reason? But do not, *Tyridates, pursu'd she, (sitting her down, and forcing me to rise)* do not hastily condemn this Action; see the end, before you pass a disadvantageous Judgment: If I had not condescended to see you, as I had many reasons to dissuade it, I had missed the occasion of preventing such attempts for the future; which I will

' will now do, by putting an Order in force for
' my own repose and yours too, if it be possible.

At these words she stopp'd; and, while her Discourse lasted, having recover'd a little assurance, I took the advantage of her silence: and lifting up my Eyes to her face, which till then I had not dared to behold, but by stolen glances: 'Madam, I confess, *said I*, that I am yet more culpable than your Words have made me; and though my intents have been innocent, the ills you have suffer'd through my occasion, do render me the most criminal amongst all Men; I am therefore come, Madam, to protest at your feet, that all my Blood, that a thousand such Lives as mine, can never requite the least of your displeasures; and to conjure you by all that is capable to persuade, that I may have leave to spend this poor Life to purchase the repose of yours; employ the courage of *Tyridates* to break the Chains of your Calamities. I know I have committed a fresh offence in seeking means to petition your Goodness for this last Favour, which I never have, nor shall ever merit; but it is not just, nor can my Passion excuse it, that after having been the cause of so many of your Misfortunes, I should securely retire from the pursuits of *Herod*, and abandoning you to his Cruelties, leave you, by shameful flight, in his savage hands, to seek a Refuge at *Rome*, while you stay here expos'd to his Fury: This only consideration, Madam, hath had power to shut my Eyes upon that danger, against which you have expos'd such a Miracle of Goodness: and in fine, I have learned to believe, that if any Man may unfetter you from your miseries, you ought to hope it from none but *Tyridates*, as a glory only due to him. I am now no longer retain'd by Hospitality,

' nor aw'd with the Memory of my first Obliga-
 ' tion; *Herod's* Sword and Poyson have cancell'd
 ' those; either of which would have infallibly
 ' destroy'd me, had not your adventitious Pity
 ' prevented the blow. To you only, my Divine
 ' Queen, this Life, such as it is, is indebted for
 ' its Being, and you would have me have carried
 ' it away without offering the Sacrifice where it
 ' was due; it was yours by Gifts, yours by pre-
 ' servation, and can you think it reasonable, that
 ' I should wander with it among the *Romans*,
 ' instead of coming to submit it to my Sovereign?
 ' Ah! no, *continued I, casting myself at her feet*,
 ' do not reject that which would reject its own
 ' being but for you; and that which you cannot
 ' justly disavow, do not grudge it the hazard of
 ' *Herod's* Rigour, by dooming my Soul to those
 ' gloomy Woes, a thousand times more black
 ' than the Night, in which he would have clos'd
 ' my Eyes for ever; or if the presence of this
 ' wretch does importune or discompose your quiet,
 ' give leave that death may free you of him, from
 ' which you have but in vain preserv'd him in *Ju-*
 ' *den*, since he must infallibly receive it elsewhere
 ' from the rigour of this separation.'

I had said more in the transport to which I had
 abandon'd myself, if the Queen, who suffer'd
 with repugnance full of deadly fear, had not set
 bounds to the spacious Discourse I meditated;
 and after she had interrupted me with a com-
 mand to rise: 'Cease, *Tynidates*, *said she*, to make
 ' these offers which I cannot so much as hear
 ' without offending Virtue, and remember I have
 ' told you a thousand times, that the Crime of
 ' *Herod* cannot authorize mine; If I owe nothing
 ' to him, as to the quality of a Husband, yet the
 ' debt to my God and myself, can never be satis-
 ' fied.

' fied. I will quit the World when it pleases
 ' Heaven to release me, without the Crimes of
 ' these Miseries: or if it have decreed them a longer
 ' date, I must still have patience to endure them;
 ' 'tis this I oppose, in few Words, to the desires
 ' you express to wipe away my Displeasure; I
 ' am neither permitted by Law Divine or Human
 ' to serve myself of your assistance: For that which
 ' regards your departure, know, *Tyridates*, it is
 ' an indispensable necessity that you suddenly re-
 ' solve it; that I am now half constrain'd to an
 ' action unbecoming my quality and duty; and
 ' can no more consent to see you with so much
 ' danger of life and reputation; and in fine, must
 ' intreat you never to see me more. Be not asto-
 ' nished at these Words, you have courage enough
 ' to be prepared for them, and possibly affection
 ' enough too for me, to weigh all the reasons
 ' that oblige me to this Entreaty. I will not speak
 ' of my Life, which can never be safe while you
 ' are in *Judea*; for it was never happy to be
 ' worth the prizing; if my honour be dear to you,
 ' if you can ballance the prejudice of your own
 ' repose, and remember the Suspicions of *Herod*,
 ' the Malice of *Salome*, and the Knowledge my-
 ' self hath of the fault you have committed, you
 ' must conclude that the stay of *Tyridates* must be
 ' incompatible with the Reputation of *Mariamne*.

She stopp'd at these Words, while I stood stiff
 and motionless to hear the rigorous Sentence of my
 Death; and after I had sometime beheld her with
 an action that would have let in pity, if too
 strong a resolution had not deny'd it entrance:
 ' Then, Madam, said I, you condemn the unfor-
 ' tunate *Tyridates* to a perpetual Banishment, and
 ' you believe you are more gentle than *Herod*, in
 ' commanding him never to see you more: Ah!

‘ if you have that Thought, for the Gods sake
‘ lose it, and do not believe that any Duty can,
‘ with Reason, oblige you to that, which you
‘ would not do, but for want of Affection.

‘ The Affection I have borne you, *reply’d the*
‘ *Queen, with an unmov’d Aspect*, is not pro-
‘ bably such as you have pretended to, nor could
‘ it justly oblige me to that I have already done
‘ to please you: Content yourself that I have not
‘ been sparing in the Acknowledgment of your
‘ Deserts, nor the Esteem of your Reason; that
‘ therein I have pass’d the precise Limits my
‘ Estate prescribed me, and (since a perpetual Se-
‘ paration permits me to avouch it) I have not
‘ not been so insensible, but if Heaven and my
‘ Parent had left me in a Condition to my own
‘ Choice, and *Tyridates* embraced the true Reli-
‘ gion, I had preferred him above the rest of
‘ Mankind.

The Queen used some Violence to bring forth
these Words, though they all wore the Badge of
Innocence, when my Soul drew all the Consola-
tion it had then Capacity to hope for: ‘ Ah!
‘ Madam, *said I*, how glorious is my Destiny,
‘ and how little Cause of Complaint hath this De-
‘ claration left me? But Gods! yet glorious as I
‘ am, I must be banished for ever: Oh! hard
‘ Sentence, that alone can ballance the Glory you
‘ have given me! Rigorous Doom of my Death,
‘ which I cannot, and yet I ought to undergo,
‘ without a Murmur, since my Queen pronoun-
‘ ced it! No, Madam, it is not just you should
‘ disturb your Quiet, nor just I should put your
‘ Life in danger, nor just to spot your candid Re-
‘ putation; but it is less just to abandon you to
‘ *Herod’s* Mercy, that I should fly to a Haven,
‘ while you ride it out in the Tempest: Why
‘ should

‘ Should I carry this unfortunate and vagabond
‘ Life among the *Romans*, while you remain sub-
‘ mitted to the frantick Fits of that savage Man?
‘ Must I for ever shut my Eyes upon those Lights
‘ my Soul can only acknowledge glorious, while
‘ those of *Herod* and his *Jews* are chear’d with
‘ the divine Beams, to which I must bid an eter-
‘ nal Farewel? At least set some Limits to my
‘ Exile, or give me time to prepare for it; and
‘ while that lasts, let *Sobemus* be once more per-
‘ mitted to bring me to your Presence: I should
‘ do what is possible to bow my Soul to an un-
‘ repining Obedience; but to bid you now adieu,
‘ now to rend myself from you for ever, is more
‘ than my Heart can resolve, without leaping a
‘ most desperate Precipice.

I utter’d some other Expressions full of Trans-
sporr, which the Queen heard with an admirable
Patience, but not with so much Assurance; for,
whether it was the Remembrance of her Condi-
tion, (which I had awaken’d) or the Pity she
took of my Misfortunes, her fair Eyes let fall
some Tears: But I saw she was troubled that I
perceiv’d it; and now, desirous to put an end to
this dangerous Discourse, she rose from the Chair
she sat on, and approaching to me with an Acti-
on that spoke her resolute, ‘ *Tyridates, said she,*
‘ though you appear sensible of the Displeasure
‘ you take to quit me, I think your Courage ca-
‘ pable to surmount greater Difficulties. If I
‘ have any Power upon your Spirit, I desire to
‘ put it all in my Intreaty, that for my sake you
‘ will support it patiently; ’tis the last Proof I
‘ beg of your Affection, but desir’d with so much
‘ Ardor, as you cannot refuse it, without destroy-
‘ ing all that you have gained within me: Re-
‘ lease your Fears for me; though you leave me

' in *Herod's* Hands, all Succour hath not forsaken
 ' me, as you imagine; I have still a Defender in
 ' Heaven, who is not too weak to protect me
 ' from the Cruelty of a Husband; in him I shall
 ' ever find my Refuge and my Comfort; and,
 ' doubtless, so should you too, were you enlight-
 ' en'd with his Beams. Adieu, *Tyridates*, take
 ' my last Adieu; if sometimes you remember me,
 ' at least forget my Weakness, and the Faults
 ' you have made me commit.

At these Words, (seeing me fallen at her Feet,
 in a Condition that left me no Reason to reply)
 she bow'd down, and taking my Head between
 her Hands, kiss'd me on the Forehead: And this
 was the greatest and most signal Favour I ever re-
 ceived of *Mariamne*; which, so soon as she had
 bestow'd upon me, she retir'd to her Chamber;
 and, shutting the Door after her, disappear'd from
 my Eyes for ever.

The Heart of *Tyridates* was so over-charge'd
 when he came at this sad Piece of Story, that he
 found it impossible to go on, before he had given
 passage to some Sighs, that stopp'd the Pursuit of
 his Discourse. The fair Queen was so sensibly
 touch'd at this Story, as she suffer'd Compassion
 to steal some liquid Pearls from her Eyes. But
 when he was returned to himself, ' I know not,
 ' Madam, *said he*, what to say more, for the
 ' rest of my Life is as unworthy your Attention,
 ' as my Pains to recount it: You may imagine,
 ' if you please, the Woes that rent my Heart,
 ' when I saw myself forced to endure my Life,
 ' and support my Miseries, by the Command of
 ' *Mariamne*. I vow by all the Gods, that nei-
 ' ther Fear nor Cowardice had a hand in the re-
 ' ligious Observance of my Queen's Injunctions;
 ' but such an Obedience as must ever be twist'd
 ' in

in my Thread of Life, disposed me (by the Assistance of *Sobremus*) to depart the Place and City; whence I return'd to my Followers, took my way to *Rome*, and presented myself to *Augustus*.

I know, Madam, you will easily remit the Relations of that tedious Voyage, and the wearisome Residence I made with the Emperor, for it contains nothing capable to divert you. And indeed the Remembrance has so freshly set my Grievs a bleeding, as I find myself unable to be more particular: Be pleas'd then only to know, that I have ever since lived in Darknes; that neither the Caresses of the Emperor, (who always nobly treated me) the Pomp of *Rome*, nor all the Pleasures that were daily proffer'd in that great Mistress of the Universe, could ever give my Grievs a Moment's Ease: When after I had there worn out a Year without an Hour of Repose, the fear my Melancholy might render me insupportable to the Emperor and his Court, made me abandon it, without designing any other Retreat or Intention, but to breathe the Anxieties that denied me Quiet. When after I had long wander'd upon Earth and Water, I was cast upon this Coast, where I have since made my miserable Residence: A Condition, though mean, yet better suiting with my Humour than that I enjoy'd in the Courts of Kings.

It only now remains to tell you, that about a Month since I remember'd *Mariamne's* Command extended no farther than my Banishment, that she had not forbid me to inform myself of her Condition, which made me send my faithful *Arsanes* into *Judea* to learn.

This Voyage he undertook out of hope to live there unknown, till possibly he might find the Queen in so relenting a Condition, to repeal my

Exile. I attended his return in this solitary Mansion, which, for some Presents, I obtain'd of an *Alexandrian* for the Time I shall stay upon this Coast; and I confess I tasted more Sweetness in this Solitude, than I could have hoped from the continual Perplexities of my Soul: Besides, I cannot call it less than Comfort to my Grief, that I have had the Happiness to render some Service, and to give this poor Retreat to so great a Princess.

Thus *Tyridates* closed his Story, and the Queen, who had lent him a serious Attention, made both her Action and Discourse express how much she was interested in his Fortune.

‘Your Relation, *said she*, after some other Words, hath sensibly touch’d me, as the Misfortune of a great and virtuous Prince, whom Heaven hath persecuted; but if I commend your respectful Affections, I must not forget to praise *Mariamne’s* Virtue, that, in so just and great Occasions to hate her Husband, so courageously resisted the Batteries of your Affection, and the Motions of that Inclination, which, if I judge aright, she had toward you: Indeed she was obliged to the Rules of her Duty; but it is not easy to acquit the Debt that often exacts such weighty Payments, and defend herself from the excellent Qualities of such a Prince as *Tyridates*.

Tyridates retorted this obliging Discourse in very submissive Language; and the Compliment would have lasted longer, if the Queen’s Supper had not interrupted it, which made *Tyridates* withdraw, because she supped in her Bed, and (deeming her Weariness required what was left unspent of the Night for repose) he bid her good Night. But, before he left the Chamber, ‘It is not just, *said she*, you should longer be ignorant of her Name and Fortune, whose Life was

‘ so lately your Gift; and that since seconded by
‘ a noble Entertainment.’ *Eteocles (continued*
‘ *she, pointing at the Man that was preserved*
‘ *with her)* shall begin the Relation; and when
‘ you have learned those Adventures that have
‘ preceded mine, whereof no Man is better in-
‘ structed than himself, you shall know the par-
‘ ticular Accidents of my Life from my own
‘ Mouth.’ *Tyridates* civilly return’d his Thanks
for this promis’d Favour; and, quitting the Cham-
ber, return’d with *Eteocles* to his own, whom he
compell’d to sup with him, though, upon Know-
ledge of his Quality, he would modestly have re-
fused the Honour. After Supper, he caus’d him
to be conducted to his Chamber, and himself
went to Bed, where he pass’d that Night in his
ordinary Inquietudes.

So soon as he awaked the next Morn, he saw
Eteocles in his Chamber, that came to give him
good morrow, whom the Prince courteously re-
ceiv’d, made him come nearer, and remembring
that from his Mouth he was to expect the begin-
ning of those Adventures he long’d to understand,
invited him to a Seat by his Bed-side; and having
forc’d him to sit down: You see, *said he*, a very
‘ inquisitive Man, loath to dispense with the
‘ Charge the Queen had given you, I can neither
‘ find Time nor Place more commodiously fa-
‘ vourable than this, to require Satisfaction; for
‘ it will not be a civil Hour to visit the Queen,
‘ till two or three be expir’d.’ Sir, *said Eteocles*,
‘ I believe what she suffer’d Yesterday will ask
‘ this Morning’s Repose to unweary her; the
‘ Time I cannot better employ than in rendering
‘ Proofs of my obedience to both your Commands.
And after a Preparation of a short Silence, he
thus began his Discourse:

The History of Julius Caesar, and Queen Cleopatra.

BEfore I can enter the Relation of that great Queen's Adventures, whom I have now the Honour to serve, I must of necessity go back to the Life of another Queen, Illustrious for Greatness, Beauty, and Accidents of her Life, above all others that ever preceded her: You may easily judge, it is the Queen *Cleopatra* I intend to speak of, whose Name is not only known in this Country, that was under her Dominion; but has stretch'd itself to the remote Corners of the World, and will doubtless be a Task for the Memory of Fame till the last Age.

Of the Accidents that befel her with *Anthony*, none are ignorant; I shall only therefore lightly touch them; but because her Enemies have endeavoured to black her Reputation with what happened in her greener Years with the great *Julius Caesar*, I am oblig'd in Conscience (as he of all Men with whom the Truth is best acquainted) to defend her Memory from that Calumny, and give you a faithful Account of those Passages compriz'd in as few Words as possible.

The Queen *Cleopatra* was Daughter (as sure you have heard) to King *Ptolomy*, surnamed *Auletas*, and descended with King *Ptolomy* her Brother, from that glorious Stock of Kings, that since the great *Ptolomy*, Friend and Successor of *Alexander*, hath continually sway'd the *Egyptian* Scepter. This Princess was born with all the Graces that the Gods could bestow upon a mortal Person; the Beauty of her Body could not be match'd upon Earth, nor had that of her Spirit less Advantages; and the greatness of her Courage, infinitely rais'd itself above her Sex: I would say
more,

more, if Renown had not sav'd me a Labour, and those Gifts of Heaven been too fatal to let me dwell delightfully upon the Story.

But the Prince *Ptolomy*, her Brother, was not so by Inclination; but being naturally prone and propense to Vice, he suffered his Flatterers by pernicious Counsels, to corrupt and deface all that Impression of good that his high Birth had left upon his Spirit; which, in fine, tumbled him headlong in his last Misfortune. He receiv'd the Crown very young, by the Death of the King his Father; and the unbridled Liberty which he found in that absolute Power, sunk him in all his Vices. The *Egyptian* People discontentedly considering these sad beginnings of his Reign, and sighing to see themselves subjected to a Prince so unworthy to command, began to turn their Eyes upon the Princess *Cleopatra*; and perceiving how much she differ'd from her Brother, in Spirit, Majesty, and all Things else that might render a Person worthy of a Scepter, they repin'd that her Sex was an obstacle to their Wishes; and every meeting would freely confess to one another, how much more they thought she deserv'd their Allegiance than *Ptolomy*, or rather *Pothinus*, *Theodorus*, *Ganymede*, with the rest of the Rabble of vile Flatterers, which he took up from the Dust, to lift them to the highest Dignities, or rather to give them the sovereign Authority.

This unworthy Crew having once perceiv'd that *Cleopatra's* Credit was like to extinguish theirs in every *Egyptian* Breast, began to render her suspected to her Brother, and easily perswaded that poor Spirit, that it was fit she should perish; the ungracious Prince suddenly resolv'd to give the Blow; but (having Notice of his evil Intention) she retir'd from the Court, and sought a Refuge

fuge among those *Egyptians* which she believed did best affect her: Nor did they abuse her Confidence; for a great Part of the Realm arm'd itself in the Quarrel, divers Cities declar'd for her, and if her Party was not the most puissant, at least it was compos'd of the honestest Sort of *Egyptians*, that a long Time kept her safe behind their Bucklers, against all the Forces the King could make.

At last, after Inequality of Number had given *Ptolomy* some Advantage, he besieged the Princess his Sister in the City of *Pelufium*, whither she was retir'd.

At that Siege he was busied, when the unfortunate *Pompey* (a dreadful Example of Fortune's Inconstancy) that great Man that had triumphed over three Parts of the World, and by an infinite Number of Victories had justled for precedency with the Renown of *Alexander*; flying from the Battle of *Pharsalia*, came to throw himself into his Arms, there to seek an Asylum against the Pursuit of his victorious Enemy. Indeed all sorts of Honour and Assistance were due from *Ptolomy* to the Dignity of that grand Captain; and doubtless any Soul but his would have receiv'd him (that a few Days before was the greatest of all Men) with a submissive Respect to his precedent Condition; but that disloyal Man (only prizing his present Fortune, and not his Virtue) hearkning to the pernicious Counsels of *Poshinus*, *Thëodorus*, and *Ganymede*, that represented how advantageous an Amity the Death of *Pompey* might gain him with his Enemy, butchered that unfortunate Prince upon the Shore of *Pelufium*, in the sight of his Wife *Cornelia*, who hardly escaped (by the Succours of her own Men) from the same Destiny.

The

The belief I have that Fame has made you acquainted with this pitiful History, the Importance of which spread it over the Earth, makes me contract it in a small Volume. A few Days after, *Ptolomy* understanding that *Cesar* was come in to *Egypt*, and hearing he disapprov'd the cruel War he made against his Sister, rais'd his Siege from *Pelusum*, and bent his Course towards *Alexandria*, where he staid his coming up.

Cleopatra no sooner saw her City ungirt, and herself at Liberty, but by the Counsel of her faithfullest Servants, and especially of my Father *Apolodorus*, who had ever much Credit with her, she resolv'd to throw herself at the Feet of *Cesar*, and demand his Protection before he arriv'd at *Alexandria*. This Design was presently executed, and she and her Train wafted over with a winged Diligence to the Isle of *Farion*, where *Cesar* had made some small abode. I was of that Number that attended her, and because of the faithful Service which my Father ever render'd her, none had freer Access nor greater Credit than myself. The great *Cesar* being advertiz'd of her Arrival, came to meet her with much Civility; and because I was present at that Interview, 'tis fit I should recount some of the Particulars.

Cleopatra, the better to advance her Design, had that Day call'd both Art and Glory to wait upon her natural Beauty, that it might sparkle at the best Advantage; and though in her Habit she had affected a Modesty, conform'd to her Present Estate, and therefore concluded Mourning more becoming than Pomp, in an Action wherein she was to appear a Suppliant, yet both her Mourning and her Modesty were set off with what was more great and pompous than the dazzling Luxury of Gold and Jewels could boast. Her Eyes dart-

ed

ed Beams more Glorious than the richest Diamond could sparkle, and the Majesty of her Port and Visage did more lustily express her Quality, than could be done by a magnifick and a numerous Train of Servitors.

If her view put *Cesar* and his Followers to their Wonder, I confess too the Visage of that brave Man, the greatest not only of his own, but of all the Ages that preceded it, stamp'd a Respect in all our Souls, that made us regard him as if he had been a God. That prodigious Reputation he had gained in a hundred Battles, against the most valiant People of the World, and his last Victory upon the *Romans* themselves, which he came from subduing with a far less Number than theirs, gave us an Astonishment full of Veneration. Indeed, his Face did not belye the Dignity and Grandeur of his Actions: And though there was something missing there that must needs go away with his vigorous Youth; yet there appear'd all the Marks of a perfect Greatness: His Looks so Imperious, and yet so full of Sweetness, that it was not easy to take him for less than the Master of the Universe. *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*, before they spake, spent some Time in gazing at one another, making their Looks and Silence express their mutual Admiration; but at last *Cleopatra* (considering she was in his Presence that had her Repose and Fortunes in his Hands, or rather was the Master of her Destiny) bowed her haughty Disposition, and forcing a more than ordinary Humility, from the Dexterity of her Spirit, threw herself at the Feet of *Cesar*, and resisting his earnest and vehement Entreaties to rise, ' You see, great Emperor, said she, you see at your Feet the Daughter of the *Protomies*, that is here to demand that of you against a cruel Brother, which

which from his Arm she might expect against other Enemies. Oppressed Innocence and Imbecillity implore your Assistance, and do proffer a brave Employment to your generous Bounty, that cannot shew itself in a more becoming Garb, then in protecting a Princess, persecuted by unnatural Cruelty, in her Fortune, Repose, and Life; in the same Estate my Ancestors commanded, Part of which is my legitimate Inheritance; I have now no other Retreat but your Favour, and if that be denied me, I must render up myself to a Brother's Cruelty, in whom, neither my Blood, Sex, nor Youth, can ever ingender Pity. Let me not embrace your victorious Knees in vain, before which, all that is Great on Earth, must learn Obedience, and confess thee as great and as much *Cesar* in Generosity, as in that triumphant Bravery, that has made thee Master of *Rome*, and with her, of all the World beside.

The fair Princess had doubtless said more, if *Cesar* (no longer able to hear, or suffer her upon her Knees, though accustom'd to see Kings whole Days in the same Posture) had not employ'd (after the Tryal of entreaty) the force of Arms to raise her; and having placed her in an Estate better conform'd to what her Beauty might claim: Fear not, *Cleopatra*, said he, the Roman Arms shall defend thee from thy Brother's Threatnings; and if he contemns our Prayer, we will not leave *Egypt* till we have provided for thy Repose and Fortune.

He pronounced these Words with a Roman Gravity, and a Majesty that equall'd his Condition; but a while after, seconding his Parley with the Princess, his Temper was so softened with the Charms he there encounter'd, as he lost all his
Gra-

Gravity, and in his following Discourses put a submissive Behaviour in the Place.

After he had re-assured her Fears by repeating his Promise not to abandon her, he told her he would conduct her to *Alexandria*, present her to her Brother, and put her in possession of her Partage in the Realm. *Cleopatra's* Experience of her Brother's ill Nature, gave her some Difficulty to resolve it! but at last, she was constrain'd to obey the absolute Will of *Cesar*, who presently dispatch'd one of his chief Commanders to let *Ptolomy* know, that he could not see him as a Friend, nor as an Ally to the People of *Rome*, if he refus'd to receive *Cleopatra*, whom he intend'd to present him, with all Assurance of Reconciliation. *Ptolomy* entertain'd this imperious Order with a most sensible Despight, and had much ado to hinder the Escape of some passionate Folly; but he stood in too much awe of the *Roman* puissance to profess his Indignation, which made him resolve to dissemble, till Time should offer him an Occasion to shew it at the best Advantage. He therefore unwillingly forc'd himself to submit to the impos'd Command; and in the mean Time to render *Cesar* more favourable, he sent him by the wicked *Theodorus* the Head of mighty *Pompey*. But his Expectation prov'd so erroneous, as that generous Conqueror, instead of bidding the Present welcome, refus'd to see it, and commanded the Wretch that brought it, to be chased from his Presence, after he had express'd how much he detested his Master's Treachery, in Terms full of Contempt and Choler; nevertheless, he enter'd *Alexandria*, where *Ptolomy* receiv'd him with great Respect, and many feigned Demonstrations of Good-will. *Cleopatra*, upon this Score, was entertain'd with kind Embraces, *Ptolomy* protesting before

fore *Cesar*, that he was ready to resign up her Partage, and for the future resolv'd to treat her like a Brother. *Cleopatra* forgot all the Cause she had to complain; and thus accorded, divers Days were consumed in triumphant and magnificent Festivals.

But the Soul of mighty *Cesar* (wholly invincible as it was) could not defend itself from the Charms of *Cleopatra*: That glorious Conqueror, that made the World his Trophy, was now become Captive to a Woman's Eye, and took more Wounds in his Treaties, with her Looks and Discourse, than he got in all the Dangers of so many Combats.

This cannot seem strange to those that knew this great Queen; for when she was pleas'd to set her Enticements at liberty, it was hard for a Man to try his Strength, and come off untaken: Before he discover'd his Passion to the Princess, he endeavour'd to give Intelligence by his Looks and Gestures; and when he thought he had prepar'd them Audience, he trusted his Tongue to tell her what she had made him feel.

Cleopatra was one of the most ambitious Persons on Earth; and that Passion then beginning to gain an Ascendant upon her Spirit, made her regard the Submissions of that Hero not unwillingly: She had conceived an Opinion of herself, high enough to believe that few Hearts were so well fortified to hold out against her Batteries; and, observing *Cesar's* Behaviour, she doubted not but he was struck before his Discourse assur'd her; the first Time he stripp'd his Thoughts to her, was in the Palace-Gallery, where he walked a long Time discoursing of her Affairs, and the Order his Intention had contriv'd to put them in.

The

The Princess return'd her Acknowledgment for his Courtesies, in Expressions full of Civility, and upon these Terms they were, when finding that no unfit Occasion to unveil his Thoughts, after the Preparative of some amorous Looks that fore-ran the Discovery: 'I should never have believed, *said he*, you would thus have requited the Service I render you; were you just, you would not ruin my Repose, while I endeavour to restore yours; be not amaz'd at this Discourse, *pursued he, in a more serious accent*; in procuring your Liberty, I have let my own fall at your feet, and humbled myself from the principal Authority in the Empire, that I might give it to you in *Egypt*; I had rouz'd the same Courage to defend my self from you, that preserv'd me from the Foes that were of Fortune's stirring up, had I not foreseen it would prove too weak to withstand your Assault, and found more Glory in the Defeat, than disputing the Victory. Fair *Cleopatra*, I am your Prisoner, but with this satisfaction, that I yield myself to the fairest Victor upon Earth, to such a one from whom I may implore mercy, without shame or baseness; use your Victory as Virtue shall advise you, and remember that you cannot still be generous, and abuse it.

These were *Cesar's* first Expressions, and to this Declaration the Princess listned without Displeasure: For she could not desire more glorious proofs of her own merit, than in the Conquest of so great a Man; and after she had studied a while for a becoming Answer, she reply'd in these Terms.

My Lord, I never cherished so good an opinion of that little Beauty the Gods have lent me, or those other qualities, that may make me a pretence to the esteem of common Persons, to
believe

' believe them able to subdue him who has taught
' the whole World Obedience; 'tis not easie to
' imagine that the Vanquisher of Mankind should
' hook himself upon so weak a Bair, at least too
' feeble to hold such a Soul as his: The Gods
' have formed him of a Nature so approaching
' to theirs, that vain were the Ambition of mor-
' tal Beauries to aim at such a Conquest; nor
' were it just, that (after having ty'd your victo-
' rious Chains upon the Universe) you should lose
' your own Liberty to a Princess, that owes you
' for hers, with all that repose you have so nobly
' restored her. Nevertheless, *my Lord*, I receive
' this Discourse (full of nobleness) with a respect
' due to great *Cesar*, and my particular Bene-
' factor; and if his Spirit has made choice of
' this kind of divertisement, to unweary it self
' from his grand employments, I am contented
' to afford him matter for it, on condition he takes
' notice, that I suffer all from him as my Protector
' and my Master.

Gleopatra finished these Words, turning her Eyes
upon the face of *Cesar*, with a smile capable to
perswade him, that her words and thoughts were
not of the same piece; and with an action so
sweet, and yet so majestick, as if the Graces
themselves had compos'd it; her Eyes brandish-
ing such an extraordinary Brightness, as they shot
new flames into Great *Cesar's* Soul, who by his
fresh wound, became so transported, as he had
much ado to hinder his amorous fever from
breaking out into the hottest proofs. However,
though with much constraint, he retained it;
and regarding the Princess, with Eyes in which
Passion was not ill represented,

' I should be angry with you, *said he*, if I did
' not know that your tongue wronged your Heart,
' when

when it mispriz'd those bright powers that conquered me, for they are able to perform greater Feats; the Advantages which my Arms, with the aid of Fortune, have given me over Men, are all too weak to guard me from you: I will give my Life (if you disdain it not) for the confirmation of this truth, and with it submit at your feet all the vows and thoughts, not of your Protector, and your Master, but of him that consecrates the rest of his days to the Divine *Cleopatra*, with an entire Obedience and Submission.

'Tis like he had said more, if he had not spy'd King *Ptolomy*, whose approach to salute him, hinder'd the pursuit of that discourse. But the next day he again renew'd it, and as well by Words as Actions, gave *Cleopatra* such clear proof of his Passion, as she found not the least scruple to frame a doubt of. This knowledge she manag'd with much Prudence and Reservation, not willing to give cause of complaint to a Man, from whom she expected all, and on whom her Fortune and Tranquillity absolutely depended, yet she govern'd herself in such sort as he could never take the least Advantage upon her, nor find cause to blame her for too much Rigour or Facility. But she would pleasingly flatter herself with the Glory of overcoming him, whom the World had not power enough to resist. The knowledge she took of her own high Birth, and admirable Qualities, gave her belief she might pretend to all things; and she fostered no meaner thoughts than such as aim'd at the Empire of the Earth.

Beside the Glory that shined in the greatness of his Actions, *Cesar's* Person was very capable of inviting Affection; and though he was not young enough to keep all those charms upon his face

undiminished, that are Lovers torches, yet he was not so short of those Graces, to want much of his primitive Vigour; for his countenance displayed such brave and erected looks, as it imprinted respect in every Soul that saw it. *Cleopatra*, who had Eyes as well as others to regard it, finding herself deeply oblig'd to his noble offices and affection, insensibly fell to tie on her own chains, and had already begun to engage herself, when the Affairs of *Egypt* received that memorable Revolution, of which you have doubtless heard, and from that belief, I shall abridge the recital as much as possible.

While *Cesar* entirely gave himself to his love, and endeavour'd with all the proofs of it to gain *Cleopatra's*, the wicked *Ptolomy*, and his perfidious Counsellors, nursed designs very different. They had found in *Cesar*, as they apprehended; little Acknowledgment for the Service they had render'd him in the Death of Great *Pompey*; and indeed that high-raised Spirit (that could neither approve Villainy, nor esteem those that committed it) had contemptuously treated all those that had dipp'd a Hand in that black Treason: Besides, *Ptolomy* saw with Despight the Love he bore to his Sister; and, not without Cause, feared that he would favour and support her against him, in the Partage they were to make. These Considerations, joined with the Counsels which *Pothinus*, *Achilles*, *Theodorus*, and the rest of their perfidious Companions were ever fomenting, made him at last resolve to use *Cesar* as he had done *Pompey*, and find a way to his Ends by the Death of him and *Cleopatra*. *Cesar* had lodg'd none but his most considerable Persons in *Alexandria*; and, to satisfy the Citizens, had left the Body of his Forces at the Isle of *Farion*; which was so
near

near the City, that it might easily be seen from his Chamber Window. *Ptolomy* believed this Occasion might favour the Execution of his Plot; and secretly causing his Army (which was yet undisbanded) to advance, he made it approach to *Alexandria*, and assured himself of all those in the City, whom he knew at his Devotion. His Design was ill contriv'd, worse conducted, and worst of all executed. And it is to be thought, the Gods that abhor Crimes, forbid Success to so loathed a Treachery, and so blinded the Contrivers of his mischievous Intentions.

Cesar was in *Cleopatra's* Chamber, when one came to advertise him, that the whole City was in Arms; that *Pothinus* and *Achilles*, one of *Pompey's* Murderers, were marching towards the Palace in the head of a Troop, with a design to kill him at a Feast he had made that day. *Cesar* did not despise this advice, but having rallied such of his with an admirable diligence, as had time to range themselves about him, he quitted the Palace, and marched against his Conspirators, with an assurance worthy of himself. But before he left *Cleopatra's* Chamber: 'Madam, said he, It is
' not I that seek the ruine of your Brother, but
' Heaven, who, (unwilling so wicked a Man
' should longer reign) does this day present you
' the Crown of *Egypt*. I go now to fight for
' you and myself, and I promise with the victo-
' ry our common vengeance.

Cleopatra had no time to reply, because he instantly departed; but her Eyes kept him company as far as possible; and knowing he went to combat for their common interest, she aided him with vows to Heaven for his success.

The Traytors perceiving they were discover'd, resolv'd to fight it out courageously, and in effect
dis-

disputed it very hotly; yet the justice of his cause with his own admirable Valour, gave *Cesar* the Victory; *Pothinus* was killed upon the place with the greatest part of his Forces, and *Achilles* with such as could follow him, fled out of the City to *Ptolomy*, whom the report of that ill success had made retire with his Army.

Cesar might safely have staid in *Alexandria*, and enforc'd himself by *Cleopatra's* Faction, which was none of the weakest; but he rather chose to retire with his Troops to give *Ptolomy* Battle; and (hearing the *Alexandrians* of the contrary Part endeavour'd to cut off his Retreat, by surprising his Vessels) he ran thither with that Handful of Men that follow'd him, doing such Deeds against them, as in any other but *Cesar* would have been accounted Miracles. Yet he there ran a greater Danger, than he had done before in all his former Battles; for, no longer able to make head against the great Number of his Enemies, which grew every Moment stronger, by the coming up of fresh Reserves, he threw himself from the Cliff into one of the Boats, to gain the Isle; but being discover'd, he was environ'd by his Enemies, and press'd upon with such desperate Fury, as after he had receiv'd divers Blows and Arrows upon his Arms, he was constrain'd to throw himself into the Water, and swim that Space between him and the Island, not without excessive Pain and Peril. At last he recover'd his Forces, gave order for the Battle, shipped them, and row'd towards *Ptolomy's* Army; who, conducted by his evil Destiny, advanced with full Sails to meet him. The Battle prov'd very dubious and bloody; but I shall forbear the Particulars, because I believe I have already repeated things, of which no Person can be ignorant. It shall suffice to tell you, that *Cesar* was

was always *Cesar*; that the *Egyptians* were defeated with a mighty Loss; and their King, by a just Chastisement from Heaven, being fallen into the Sea, was drown'd by the Weight of his Arms, and not taken up till the next Day, where he was found armed in a gilded Curass, half buried in the Sand. After this Victory, *Cesar* advanced toward the City; and at the Gates found the fair *Cleopatra*, with a Part of the Citizens, that begged Pardon for the others, who (through Obedience to their Prince's Authority) had taken up Arms against him. The Princess obtained all her Desires, and he enter'd the City and Palace with her; in a Fashion wholly pompous and triumphant.

Never was there seen so sudden an Execution, nor so many Troubles appeas'd in so short a time. *Ptolomy's* evil Counsellors were all either perished with him, or had sought their Safety by flight. The rest of the *Egyptians* willingly submitted to *Cesar*, who told *Cleopatra*, that, for her sake, he was sorry for her Brother's Death; but he knew so well how to represent the small Cause she had to afflict herself for his Loss, as (after she had given some Tears to his Memory, which such an excellent Nature as her's could not refuse him) she accepted the Comforts he proffered. The Funeral Honours she celebrated with much Solemnity; and the following Day, *Cesar* having conven'd the *Egyptian* Nobility, in their Presence put her in Possession of the Realm, and with an universal Applause, crown'd her with his own Hands. All the *Egyptians*, by whom *Cleopatra's* Government was much more desir'd than *Ptolomy's*, receiv'd her for their Queen, with excessive Contentment, and render'd publick Thanks to *Cesar* for his Magnanimity and Munificence.

One

One Day he was with her by her Bed's Side, when after divers other Discourses, the Length of which would weary your Attention, taking her fair Hands, and joining Lips unto them, 'I die, fair Queen, (*said he, with an Action wholly passionate*) I die, if your Pity does not draw me from my Tomb; and I vow by those fair Eyes, which I adore with respective Veneration, that 'tis impossible my Life should longer continue, if your Mercy does not strengthen the Thread of it.' 'I should be much afflicted, *said the Queen*, to see it in any Danger; the Gratitude I owe to great *Cesar*, and the particular Esteem I have of his Person, will never suffer me to refuse Means within the Bounds of Possibility, to comfort him.

'Tis in your Power, *replied he*, not only to comfort, but create me the Happiest of all Men, in making yourself the Reward for what I have given you; no other Price can gratifie the Present I have made you, I mean not of a Crown (upon which I never set an Esteem) but of a Heart and a Soul which can never be but to you, and of a Heart and a Soul which I have made yours with a Resignation so entire, as I have reserv'd no Power to myself of a further Disposal.

This glorious Present, *replied the Queen*, can never be requited with the Price you demand; a thousand such Lives as *Cleopatra's* can never weigh with the Heart and Soul of *Cesar*: Yea, Sir, I would bestow myself upon you, as you demand, (*pursued she, letting fall her Eyes with a kind of Shame*) if Honour could shew me the Way to do it; I am born a Princess, Daughter to a long Succession of Kings, by your Bounty I am now a Queen, and which is yet more Glorious, by his proper Confession, I have

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‘ triumphed over the Soul of mighty *Cesar*: Sir,
‘ these Advantages having plac’d me in one of the
‘ foremost Ranks of Women, do oblige me to
‘ preserve myself there in a Reputation pure and
‘ spotless; and should I render myself unworthy
‘ of my Birth, my present Dignity, and Affection
‘ of great *Cesar*? should I yield up myself
‘ unto him in any other Way, than what his
‘ Virtue can approve of?

She stopp’d at these Words, supposing she had
said enough to be understood, and that *Cesar*
could well enough construe her Intentions; yet
being by the Maxims of State, and the Ties he
had to the Common-wealth, forbidden to make
a more ample Declaration, he stood, as if surpriz’d
at *Cleopatra*’s Words; nor was he yet resolv’d
to espouse her, fearing that *Rome* would disapprove
the Alliance, and it might prove prejudicial to
his Design, to make himself Master of it, as he
did in a short time after: But perceiving himself
oblig’d by *Cleopatra*’s Words to declare his
Intention, he remain’d silent a while, not knowing
in what Manner to evade the Protestations he
had made her; but at last he recover’d his Speech,
and lifting his Eyes from the Earth, where they
had been fix’d, ‘ You do merit, *said he*, a Con-
‘ dition yet more Glorious, than what would ren-
‘ der the Favours I demand, lawful; the World
‘ cannot afford a Spouse to *Cesar*, more worthy of
‘ that Quality than the Queen *Cleopatra*, and I do
‘ vow by Truth itself, that were I free in that
‘ Election, I should soon make it known, with
‘ what Passion I desire that Advantage: But I
‘ am now so ty’d by Interest to the Republick,
‘ that I cannot apprehend it expedient, to make
‘ my conjugal Choice without its Approbation:
‘ Nevertheless, I shall endeavour to express, how
‘ much

' much I desire to be entirely yours; and passing
' by these Considerations, in few Days, (If it be
' possible) make known the Truth of my Affection.

At these Words *Cesar* retir'd, without giving the Queen leave to reply; but after that, she liv'd with him in a Fashion more reserv'd than she had done formerly, and would no longer license those petty Liberties which before she had permitted him. He observed this Change with much displeasure; but so soon as he complained of it to her, ' My Lord, *said she*, you are too just to
' desire those Things of me which I cannot consent to, without my own Ruin? And since I must
' pretend to a Quality that may authorize them,
' give me rather leave to return the Crown you
' have given me, and resign the Repose and the
' Life itself which I hold of you, than license
' such Crimes, as neither your Greatness, nor all
' the Obligations I have to it, can ever excuse. This Discourse again struck *Cesar* dumb, but after she had often repeated her Resolution, it wrought such an Effect upon his Spirit, as made him resolve what he executed a few Days after.'

One Day, after he had sent to desire a particular Audience of the Queen, he enter'd her Chamber, only follow'd by *Lucius Metellus*, and *Gaius Albinus*, two of his Friends, in whom he repos'd the greatest Confidence; he found the Queen prepared to receive him in the Manner he demanded, only accompanied with her two dear Maids, *Charmione* and *Iras*, my Father and myself: *Cesar* that knew us, and in what Manner we were ty'd to the Queen's Interests, was well pleas'd to have no other Witness of his intended Action; and after he had pay'd his ordinary Civilities to the Queen: ' *Madam said he*, I have been too
' long restrain'd by such Reasons, as forbad me

to render what was due to my own Love, and your Virtue; I am now resolv'd to tread upon those inhuman Maxims, that play the Tyrants with me, and to present myself to you, in that honourable and lawful Way, that my ardent Passion did ever truly intend. But because this Marriage which I desire to consummate with you, cannot be promulg'd, without destroying my Design to set the Crown of the Universe upon your Head, let me intreat your consent, that it may now be known to no other Persons than those I see about you, and these two Friends, whom I have brought to witness this Action. In the Gods and their Presence (if you consent) I will presently espouse you, and if it may but remain a Secret amongst us, till I enter *Rome*, and there establish my Power, as my Designs have framed it, it shall then be published with all the Pomp and Magnificence your Wishes can invent.

To these Words *Cesar* added many other affectionate Expressions, to render the Queen's Spirit flexible to his Intreaties, and help her over all the Difficulties she found in that Proposition. She took a long Time to ballance the Resolution she was to take, and in fine, betook herself to the Counsel of her Maids, my Father, (and if I may dare to say so) myself; but above all other Perswasions, the Belief prevailed she had of *Cesar*, as a Man that could not consent to violate his Promise given to a Princess of her Condition, in the Presence of six Witnesses, enough to convince him of Infidelity before Men and Gods, which he solemnly invoc'd in that Action. At last, whether vanquish'd with Reason, or undermin'd by her own Weakness, she yielded herself: When *Cesar* putting his Hand in hers, after he had called

led all the Gods to the Mystery, he protested that he receiv'd her as his Sponse, and solemnly swore, that he would never own nor acknowledge any other. These Protestations he seal'd with a Kiss in our Presence, and to contract the Relation, the Company judging their Presence no longer necessary, retir'd, and left *Caesar* alone with the Queen, to take Possession of those admirable Beauties (envied of all the Princes of *Asia*) which were then with an unbridled Liberty abandoned to his Desires.

' Oh Gods! *cry'd* Tyridates, with a profound
' Sigh, Gods, Sovereign Arbiters of our Desti-
' nies, and what has the unfortunate *Tyridates*
' done to you, that you should force him thus to
' trail on his Life, without either Happiness or
' Hope, when you dispensed so much Felicity to
' the rest of Mankind?' These few Words he pas-
sionately utter'd, with his Eyes lifted up to Hea-
ven, when *Eteocles* thus pursued her Story.





Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART III. BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Rebellion of King Pharnaces calls Cæsar out of Ægypt, and invites him to an easy Victory. He leaves Cleopatra with Child. The Birth of Cæsarion. The early dawning of his rare Qualities, both of Mind and Body. Cæsar's Victory in Syria against Cato, Scipio, &c. He wins the Battle of Munda against Pompey's Sons, which compleats his Conquests. Comes to Rome, and is made perpetual Dictator. His Ingratitude to Cleopatra. He adopts Octavius, and is kill'd in the Senate-House. The Triumvirs revenge his Murther, by the Death of all the Conspirators. Cleopatra's Care in Cæsarion's Education. Anthony, in his Parthian Expedition, summons her to appear before him. He is taken in the Snare of her Beauty : Repudiates
Octa-

Octavia, and marries her. This rais'd a Quarrel betwixt him and Augustus, which is decided in the Battle of Actium. Anthony is overthrown, and flies with Cleopatra into Egypt. The Conqueror pursues, and besieges them in Alexandria. Cæsario is sent for safety to Hydaspes, King of Æthiopia. Is betray'd in the way by Rhodon, and preserved by the loyal Policy of Eteocles. Hydaspes receives and treats him as his own Son. Cæsario falls in love with Candace, the King's Daughter. Anthony, through a Mistake, kills himself. Cleopatra dies by the Bite of an Aspick. The Character of Britomarus, and his haughty Pretences. The gallant Combat between him and Cæsario. They are parted. Cæsario protects him: Moderates the King's Anger to a Banishment. The brave Speech of Britomarus to Cæsario at their parting.



SINCE that fatal Day, which I know not whether I may call happy, or unfortunate, the great *Cesar* and the Queen *Cleopatra* entirely dedicated themselves to their unrestrained Delights: And who' the Marriage continued still a Secret among us, and while the Day lasted, they observed the same Ceremonies before Company they had formerly used; yet the Nights, by the Means of *Iras*, *Charmione*, and my Father, (in whom the Queen reposed a clear Confidence) still reviv'd their Contentments. Never did Love appear more amiable than in these two Persons. *Cleopatra* liv'd not but in *Cesar*; *Cesar* was *Cleopatra's* Idolater; and they forgot nothing that might prove their Passion the strongest; and yet the most sincere

that ever invaded Lovers. The whole Court, nay, all *Egypt*, took part in their Contentments, tho' they knew them not: And, I think, *Rome* herself scarce ever shew'd so much Pomp, as then our *Alexandria* was daily dress'd in.

The whole World knows *Cleopatra* was the most magnificent Queen that ever lived, not only in the Pride of Entertainment, in the Splendor of her Festivals, and the Gifts she bestow'd on *Anthony*, but in the whole Course of her Life kept up her royal Grandeur at that lofty Pitch of Glory, where she should still have flown: And then perceiving herself the Sovereign of his Will, that was like to be the Sovereign of all Men, she forgot nothing that might help her to hold those Advantages: And *Cesar*, not less satisfied with his Fortune, judging her most worthy of his Affection, was never weary of admiring the rare Qualities of her Body and Mind, which daily serv'd to make his Love flame higher.

But at last Fortune interrupted the Course of their mutual Felicities; and *Cesar* (that was not born to waste his Life upon a Woman's Lip, for whom all great Actions were reserv'd, and to whom the World's Empire was destin'd) was constrain'd to quit *Egypt*, and with his Army to pass into *Syria*, where he had learn'd that *Pharnaces*, King of *Pontus*, Son of *Mythridates*, and Inheritor of the Hatred which he bore to the Roman Name, though not of his Virues, was up in Arms, and had spoiled a Part of *Armenia*. I shall forbear to repeat the Adieus of these two Lovers, for I do but touch upon their Life as I pass by it, and only take it in my way to another Story, to which it serves me for a Conduct. Should I enlarge myself upon the Loves of *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*, Truth would engage me to defend the Me-
mory

mory of that great Queen, who, doubtless, hath been foully blotted by the Ignorance of those that knew not of her Marriage; but in that which befel her since with the deplorable *Anthony*, I shall make but a short stay, their unfortunate Loves and lamentable End being known to all Persons in the World, that are capable of understanding.

Cleopatra's Tears were too weak to retain *Cesar* in *Alexandria*; but he comforted her with the solemn Repetition of his Promise before us, to call her to *Rome*, so soon as he should be established in the Dignity (which his Ambition aim'd at) of perpetual Dictator, and then to declare their Marriage to all the World. At that time the Princess began to perceive herself with Child, and gladly believed that the Assurance she gave to *Cesar* of it before his Departure, would yet more deeply engage him to remember his Vows, and the dear Pawn he left behind him.

Thus *Cesar* marched into *Syria*, leaving *Cleopatra* in *Alexandria*, where she govern'd her People with such Moderation and Prudence, as she taught all Men to admire those politick and moral Virtues in her Sex, that were rarely found even in Men of uncommon Parts: She supported the Absence of her dear *Cesar* with much Anguish; but she receiv'd frequent Comforts with the news of his continued Victories. Not long after his Departure, she learned that *Pharnaces* was defeated by him in a signal Battle; and the War, which, in all appearance, was like to last many Years, thus terminated in half a Day. A little after, she received Intelligence, that in *Africa* he had vanquish'd *Cato*, *Scipio*, and the King of *Juba*, with a Prodigy of Fortune and Diligence; and having gained that Victory with the Slaughter of 50,000 of his Enemies, and the Loss of but fifty of his

own Soldiers, he was return'd to *Rome*, where he had made three triumphal Entries. The Fame of these great Deeds pleasingly flatter'd the Soul of *Cleopatra*, and she dismiss'd all her Anxieties, with a Confidence that such a Man could not be capable of Infidelity.

In the mean time, no longer able to hide the swelling Fruit of her Womb, and unwilling to contract the ill Opinion of her Subjects, she was constrain'd openly to declare the Truth of her Marriage; and instead of the shame and confusion her Fear suspected from that Discovery, she found her *Egyptians* possess'd with new Joy, in the Expectation of such a King from her Loins, as might prove a perfect Copy of *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*.

The Queen was brought to bed in *Alexandria*, (almost at the same time that *Cesar* made his Entry into *Rome*) of a Son, not only worthy of his Father and Mother, but of all that the most fruitful Hope should conceive; never did the Light salute a thing so beautiful; the Astrologers never knew a Birth so advantageous; for this Royal Infant immediately became the Admiration and Delight of all that saw it: But because his Childhood was but the Spring to that Lustre, which hath since appeared in him with riper Advantages, I will not stay upon the Beginnings of his Life, because they are of less Importance. By a general Consent, he was called *Cesarion*; and we all hoped, that, though there was little Difference between his and his Father's Name, there would be yet less in their Qualities, and the Greatness of their Actions. The Queen took a marvellous Care of his Education, and made the whole World to be searched for the most expert and knowing Persons in all Sciences and Exercises, wherein he was

to be instructed, when his Age permitted him, and (though I did but weakly merit that Honour, and a better Choice might have been made among the *Egyptians*) she was pleased to make me his Governor; for my Father was too old for that Employment, and only desir'd it for myself.

In the mean time, the Queen, whatever Consolation she tasted in the Enjoyment of her Son, was galled with bitter Grief, seeing there appeared no Proof of *Cesar's* Promise. Not long after, she understood he had given the last Blow to that War, by the Defeat of *Pompey's* Sons; that in *Rome* he had usurped the Sovereign Authority, and forced a Master upon that proud City, the imperious Mistress of so many Kings, and so large a Part of the Universe.

Then her Hopes began to swell with the Expectation of his Promise; and *Cesar*, by frequent Letters, endeavour'd to confirm them, excusing his Absence from her Delights with very specious Reasons, which for a time appeased her; but when she saw a whole Year wasted, and yet no Haste made to accomplish his Vow, she began to lose her Patience, and complain of his Infidelity. Yet, before she thought fit to make her Resentments speak louder, she sent my Father *Apollo-dorus* to *Cesar*, as well because he was the faith-fullest of her Servants, as that in his Presence *Cesar* espoused her, and might therefore better than any other reproach the Violation of his Word. This Voyage of my Father's proved ineffectual; yet, when *Cesar* saw him, he hugg'd him in his Arms, entertain'd him nobly, gave him rich Presents, and often mention'd the Queen with dear Resentments of Affection; but could afford him no other Reasons for his Delay, than what he had written to *Cleopatra*. He protested, that so soon

as he had felt himself sit sure upon his Imperial Throne, he would accomplish his Promise; but in that Condition, while his Monarchy was yet infant, feeble, and staggering, he found it not safe to enterprize any thing against the Consent of the People and Senate, whom he had already exasperated with imposing his Yoke.

Cleopatra was contented for a time to flatter herself with the Likelihood of these Excuses; but, in fine, after her Patience had learned another Lesson, as tedious as the first, she broke into Reproaches against him, gave herself up to the Sway of a just Passion, and probably was hatching Thoughts to make it known in some deadly Blow, when News came, that Heaven had revenged her, and that her faithless *Cesar* was murder'd in the Senate-House, with twenty-three Wounds, by those that he thought his dearest Friends.

This Report fell like a Clap of Thunder upon her Spirit, and all her Choler could not dissuade her from receiving it at first, as the greatest Blow that Heaven and Fortune could contribute to her Overthrow. She solemniz'd this Loss with a Deluge of Tears, and such Actions as could best express most Passion; and would possibly have abandon'd herself to Grief, if the last Marks of *Cesar's* Ingratitude had not brought her Comfort; for she learned, that, a little before his Death, he had adopted his Nephew *Ottavius* (who is now the Great *Augustus Cesar*) for his Son, declared him his Heir, and obliged him to take his Name and Dignity, without making the least mention of his Son *Cesar* or *Cleopatra*. This last assurance the Queen received of her Husband's ingrateful displeasure, kindled a despite that dry'd up all her tears, and shewed her cause to rejoice in the same death she so lately bewailed; however, she

she ceased to bemoan his loss in publick, though she rendered to *Cesar's* Memory the Funeral Honours, which she believed due as to her lawful Husband; but her resentments against the Father descended not to the Son; for she nourished the little *Cesar* with as dear Indulgence, as if his Father had been still Faithful; and remembering that (perjur'd as he was) he had been the greatest of all Men, in his face she beheld the Image of his mighty Sire, as another dawning of her comfort. To him her resolutions intended the Crown of *Egypt*; and (though the *Egyptians* perceiving the *Ptolomean* Race was almost extinct) did oft petition her to make choice of another Husband, she always denied their entreaties, and at least so won upon them by her mild and prudent Government, as they were content to approve her design of passing the rest of her Life in Widowhood.

Alas! how happy had the poor Queen been, had she held her resolution; she had avoided those famous Misfortunes that made so much noise in the World; and her miseries, with the lamentable Carastrophe of her Life, had not forced tears from her rudest Enemies.

Sir, I suppose you know that a few years after *Julius Caesar's* death, the unfortunate *Anthony* having shar'd the Empire of the World with young *Cesar*, since called *Augustus*, and with him revenged the Murder of their Predecessor, by the defeat of the Conspirators, and by that bloody *Triumvirat* which produc'd such fatal effects in *Rome*; passing through *Cilicia* to make war upon the *Parthians*, he summon'd *Cleopatra* to appear before him; and because the Queen was too weak to resist the puissance of that great Master of half the World, by the advice of her Council she

he went to find him in that stately Galley, where-
of the Stern was all of pure Gold, the Sails of
Purple, the Oars of Silver, and all the rest dress'd
in that proud Equipage, that has since found the
World so much Discourse. You have heard of
her meeting with *Anthony*, and the Feasts they
made so full of Pomp and Profusions: but as
Anthony was first vanquish'd with *Cleopatra's*
magnificence, so he gaz'd not long before he was
subdu'd with her beauty, to which he became a
slave, not with a servitude parallel to his Prede-
cessor, but such an one as only expired with his
Life; and would have endured a thousand Ages
had the Gods lengthn'd their days to so remote
a period.

Anthony was something inferior to *Cesar*, and
therefore *Cleopatra* in bestowing herself upon
him, might seem to descend a little from the
height of her pretences: But since she was re-
solved to give *Cesar* a Successor, she could not
choose a greater than *Anthony* amongst Men,
whose Glory was not yet blasted by the Fortune of
Augustus; his Birth was of the most Illustrious,
his Person recommended by a number of fair
Qualities, and brave Actions, and his Rank no less
considerable than the chief upon Earth. *Cleopa-
tra* rendred herself to these considerations, and to
the Loyal Affection of *Anthony*, who for her sake
deserting the Amity of young *Cesar*, and his Si-
ster *Octavia*, whom he had married at *Rome*,
gave up all his interest in the Common-wealth,
and his own Fortunes that were fastned to it, to
give himself intirely to her, and confining his
Ambition within her Embraces, espoused her in
Alexandria.

I know the *Romans*, irreconcilable Enemies to
Cleopatra's Memory, have endeavour'd to disprove
that

that Marriage, as they did the former, and persecuted that deplorable Queen in her reputation, after they had sent her to her Tomb by their cruelty: But my Eyes were witnesses of what might serve to upbraid their inhumanity, and justify her Memory against those cruel ones that would still disturb her repose in her very Sepulchre.

Anthony ty'd the Conjugal knot in publick, but with an inauspicious augury, which their misfortunes did since prove too prophetick. They are so well known, that I believe you are not ignorant of the least particular; I shall therefore inclose them in a few Words, and swiftly follow the thread of my discourse, till I arrive at what chiefly engages this Relation. Within the first year of their Marriage, the Queen disclosed a double Birth, a Son and a Daughter; the Son was called *Alexander*, the Daughter *Cleopatra*, and if I had not named *Cesar*, I would have said that human Eye never saw any thing so fair as these Twins: Indeed I think their Beauty was fatal to their House, and a cause of calling down the Divine Vengeance upon *Anthony*, for so oft provoking the Gods, by shewing these Children at publick spectacles, with the usurped names of *Apollo* and *Diana*, causing them to be dressed in the same fashion those Deities were usually represented in, and commanding the same honours should be rendered them as were ordinarily paid to those Divinities.

I saw them not since they were eight or nine years of age; but at that time they were the wonder of all that beheld them, and it was thought the Beauty of young *Cleopatra* would not only equal the Queen her Mother, but out-shine all that ever were accounted fair.

Those

' Those that conceived such hopes of the Prin-
 ' cels *Cleopatra*, (*said Tyridates interrupting*
 ' *Eteocles*) had much reason on their side; my-
 ' self saw her at *Rome*, while I made my Resi-
 ' dence in the Emperour's Court, and agreed with
 ' the general opinion, that nature never shap'd a
 ' face so triumphantly beautiful: She now lives at
 ' Court with the Empress *Livia*, who tenders her
 ' with as dear an esteem, as if she were her proper
 ' Daughter; the fame of her perfections have al-
 ' ready nois'd them in a large part of the World;
 ' and were I not loath to interrupt your Narrati-
 ' on, I would speak more amply of them. Young
 ' *Ptolomy* her Brother was then at *Rome*, in an
 ' high esteem for handsomeness; but the Elder,
 ' *Alexander*, whom you mentioned, was a while
 ' since lost at Sea, without any news of his escape.

' Sir, *said Eteocles*, your Relation doth sensi-
 ' bly touch me, for while I have life I must own
 ' so passionate an interest in all that pertains,
 ' either in blood or alliance to our dead Queen, as
 ' I cannot hear them spoken of without extraor-
 ' dinary motion; may the Gods frame them a
 ' fortune different from their Parents, and do me
 ' the grace to let me see those dear Reliques of
 ' that Illustrious Family recover their splendour.'

But to continue my Story, a year after *Alexander*
 and *Cleopatra*, was born that *Ptolomy* you saw
 at *Rome*, little inferiour to the other two, carrying
 in his visage the fair marks of a glorious Birth.
 Never was there seen a Court so pompous as *An-
 thony's* and *Cleopatra's*; most of the Kings upon
 Earth came thither to pay their Homage, and many
 of them sent their Children, that they might have
 the honour to be educated with our young Prin-
 ces. Indeed they were brought up with such care,
 as was due to them only; and though *Casario*

was

was not Son to *Anthony*, yet his respect to him was proportion'd to that great veneration he preserv'd for his Father's memory; he caus'd the Marriage of *Julius Caesar* with *Cleopatra* to be publickly proclaim'd in all his Dominions, declared *Cesar* the Legitimate Son, and indubitable Heir to his Father, rendred him honours suitable to that dignity; and whether it were to endear his Mother, or to appear kind to *Cesar*'s memory, he caus'd him to be styled the King of Kings; as he had already *Cleopatra* the Queen of Queens; and, disdaining she should bear a barren Title, he gave her the Realms of *Egypt*, *Cyprus*, *Soria*, and the lower *Syria*. To young *Alexander*, *Armenia*, all *Media* and *Parthia*, when it shall be Conquer'd. To young *Cleopatra*, *Lybia* and *Cilicia*; and to little *Ptolomy*, *Syria* and *Phanicia*. Of these several presents he sent the Decree to be confirmed at *Rome*, which nevertheless was suppressed by the Consuls *Domitius* and *Sossus*, the very same you mentioned in your discourse.

In the mean time you know what Wars were waged while they lived together both in your own Country, and in *Syria* against *Antiochus*; the good success he had against *Parthia* by his Lieutenants, and the ill luck that befel him when he carried the War thither in person; his resentments against *Artabafus* King of *Armenia*, whom with his Children he led Captive to *Alexandria*, where a while after he lost his Head by *Cleopatra*'s Command, as your recital exprest it. You are not ignorant of the many Voyages he made to *Rome*, where he always resisted the Senate that would oblige him to forsake *Cleopatra*, and at last fell foul with *Augustus* by that scornful repudiation that he made of his Sister *Ottavia*.

In

In fine, the War being openly declared between these two Masters of the World, their grand Factions almost intirely divided it, according to the sway of several affections; two greater powers than these never met in opposition, and the World never regarded an event with so much interest as that, which was to decide its Empire.

My Lord, you have understood the beginnings of this War; with the divers Encounters, wherein Fortune sometimes list'd herself in one, sometimes in the other party, till the Battel of *Actium*, where, after she had long ballanced her good will, she declar'd for *Cesar*. The miserable *Anthony* was betray'd both by Love and Fortune, and whatever Courage the Queen disclosed in the spring-tide of her Life, was all resign'd to the horror of that one Battel, where she assisted in person; whence flying with sixty Sails in her company, she drew along the amorous *Anthony*, who rather chose to abandon with the Victory, the Empire of the World, than to lose his *Cleopatra*. You must needs have heard how after that signal defeat they were forsaken by all their Troops; and sure Fame has told you of the pitiful effects that error produced among them; how upon a false report of *Cleopatra's* death, spread by herself with a design to cure *Anthony* of an unjust suspicion he had conceived of her; that desperate Prince slew himself with his own hand, and breathed his last between the Arms of his dear *Cleopatra* in the Tomb wherein she had shut up herself. You have heard it related how *Cesar* (having render'd himself Master of *Alexandria*) came to visit her, brought her Comfort, and entreated her to hope for all the civil Usage his Power could afford: All which, the great-hearted Princess courageously disdain'd; and not enduring to survive her dear
An-

Anthony, nor to see herself in danger to be led to *Rome* in triumph, she called Death to her Rescue, which she gave herself by an Aspick's Tooth, for want of other Weapons : And how *Cesar*, after he had pacify'd *Egypt*, and left *Cornelius Gallus* Governor at *Alexandria*, returned to *Rome*, whither he led *Alexander*, *Ptolomy*, and *Cleopatra*, the Children of *Anthony* and our Queen. Thus, compriz'd in a few Words, I have given you the lamentable Destiny of this unfortunate Prince : But you are yet to understand that of *Cesar*io ; and I assure myself you believed, with the greatest Part of the World, that *Augustus* had caus'd him to be put to death, as Fame did openly divulge it.

'Tis true, said *Tyridates*, and I had my Belief from the general Confidence at *Rome* that it was so, where I have often heard, that *Cesar*, having taken *Alexandria*, and advising with his Friends what he should do with *Cesar*io, the Philosopher *Arrius*, who was in great Credit with him, whisper'd some Words in his Ear, that, alluding to a Verse in *Homer*, might thus be interpreted :

Plurality of Cæsars is not safe.

And from that Hint *Augustus* (fearing that he might one Day dispute the Succession of his Father's Empire) put him to death. Such, reply'd *Eteocles*, was the general Opinion, and we are happy that it got so much Credit among the Prince's Enemies ; who possibly, without that Prevention, would have made their Pursuit and Persecution reach to the Place that protected him. But to you I shall unmask the Truth, whatever Danger the Discovery may threaten, knowing well I do not hazard my Prince in declaring the Truth of his Life to another.

‘ other Prince, that equals his Virtues ; and it
 ‘ was but to come the right way to his Adven-
 ‘ tures, that with a few Words I touch’d a Part
 ‘ of the Queen his Mother.

The History of Cæsario and the Queen Candace.

AFTER the Loss of the Battle of *Actium*, and the disloyal falling away of the greatest Part of the Forces, the unfortunate *Anthony* and his Queen shut themselves up in *Alexandria*, and there attended the Approaches of their victorious Foe, with the rest of their Forces, resolving to defend it to the last Man, and the latest Moment of their Lives: Their Courage was not revolted with their Fortune; for they might yet have protected their Fate, and again debated the World’s Command, if the Prevention of that disastrous Mistake had not contrived their Ruin. Nevertheless, the Queen, not able to refute her just Fears of a sudden Wreck, began to cast an Eye upon her deplorable Family, that in so short a time were tumbled from the sublime Pitch of Fortune, to the Foot of Calamity. Oh Gods! what Words (that were fittest to shew the Marks of a signal Grief) did she not give to those sad Considerations! There was much Reason in her Fears that the Victor would make his Hatred reach to the Children of his Enemy, and so choak all the Seeds of War, that might grow up to give another Shock to the Tranquillity of his Dominion, by rooting out the whole *Antonian* Race. And these Suspicions made her oft solicit that the Children might be put in some Place of Safety; and either sent to the King of *Æthiopia*, a great and puissant Prince, their Friend and Ally, who had neither felt nor fear’d the *Roman* Arms; or to *Herod*, a faith-

faithful Friend to *Anthony*; or at least to some others, whom the Change of Fortune had not persuaded to disavow their Amity.

But *Anthony*, who tenderly indulged his Children, could not resolve to see them so pluck'd from him, or send them to seek their Safety from the Hands of a Stranger: He represented to the Queen, that the Gods that were yet able to send them Succours, (contrary to the Opinion of Men) might miraculously repair the Ruins they had made; and, should such a Change arrive in their Favour, they should repent the exposing them to a Flight, whose Success was uncertain: That if Heaven had resolved to complear their Destruction, they might expect a better Fate for their Infants from the Clemency of their Enemy, than the Loyalty of any barbarous Prince, whose Friendship, the Child of their Fortune, no doubt would follow it to the Conqueror's Party.

Cleopatra perceiving his Resolution not to be mov'd, and herself not able to wrest the Disposál of the Children from him, fell to consider of his Preservation, whom he had no Part in; and judging with much prudence, that though *Augustus* might pardon the Progeny of *Anthony*, yet he would not do so to the Son of *Julius Caesar*, who (professing himself the Off-spring of a lawful Marriage) while he lived, would at least be armed with Justice, to bid fair for his Father's Succession, which the other possessed by no other Right than that of Adoption; the lawful Power of his disposal solely remaining in herself; (for *Anthony* pretended not to it) she concluded that it was not safe to trust him to the Mercy of that Enemy, and could find no other Way but such a Flight to secure him.

Cesar

*Cesar*io was five or six Years elder than the rest, and then newly arriv'd at the fifteenth Year, but at that Age was become the most accomplish'd of Princes; his Beauty never found an equal among those of his own Sex: In the Vivacity of his Eyes, and all the Features of his Visage, was seen an Air so Majestick as could belong to none but *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*: His Stature was extraordinary for his Age, his Force prodigious, his Agility and Nimbleness in all his Exercises attracted the Admiration of all Beholders; his sprightly dexterous Wit express'd such an enchanting sweetness, and his Inclinations were always so levell'd at great Actions, that in his tenderest Years, I never knew him nurse a Thought that was not wing'd for an uncommon Flight. He was enflamed with an Emulation at his Father's Glory, and it kindled the same desires in him, that it had done in the Soul of young *Alexander*: But in the Relation of his Life, which was made him, and which I oft represented to his Eyes, as a Model for his Imitation, he never set a lower Esteem upon his Clemency, Liberality, and Moderation, than his Valour, and prudent Conduct; and all the Glosses he made upon it, were so many delightful Demonstrations to me of his ardent Love to Virtue. In an Age so tender and feeble to support a Cuirass, a hunder'd Times has he offered to precipitate himself into military Dangers; and had not an absolute Authority retain'd him, he would have followed *Anthony* to his Battles, with an Ardour which he found very difficult to moderate. Such a one, or rather a thousand Times better than what my Expression had made him, was *Cesar*io, when the Queen his Mother (preferring his security to her own delight in enjoying his lovely Presence) resolved to lose it for ever, and being
con-

confirmed in that purpose, and prepared to execute it, I was commanded to attend him from his Chamber to her Presence.

She could not behold him with a Design never to see him more, (at least if the Gods restor'd not their Fortunes) without resigning that Constancy, wherewith she temper'd all her Actions, to abundance of tender Tears; which so softned the young Prince's Soul and mine, as it set our Eyes for a while to the same Task.

At last she made an Assault upon her Grief; and struggling to recover an assured Look, after she had wiped away her Tears, 'My Son, said she, though your Years be few, your Apprehensions do much o'er-top those of an equal Age; and I know you are already capable to make Reflection upon our present and past Fortunes: You are derived from a Father that was the greatest of Men, and a Mother that may boast to have held some Rank among Women, and will leave a Report of her Life behind her, that is not ordinary in her Sex. I see nothing in you (the Gods be thanked) that belies your Birth, or forbids me to hope that you will not make the Soul of mighty *Cesar*, (now placed among the Gods) to blush at your begetting: If Fortune frowns upon your budding Age, and bereaves you (with those from whom you had your Being) of the Advantages, which in part you should hold of her, learn in time to slight her, and strain your Virtue to captive her Smiles; and force her back again. You wear a Sword, after your Father's Example, that may one Day recover the Crowns you have lost; and if the Gods decree, (as there is much appearance) that we fall in this War, and period our Empire with our Days, you shall stay behind us to win
that

' that back again by the Glory of your Actions,
 ' which we lost by the last of ours, revive the
 ' Memory of *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*, and perhaps
 ' revenge the Fate of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, up-
 ' on those Enemies that destroy'd us. These are
 ' the Hopes, my Son, that move me to study
 ' thy Safety, when I neglect my own: My Affec-
 ' tion to thee makes me commit a cruel Violence
 ' upon my tenderest Inclination; 'tis fit we part,
 ' young *Cesar*, that thou may'st go beyond the
 ' Reach of thy Enemy's Arms, and go in the
 ' Quest of a better Destiny, than that thou must
 ' expect at the Knees of a pitiless Conqueror; and
 ' indeed it is unfit that the Legitimate Son of
 ' great *Cesar* should tamely beg a Life of his
 ' Adoptive, which he cannot take of him with-
 ' out a Blush, and which he must never look to
 ' obtain from him, who, in bearing the Name
 ' and Power of *Cesar*, does neither inherit his
 ' Clemency; nor any one of his other Virtues.
 ' To preserve thee, I despoil my Heart of its
 ' dearest Sentiments, but (whatever Violence I
 ' suffer) I shall always think it a more gentle Ca-
 ' lamity, to part with thee for ever, than to see
 ' thee cold in thy Urn before I enter mine; to be-
 ' hold thee a Suppliant at the Feet of our cruel
 ' Enemy, or dragged in triumph behind his Cha-
 ' rior, to that City, which thy Father first ranged
 ' under his Obedience.

The Queen stopp'd at these Words, to dry some
 disobedient Tears, which rebell'd against her Re-
 solution; and, removing her Eyes from the Face
 of her Son, to fasten them upon mine, *Eteocles*,
 ' said she, this is the last time that I remit into
 ' your Hands the things which I count most pre-
 ' cious: I trusted you with his Education, as I
 ' do now with the Conservation of his Life, and
 ' with

with it all my own Hopes; let the Fidelity I express you, by the Proofs I ask, to be the worthy Son of *Apollodorus*, who died as he liv'd in my Service, after he had got the Repute of the most loyal Servant that ever breathed. Take the Prince, my Son, and your Pupil, whom I release to your Care and Conduct, and with your most winged Diligence conduct him out of *Alexandria*, and the unfortunate *Egypt*, into *Æthiopia*. The King of that puissant Realm is our Friend and Ally, and the only Neighbour we have, that dares think himself strong enough to defend his own against their Invasions, and therefore stands not in awe of the *Roman Arms*: Of him, in my Name, demand a Refuge for this young Prince, whom I not only trust with him, but bestow upon him: Tell him our Alliance does not only oblige him, nor the Laws of Generosity, that preach the Protection of the Miserable and Oppressed, but the Interest that is common to all that wield Scepters, to oppose himself against the Violence of the *Romans*, those cruel Enemies of Mankind, that would stretch their Tyranny over all the Kings on Earth. I know he will receive you, and allow my Son all the Shelter you can ask. This Night you shall set forwards; for I desire your Voyage may be secretly carry'd, lest your Enemies take notice of it, and so endeavour to strike at the Life of this poor Prince: You shall have *Rodon* and *Alexander* for Companions in your Flight, with a few Officers, most necessary for so small a Number, lest a greater Train might discover the Design, and betray my Son to such Dangers, as my timorous Apprehension is apt to frame. I shall furnish you with Money and Jewels enough to keep

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off Necessity, while you stay from us in so remote a Residence. If we make Peace with *Octavius*, or by the Favour of divine Aid recover Strength to rear our drooping Fortunes, I will call you back again, and with all the Haste that Affection can make, draw you from an Exile, which I cannot support without a bleeding Grief.

The Queen express'd herself in these Terms, when the young Prince, throwing himself at her Feet, protested he would rather die than abandon her; that instead of leaving her exposed to the Menaces of so much Peril, he had Courage enough to run her Fortune and *Anthony's*.

The Queen, drawing new Arguments from the Discourse and Action of this brave Spirit, and excellent Nature, felt a painful Increase of her Affection; and turning her Eyes from his Fate, where they did but gather fresh Causes of Grief, Great *Cesar*, said she, if thou be'st rank'd among the Gods, since he carries so many Marks of thy Life, protect the Son that thou hast left me. And then turning to her Son, at first she gently struggled with his Resolution; but perceiving that would not do, she sternly employ'd all her Authority: And after she had absolutely forbid his further Opposition of her Will, she commanded me to carry him away by Force, if he refused to follow.

Young *Cesar* bearing such a Respect to the Queen, as he knew not how to dispense with Obedience, submitted to this last Command, and only in Tears express'd his Grief to forsake her. I shall not further enlarge upon the Queen's and our Regrets, to which, and to our Preparations for departure, we dedicated the rest of that Day. The Queen sent by *Inas* and *Charmione* her two faithful Maids that died with her, with such constant

stant Fidelity, as will be the Wonder of all Ages) a Cabinet full of Gold; with some rich Jewels, which she trusted to my Hands; and so soon as the Night approach'd, after she had utter'd her last Adieu to us, bath'd in a River of Tears, she bruise'd the Prince in her Arms: And when she had left her last Kiss upon his Cheek, 'Go, said she, young Prince, where thy Destiny calls thee, the Gods will undertake thy Protection; in the mean time, forget not thy Father's Greatness, and let none of Fortune's rude Blows over-tame thee to Actions unworthy of thy Birth.

After these Words, the last I heard from her, untying herself from her Son's Embraces, she caused us to mount on Horse-back in her Presence, and, without further Delay, to quit the melancholly *Alexandria*.

My Lord, the Beginning of *Cesar*'s Adventures carrying much Resemblance to yours, like yourself, he was forced to fly his Country, in an Age little differing from that wherein you quitted *Parthia*. He went out of *Alexandria* with not above a dozen Horses in his Train; and he that a while before, with so much Pomp, had been proclaimed the King of Kings in divers Nations, was forced to abandon his native Country, and in that petty Equipage to seek a Covert for his Life in a foreign Land.

This sudden and strange Revolution of Fortune, may serve for a memorable Example to those that trust to her Favours, and suffer themselves to be blinded with treacherous Prosperity. The Magnificence of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* had been excusable, if they had not stain'd that Grandeur that placed them in the chiefest Rank of Mankind, with Actions that pull'd the divine Anger upon their Heads; and those that a little before

saw so many Kings at their Feet, bereaving one of his Crown, another of his Head, (as the unfortunate *Antigonus*, King of *Judea*, and the wretched *Artabasus* of *Armenia*) beheld themselves reduced to attend his Destiny in the last City that was left them; and, a few Days after, constrained to take the Succours of Death from their own Hands, which *Cleopatra* (to compleat her Calamities) had much ado to obtain, and did at last by an Artifice.

We parted from *Alexandria* almost at the same time that *Octavius Cesar* encamped on the other Side, in view of the Walls; and had we longer delay'd the Voyage, we had found no Passage free. Young *Cesar* had so long practis'd Horsemanship, under those Masters that taught him his Exercise, as it render'd him the less unfit to undertake the Toil of such a Journey: Besides, he had inured himself to travel, by his Custom to follow the Chase, which he would do with much Eagerness, being of a Constitution strong beyond his Age; and this proved very serviceable to our Design. The first Night we strived to reach so far, as any Person, less hardy than himself, would have been weaken'd with Weariness; and about the Break of Day, we staid at a Village three or four hundred Furlongs from *Alexandria*, where we found it fit to let the young Prince repose himself, while we refreshed our Horses. In that Place we staid three or four Hours; which expired, we again got to Horse; but had not march'd many Furlongs, before I espy'd the Prince's Horse, with my own, *Rodon's*, and three or four others in the Company, to halt; and not so much as dreaming of the Treachery was intended us, I only imputed it to the Weariness they had contracted with hard Riding and extraordinary Haste.

We

We might have taken those that continued sound, but loath to part with so many necessary Officers, and besides, ignorant of the Mischief that pursued us, we were constrained to march so softly, that we had much ado, in that whole Day, to reach another Town, that was not distant above one hundred and fifty Furlongs from that where we rested in the Morning; and there arrived, (our Horses scarce able to sustain themselves) we were compell'd to stay that Night; but sending for some Smiths that lived there, to search them, we found that they were all pricked, and the Nails that hurt them no sooner drawn out, but they were much mended, yet not so recover'd as to endure that Night's Travel. I then began to entertain some Suspicion; and to believe this an intended Treachery to retard our Voyage; but yet I knew not whom to distrust. Our little Troop was composed of no Persons, but such from whom indeed we had reason to hope an untainted Fidelity; myself excepted, *Rodon* and *Neander* were the Principal: *Rodon* was made the Prince's Sub-Governor in his tenderest Years, and had not a less Part in his Education than myself; besides, he had a Son there of the same Age with the Prince, that was brought up with him, and then follow'd him in that Voyage: *Neander* was a Man of approved Fidelity, and the rest all eminent Officers of *Cleopatra's* House, as she had culled from such as she thought most true; yet, even among those, we found Monsters capable of the blackest Treason, and the most prodigious Villainy that ever was hatched by human Invention.

After I had almost wasted that Night conversing with Cares, too restless to admit Sleep, I threw myself from my Bed, in which I was laid in my Clothes; and passing into a little Gallery

adjoining to our Chamber, I open'd a Window, to see if I could spy the approach of Day. Under this Window was a Garden, in which I overheard some Persons discoursing; and though I had little room for Curiosity, unless such as regarded my Prince's Safety, yet then, and peculiarly then, I think the Gods inspir'd me with it: The first Words had no sooner deliver'd themselves at my Ear, but I knew the Voice was *Rodon's*; and presently after discover'd him that talk'd with him to be a Kinsman of his, and one that he deeply trusted, call'd *Arcetes*, for whom he had formerly procur'd a beneficial Grant from the Queen. The Time and Place made them exchange their Thoughts with a Confidence fearless of Overhearers; but Heaven was awake in my Prince's Behalf, and by that miraculous Occasion becken'd me to his Preservation.

Rodon and *Arcetes* did but enter the Garden when I open'd the Window, and therefore I believe I heard all their Parley. 'Thou hast made great Haste, said *Rodon*, but is it possible thou couldst dispatch so many things in so short a time, coming out of *Alexandria* but with us!' Content yourself, reply'd *Arcetes*, that the Affair is driven to the Mark of your Desires, that I spake with *Cesar* himself, who well remember'd your Name, and mention'd the Sollicitations he had formerly made, to obtain that which now you have offer'd him. There I staid, by his Command, a full Hour, while he consulted with his Friends upon the most requisite Resolution: At last he called me to his Presence, commanded me to return unto you, and assure you, that he would not only bestow those Jewels on you, which the Queen had committed to *Eteocles's* Custody, but bids you hope for more
im-

‘ important Favours ; and this Day to expect
 ‘ News from him upon the Way, which your
 ‘ Letter told him you were to take. Myself over-
 ‘ heard the Command he gave to a Centurion to
 ‘ be ready, and I believe they will overtake us be-
 ‘ fore we reach the Forest of *Agria*, thro’ which
 ‘ we are to pass.’ ‘ They will have time enough
 ‘ to do that, *reply’d the disloyal Rodon*, for our
 ‘ March has been so slow since I nail’d our Horses,
 ‘ while *Eteocles* and the rest were at their Repose,
 ‘ that the *Romans* will need but a little Diligence
 ‘ to reach us : But now let us talk no more of it,
 ‘ for we cannot carry too much Caution and Dis-
 ‘ trust in an Affair of this Nature.’ And thus,
 whether they fear’d to be lessen’d or surpriz’d by
 the Day’s Arrival, which then began to appear,
 they left the Garden, and me still at the Window,
 in such a Confusion, as is impossible to represent.

Gods ! what a strange Agony of Thoughts was
 I then distracted with ? To what Extremes of
 Grief, Astonishment, and Anger, did the Know-
 ledge of that loathed Treason hurry me ! I had
 much ado to credit my own Ears, in a thing so
 unlikely ; it had almost surpriz’d the Use of my
 Reason and Judgment. The first thing I did was
 to detest *Rodon’s* Infidelity ; then, upon my Knees,
 I gave thanks to the Gods for the Miracle of this
 Discovery, and petition’d the Continuance of their
 Aid for the Prince’s Safety : Yet I was much to
 seek for the Continuance of my Endeavours, for
 I saw myself, on all sides, menaced with so much
 Difficulty, that I almost wanted Power to con-
 ceive a hope of Success.

And now the Day had withdrawn all the Cur-
 tains of Darkness, before I could fasten upon
 any other Resolution than to kill *Rodon*, and at
 least revenge my Prince, if it were not permit-

ted me to preserve him; nevertheless, having no time to lose, I return'd into my Chamber full of mortal Inquietudes; and after I had given order for the Horses to be ready, I waken'd the Prince, and caused him to rise with a hasty Diligence. While he was apparelling himself, I drew *Neander* aside, (having learned by *Rodon's* Discourse, he was not of the Conspiracy with that Traytor) in a few Words let him know our Destiny, which thook him with as great a Fit of Confusion as my self: While we were talking of it, the unfaithful *Rodon* came to us, the sight of whom had almost put my Power into the Hands of Passion; and I was even ready to fly upon him and strangle him, yet, with much ado, bridled it; and advising *Neander* to the same Reservation, we got the Prince on Horse-back, concealing the Truth from him, lest his tender Years, being too weak to disguise his Apprehension, should betray it in troubled Looks, and so deprive us of the Means to endeavour his Preservation.

Thus leaving the Town, we took the same way was first resolved; for fear *Rodon* should scent the Discovery of his Treason; and we had scarce marched a quarter of an Hour, when the Gods sent me a Thought, which I resolved to act without further Deliberation.

I confess, at first I felt some Repugnance, for the Danger to which I was to expose an innocent Person; but the Safeguard of my Prince outweighed the rest of my Considerations, and helped me in a Moment to level all the Obstacles that opposed my Intention: For that Reason, making a Sign to *Neander* to keep up with the Prince and the rest of the Troop, I marched softly after with *Rodon*, whom I had engaged in Discourse; but when the rest had left us a little behind, (feign-

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ing that something was broke about my Saddle I alighted, making shew to amend it, and oblig'd *Rodon* to stay for me, telling him that a little galloping would soon recover our Company: Besides that, I had some Authority over him; the Estate whereto his Conscience had reduced him, left him not Confidence enough to gainsay me; nor was he unwilling to accept of any Occasion to retard our Voyage, because he knew it might advantage his Design.

Thus, when our little Troop had gained more Ground of us, and, by the help of a little Hill betwixt us, I had lost sight of them, I remounted my Horse, and approaching *Rodon*, with a Look that represented part of the Passion that swayed within me, 'Traytor, (*said I*) thy Death is at hand; and if thy Prince must die by thy Disloyalty, thou shalt yet want the Satisfaction to see him perish, or reap the Profit of thy horrid Treachery.

I had no sooner utter'd these Words, but my Sword was in my Hand; and the faithless *Rodon* (more combated with his Conscience, than the fear of my Valour) receiving my Menace with a pale dismay'd Look, had much ado to put himself in any Posture of Resistance; nevertheless, with a trembling Hand he drew his Sword, but defended himself so ill with it, that, with a Facility which took away all the Glory of that Action, I passed mine twice through his Body, and tumbled him upon the Sand, where he vomited out his perfidious Soul with his Blood.

After this Execution, sheathing my Sword again, I hasted after the Prince with all the speed I could make; but casting my Eyes back from the top of the Hill, I perceiv'd the Squadron of Horse that *Cesar* had sent after us, marching out

of the Town where we lodged, which I presently judg'd to be the same that the false *Rodon* expected: This sight made me spur up to my Company, and when I had overtaken them, approaching to *Neander's* Ear, 'Neander, said I, *Rodon* is dead, but our Enemies appear; take the Prince with you and two of our Men, gallop on afore to the Forest of *Agria*, thrust yourselves into the thickest Part of it, and there expect my coming up, with good News: The rest of the Day, I will try to abuse our Enemies; and, if Heaven favour my Intentions, hinder their further Pursuit of us; if you see me not come back to you some time to Day, at Night pursue your Voyage, under the Conduct of the Gods, who will not abandon you.

I said no more; and without giving him time to answer, made him speed away with the Prince and the two that were to follow them, one of which (because of known Fidelity) carried the Jewels and Gold the Queen had given us. *Cesarion*, who had a most docile Ingenuity, absolutely obeyed my Will, and made no scruple to follow *Neander*, because I counsell'd it: I could not see him part so suddenly without letting fall some Tears, as a Tribute to my fearful Incertainty of ever seeing him again: And in the mean Time, turning to those that staid with me, 'My Friends, said I, we are betrayed; our Enemies are within a hundred Paces of us: *Rodon* stays behind to make discovery of them: And behold the Traytor, shewing them *Arcetes*, see, the Villain that hath told us, has the Confidence to stay among us.' At these Words, I flew at him with my Sword in my Hand, but was prevented by two of my Companions that stepp'd before him,

as he was preparing to fly, and with two Blows threw him dead at our Horses Feet.

Rodon's Son, whom I caused to stay with us, though he would gladly have followed the Prince, who, as I told you, was of an equal Age and Stature to him, and had much in his Looks that over-topp'd his Condition, beheld the Death of *Arcetes* with Astonishment, when approaching to him, and taking him by the Arms, I shewed him the *Romans*, that were advancing to us a good swift Trot: 'We are all dead Men, said I, if we do not deceive our Enemies, by making you pass for the Prince *Cesar*; the personating this Dignity will save your Life; for if the *Romans* take you for the Son of *Cesar*, they will only content themselves to lead you Prisoner to their Emperor; if you tender your own and our Lives, favour this just Deceit.

The fear of Death had so seiz'd the Youth, as it disposed him to follow my fatal Counsel, which I had scarce ended when the *Romans* were upon us, and spreading themselves upon the Plain, began to environ us, and shut up the Passage to our flight.

I then perceiv'd the Danger at hand I had expos'd myself to, and had well fore-seen it, before the Attempt: But the Gods can witness, that I felt no regret to hazard my Life for my Prince's Safety, and that there came no other Care to my Thoughts but for him and his Conservation. At a Sign I made to my Companions, we all threw ourselves from our Horses, and putting our Knees to the Ground, we encompassed the Son of *Rodon*, whom I had only caused to keep his Saddle. The *Romans*, who ran upon us with an impetuous haste, perceiving us in that suppliant Posture, were staid by the Command of their Captain, attend-

attending his Orders, without offering a Blow: But so soon as my Voice could be heard; 'Ah! whatever you be, *cry'd I*, if we have merited your Anger, turn your Weapons upon us only, and spare great *Cesar's* Son; Sacrifice us to your Rage, if we have offended, but give our Prince his Life.

These Words, with our submissive Action, turned the *Roman* Swords (fatal to the innocent Son of *Rodon*) from our Throats; for the Captain approaching to him with his drawn Sword; 'For you, *said he*, we give you your Lives; but 'tis this same Son of *Cesar* we only seek to take.' At these Words, making his Way through us, he ran the Youth through the Body with his Sword, just as he was about to speak, and probably to tell him, he was not *Cesar's* Son. I cannot remember that poor young Man's untimely Fall without the Sense of some Remorse for my own Treachery: But my Lord, it was otherwise impossible to save our Prince; and since one must perish, it was but just that the Son of that Traitor should be sacrific'd to his Father's Treachery: Besides, I had indeed conceiv'd a Hope (if Hope could shape itself in so short a time) that the *Romans* would forbear the Cruelty of his Murder, and only content themselves to lead him to their Emperor; in the mean time, I cast myself upon his Body, and (the better to abuse our Enemies) I made my complaints swell to as high a Tide, as I should have let fall upon the Corpse of our own true Prince. The *Roman* Commander being a Man of Quality (as good Fortune would have it) was touch'd at my Piety, and protested to me, that he had executed *Cesar's* Command with regret: He oppos'd himself against many of his Men, that would have cut off the Youth's Head, to pre-

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sent it to the Emperor; and told them they might assure him of the Truth without exercising that Inhumanity upon the Son of *Julius Caesar*; nevertheless, at their Sollicitation, he demanded the Jewels which *Cleopatra* had given us; but I reply'd, they were in the Hands of one of our Companions, called *Rodon*, whom we had not seen all that Day, and that I believed that it was he that had betray'd us. At this the Soldiers fell to threaten, and began to search us, but they found little about us; and their Captain remembering his Name was *Rodon*, who in effect betray'd us; and knowing the Emperor had design'd him the Jewels, as a Price of his Treason, easily believed that he was gone away with them; and desiring he should rather possess them by that Title, than as the Gift of *Caesar*, commanded them to unhand us, restore us our Horses, and set us at Liberty to retire where we pleased. And thus his Men marching after him, they left us about the unfortunate Son of *Rodon*, upon whom I continued still my Laments.

When our Enemies were march'd out of sight, (after we had covered the Body of that innocent Youth with a little Earth, and indeed contributed some true Tears to his Destiny) we remounted our Horses, exalted with our happy Success beyond Expression, and followed the Track of our true Prince.

See, my Lord, what has pass'd about *Cesarion's* supposed Death; they were abus'd that believed he was ever in the Hands of *Octavius*, for I dare assure you he never saw him; and that if he did consult upon what was to be done with him, and resolv'd to put him to Death, as you related, by Advice of *Arrius* the Philosopher, it must either be while *Rodon's* Messenger was with him, or
before,

before, while the War was hot between him and *Anthony*; during which, 'tis true, he had oft solicited us to deliver the young Prince into his Hands, or put him to Death.

Two Hours after we had thus escaped our Enemies, we arriv'd at the Forest of *Agria*, and at the End of it found the Man that *Neander* had set Centinel near the High-way, to conduct me to the Place where the Prince was hid; without this Precaution, our Task would have been difficult to have found him, because the Forest was vast and full of Thickers. But Gods! what a Joy exalted me when I recovered the Sight of my dear Prince! what Words did I not utter! what Tears shed, when it was permitted me to embrace him, for whom some Hours before, I had been shook with such just Apprehensions? But then what a pleasing Satisfaction was given me! when (after I had receiv'd my Prince's Carelles overflowing with Affection) I learned of *Neander* the Inquietude he had suffered for my absence; and his Resolution (after he knew the Truth from *Neander's* Mouth, who could not refuse it to his pressing Importunity) to return back and run our Fortune, without permitting us alone to expose our Lives for his Safety: A Design so Noble (from which *Neander* only withheld him by Force) in so young a Soul, pleasingly confirmed me in those Hopes I had already conceived of the height of his Courage, and after I had express'd my Resentments of his Nobleness, and he rewarded us with Tears of Acknowledgment for what we had done for his Preservation; and, as Proofs of an excellent Disposition, paid some to the Memory of that innocent Son of *Rodon*, I caused him to mount on horseback, and so we got out of the Forest, and continued our Voyage.

My

My Lord, the particular Passages by the Way deserve nothing but Silence, and to give way to Things of more Importance, which I must inform you of. Within a few Days we left *Egypt* at our Backs, and having traversed Part of the Desarts of *Nubia*, which are contiguous to the two Realms, we enter'd *Ethiopia*, and took our Way toward the great City of *Meroe*, where that mighty King then made his Residence. Our young Prince suffered the Incommodities of the Voyage with an admirable Courage and Patience; he was ever the first that urged our departure from those Towns in our Way, where I had oblig'd him to stay and take some Repose. We call'd him not by his right Name, lest the News of his Safety coming to his Enemies Ears, should make them try to find Traytors in *Ethiopia*, as they had done in *Egypt*; and for that Cause we accustomed to call him *Cleomedon*, with design that none there should know him by any other Name, except the King, and such other Persons as must necessarily be trusted with the Truth. But why should I detain you longer? We arriv'd at *Meroe*, whether we had sent *Neander* some Days before, to advertise the King of our Prince's coming, and excuse the entrance of his Dominions without Permission, with the pressing Necessity of his Flight.

The King of *Ethiopia*, (one of the best and justest Princes upon Earth, who hated the *Roman* Tyranny, and ever honour'd *Cleopatra*) express'd much Joy at the confidence that great Queen repos'd in him, and dispos'd himself to treat the Prince her Son as his own; he would have given him a magnificent Reception, if *Neander* had not dissuaded it, instructed by the Fear that we had to divulge that, which former Considerations taught us fit to be concealed. The King, to sa-

your

your own Design, was content to receive him in his Cabinet, where he gave us a particular Audience, without admitting any to be present, but such as he knew would guard the Secret.

The Magnificence and Furniture of his Palace had doubtless astonish'd any Persons but such as had dwelt in the Court of *Cleopatra*, where there glister'd more sumptuous Pomp and Glory, than all the World beside could boast of; yet we there saw such an abundance of Riches, as custom to behold such Sights could not keep us from surprizal: For (as I believe you know) in *Ethiopia* Gold is so common, that it is employed by Persons of the lowest Rank, upon the most vile Offices: But to contract my Discourse upon this Subject, I shall only tell you, That as the Majesty of the King challeng'd our Veneration, so the Countenance of my Prince wrought an Effect upon his Spirit, that soon made him consider'd as the Son of *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*; for he accosted him with a Garb that justified his Birth, and saluted him with a stately Modesty, that had nothing in it but what was great and graceful, which rather stirr'd up Admiration and Respect than Pity: I had prepossessed him with some few Instructions, which he made use of with a most becoming Grace; and after he had render'd his due Salutes to the King, Great Prince, said he, my Parents, whom Fortune hath abandoned, have bequeath'd me to you, with a belief that you will not refuse me your Protection; and with them I demand it of you, as the sole Prince of the World, from whom I am willing to receive it.

He said no more than these few Words, which he utter'd in a Kingly fashion; and at the same time I presented the King with the Queen *Cleopatra's* Letter, who presently acknowledg'd the Seal to be hers, and in it found these Words:

The

*The Queen Cleopatra to the Great Hidaspes,
King of Ethiopia.*

THE knowledge I have of your Vertues bids
me hope that your Affections will not
change with our Fortune; and that having been
our Friend and Ally in prosperity, one Calamity
can neither make you forget our Amity or Al-
liance: Upon this confidence, I give you mine,
and the Son of mighty *Cesar*, whom the Arms
of his Enemies have chased from his Native
Country, and reduced to ask a Refuge, which,
but from you, I would not beg of any. If the
Gods consent to guard us from the Roman Yoke
and Oppression, I shall dearly preserve the me-
mory of this obligation: But, if (for expiation
of our faults) they have resolved our ruine, at
least I shall perish with this comfort, That I
trusted not the dearest thing I had in the World,
but to him, who of all Princes is most worthy
of the Confidence and Amity of *Cleopatra*.

King Hidaspes having read these Words, and
heard the Prince's, with a visage moistned with
some tears, that *Cleopatra's* Misfortunes drew from
his Eyes, he turned to him, and taking him in
his Arms: 'Son of *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*, said he,
'welcome, I see and receive you with an unfeign-
'ed joy; the Memory of your Father, and the
'Person of the Queen your Mother, in me shall
'ever challenge a sacred Reverence: Promise your-
'self, not only the same Offices from us, you
'might expect from your own, but be confident
'of our Protection so long as I have a Man that
'can hold a Sword.

And thus my Prince was received by the
Ethiopian King, who presently caused him to be
lodged

lodged in the Palace, gave command for the provisions of his House, and made his intention known to us, that he would have him Treated as his proper Son. His orders were so punctually executed, as in a few days we beheld ourselves in as high a condition in *Meroe*, as we had formerly appeared in *Alexandria*; the Prince had a great number of Officers, a large proud Equipage, and indeed wanted no respect that was fit for the Son of a mighty King in his Father's Court.

His proper Name and true Birth were only known to such as the King honour'd with most confidence: Among the rest he pass'd under the Name of *Cleomedon*, for a Prince only a-kin to *Cleopatra*, and something allied to King *Hidasper*.

Tyridates at that passage interrupted *Eteocles*:
 ' Though I have been ignorant of *Cesar*'s destiny, said he, I have heard of *Cleomedon*, and the distance that divided us, could not hinder renown from bringing his Name among us, and with it the report of his grand Actions that carried it. Under that name, replied *Eteocles*, my Prince did things considerable; and such as doubtless their reputation reach you; but I shall relate them in their order.

You know the *Ethiopians* are black, but the Kings having been oblig'd by reason of State, to make Alliance with their Neighbour Princes, and so espouse White Women, have partly lost that scorched Complexion of their Family. This King, who was born of a White Woman, was only a little swarthy, and the Queen his Wife, who died a year before we arriv'd in *Ethiopia*, being purely white, and a most beautiful Princess, brought forth a Daughter that not only Heir'd her Mother's complexion, but became Mistress of so fair a Beauty, as made her the wonder of her

her own, and the better part of the World beside. This was the fair Princess *Candace*, and the same bright Queen now in your House, which you delivered from the greedy Waves, where she had perished without your succour. To come to the relation of her Life, with my Princess, I have begun you a Narration, which though something remote from them, will not altogether appear unnecessary; and now I shall conduct your knowledge through all those accidents that compos'd the present Fortunes of those two Great Personages.

The Princess *Candace* exceeded not eleven years of age when we entred *Ethiopia*; and we had not resided there above a year, before my Prince render'd his Arms to her triumphant Beauty, and delivered up unto it a precious liberty which he could no longer hold against the rare perfections of that Princess. This passion that entirely seiz'd his Soul, came seasonably to banish a dangerous grief, and arrested him shortly after our arrival, with the news of *Cleopatra's* deplorable end, and the lamentable fall of that unfortunate Family.

This struck my Prince so deep, that all the comfort we could urge, had much ado to keep him from his Tomb; nor had we so soon appeas'd his sorrow, if *Candace's* Beauty had not struggled more successfully with it than our arguments: indeed it was half impossible for a Prince so born, and newly entred an age capable of the sweet impressions of love, to resist such uncommon puissance. And though at first *Casario* strove hard to preserve his liberty, yet all his luctation fainted at last, to the confession of his weakness, and buckled to the yoke of a Tyrant, that handled him more rudely because he resisted.

I did not disapprove the birth of this Passion; for (finding nothing in it fit to censure) I no sooner knew it from my Prince, but indulg'd him in it, instead of dissuading. He ever dearly loved and respected me, and not only considered me as his Governor, that had over-seen the growth of his greenest years, but as him that had saved his Life, with the dangerous hazard of his own, and to embrace his interests, had cashier'd all other thoughts that had Eyes for his own: This knit him to me with the tender ties of such a confidence, as indeed was only due to the Queen his Mother. He open'd his heart unto me, so soon as he felt the wounds that Love had given it; and having demanded my counsel and assistance, and found me wholly disposed to contribute all to his desires: 'Father, said he, at Love's first Alarm, I feel a delightful pain; but because tis cruel enough to rob me of my Rest, methinks it resembles that Fire, whereof I have oft heard the Queen my Mother and yourself discourse; and I fear it will usurp as much power in my Soul, as it did in the unfortunate Anthony. Gods! said he, a while after, what a bright wonder is this Princess's Candor! how impossible is it to see and not turn slave to her Beauty?' These Words were accompanied with divers sighs, which I had neither will nor power to condemn. In the mean time his flame grew daily higher, and in a short time, made him a most ardent Passionist.

I shall forbear to importune you with the large discourses he made at the first sentiments of his Love, and only insist upon some particulars that fell out in the blooming years of this young Couple; and though I am willing to step hastily over those, that I may bring them to an Age
more

more rational, yet I cannot silence those passages, which methinks deserved better than to be swallowed in oblivion.

The fair *Ethiopian* Princess was born to all those excellent Advantages, that the conspiring bounty of Heaven and Nature can bestow; but the Beauties of her Aspect, which I presume you have noted, are dim to those that shine within her Soul; they began with her earliest youth to break out with such beams, as were not to be seen but in herself: Her extraordinary vivacity was always accompanied with a marvellous solidity; a Judgment elevated above her Sex, and Courage great enough to challenge a rank among Persons the most generous: Of this she hath given such clear proofs, as will soon claim your Credit: But before I pass to their recital, 'tis fit I stay upon something that preceded.

The Divine Qualities of this Princess twisted such a respect with my Prince's Affection, that he long smother'd his sighs, before he durst declare his Passion; and though the sublimity of his Birth, and the merit of his Person might have arm'd him with a boldness capable to attempt any thing; and the tender age of the Princess, younger by four or five years than himself, might well have help'd to disperse part of his fears; yet he always beheld her with so much respect, as he wanted the assurance to serve himself with any of these Advantages; he daily saw her with more freedom than any of the other Princes that were educated in the *Ethiopian* Court; and the King, who dearly lov'd him, gave him a more free and familiar access to his Daughter than any of the rest. She gladly admitted him a Companion to her Sport: And though he had already a solidity that over-topp'd his years, yet his affection had found

found the way to sweeten the most serious and important employments; he passed all his Evenings with her, and in the day-time upon her Walks; but still kept himself about her with so profound a reverence, that he took no other advantage from the Princess's civility, to license the declaration of what he felt, but by his sighs, his passionate looks, and his actions full of extraordinary complacency.

The Princess (young as she was) was not yet so innocent, but she had already begun to discern a difference between Actions of Civility, and such as parted from another motive; and (as her knowledge surmounted her age) she observed part of that in my Prince, which his own mouth durst not bewray.

Cesario, by his excellent parts, was already become the darling of the *Ethiopian* Court. He was grown so accomplish'd in all those services and exercises, to which he had given marvellous beginnings in *Egypt*, that he was look'd upon as a Person of most refined qualities; nevertheless, I am bound to confess, that there was a Youth of his age at *Meroe*, which my Judgment tells me was no way inferiour, but in Birth; and indeed since some remarkable events will have him mingled with my Prince in his History, he doth merit a particular mention, and cannot without injustice be deprived of that which is due, even from his Enemies.

Among a great number of Servitors, of which the Princess's household was compos'd, there were divers young Men particularly dedicated to her service, that always kept near her Person, but at such times when Women only had access; these were always ready to receive her Commands, took care of her Diversions, and for that they

they were particularly employ'd; for the most part they were of Noble Extraction, chosen by the King from the best Families of the Realm, and from some Strangers that came thither to inhabit.

Among these the young *Britomarus* appear'd with wondrous Advantage, and though he was the Son of a Stranger, who for many years had made his residence in *Ethiopia*, and it was something difficult to prove his Nobility; yet the qualities of his Person prevail'd with the King to pass by that consideration: Indeed, I never beheld a person better shaped, neither for Body nor Mind; he had a most comely proportion; in his Face there was that rare mixture of sweetness and gravity; his Eyes full of a sparkling liveliness; but in his Air, Port, and Actions, he bore it out with a garb so fierce and haughty, that he seem'd to be sensible of nothing less than his own base and obscure Birth: And though his knowledge taught him submission to such as he believed had right to a legitimate Obedience, he could never bow to those who had no other pretence to command over him, but such as their Birth or Fortune gave them. He lived with his Companions, as if he had been their Master; and though there were some among them of the most considerable Houses of *Ethiopia*, yet he never regarded any but for their Vertue; only to the Princess he was most flexibly officious, and when any particular service was requisite, he never could suffer, but with much regret, that any of his fellows should be employ'd.

This Youth was near about the age of *Cesarion*; but he quickly cherish'd an aversion against him, a part of which I believe (considering the qualities that got him the esteem of others) his

Nature

Nature contributed; but there were stronger reasons to exasperate him against my Prince, that in the end transported him to things that merit the recital, and such as have obliged me to give something too curious a description of a person of his condition.

My Prince one day entered the Palace-Garden, to go look for the Princess, and in crossing an Alley, he met young *Britomarus*, who had gotten a Nosegay in his hand, with intent to present it to the Princess; *Cesar* perceiving it to be a fair one, desir'd to make this present himself, and for that reason staying *Britomarus*, 'I pray thee, said he, bestow that Nosegay upon me, that I may give it to the Princess.

'My Lord, answered *Britomarus*, it was for that design I made it, and do intend to present myself, if you please to permit it. For that, replied the Prince, you may get another, but must needs consent that I may give her this, and I assure you she shall know it came from you.

Britomarus could not well refuse my Prince's demand, well knowing how high his credit stood with the King; but he obeyed him with an action that plainly told him with what repugnance he did it. *Cesar*, instead of being offended at his behaviour, esteem'd his courage, and, to appease his displeasure, would have restor'd him his Nosegay, if he had not suddenly left him, and shortly after quitted the Garden: He would have call'd him back, sorry to do him such a petty injury, if I had not dissuaded it, telling him, that *Britomarus* was not a person considerable enough for him to value his displeasure; but this was not the only encounter wherewith my Prince gave him cause of complaint. As *Britomarus* was the forwardest undertaker among all his Companions,

so he still carried away the chief employment for the Princess's Service; wherewith, while he was often busied, *Cesar*o entering the Chamber, and envying the honour was done him, would oft take the Work out of his hands, and so constrain him to leave the place; but he always did it with such a reluctance, as made the print of itself upon his visage. This behaviour did not provoke young *Cesar* against him, though the Eye of his affection often looked upon the other's officious forwardness about *Candace*, not without some Jealousy: but besides that, he was of a most sweet disposition, and far from doing the least injury; the obscure condition of *Britomarus* hindred him from heeding any occasions that might kindle displeasure; for he was remote from any imagination that his resentments sprang from the true motive, that caused them; and suspected not the young Man of any other ambition than to raise his Fortunes.

In the mean time my Prince's fire burnt inward, without daring to give his passion vent, though his face and actions plainly told what he suffer'd. At last, after a long contestation, he gave fire to the Train; the first time he attempted it, was in the Temple of the Sun, where the Princess being at her Devotion, *Cesar*o approached to the place where she kneeled, and standing a long time behind her, let her go on in her Prayers, without interruption; but at last turning her head she spy'd him, and sweetly reproving the faintness of his zeal, invited him to bear her company in her Devotion. The Prince presently obey'd her, and prostrating himself behind her, 'I bend my knees, *said he*, as you command; but the Gods must pardon me, if I say it is you, as the chief Divinity, I must ever adore.

At these Words he let fall his Eyes, and the Princess signified by a blush, that she was not such a novice as not easily to apprehend the meaning: And being already confirm'd in the truth by *Cesar*'s gesture, she would fain have dissembled, as if she had not understood him: But her blushes betray'd her, and the confusion that seized her would not suffer a reply; her silence made the Prince a little more hardy, and desirous to put a progress to this beginning, he recover'd his discourse, and without removing his Eyes from the Earth, ' If you refuse my Adorations, *said he*, you do not imitate the Gods, whom you commanded me to pray to; in their Presence I protest, that the resentments I have for you cannot strike sail to the respect I owe to them: *Madam*, let me then be suffer'd to avow this in their Temple; I confess it is a presumption, and the thoughts that ripen'd it too soaring to hope for pardon from a less goodness than yours; but I have kept them cover'd with a whole year's silence, and should not now have adventur'd to let them go, had it been longer possible to hide them; if you find ought in it to be condemn'd, to you I will not dare to excuse it, nor alledge any other justification than the violence yourself has done me; against which, greater forces than mine are not capable of resistance.

Doubtless he had said more, if the Princess had not interrupted him. This language could not justly offend, coming from a Prince, that by the greatness of his Birth, and the qualities of his Person, might dispute priority with all the Princes on Earth: Besides, his tongue said nothing that she had not read before in his actions; nevertheless, this unmasking did a little surprize her; and
not

not willing to suffer him to go on, ' I am sorry
' *said she*, you should interrupt my Prayers with
' language I cannot like, and henceforth you shall
' do well to find other subjects for discourse. If
' I have displeas'd you, *reply'd the Prince*, I will
' not repine to endure the punishment you shall
' ordain, and if I have been so unfortunate to
' kindle your anger, by discovering thoughts full
' of veneration and respect, I shall think nothing
' too unjust or rigorous, to expiate the offence I
' have committed.

' 'Tis not for me, *answer'd Candace*, to ap-
' point punishments for Princes of your extracti-
' on; I have only right to complain of the dis-
' pleasure you have done me, in holding a dis-
' course which I neither understand nor approve.

She pronounced these Words with such a seri-
ous coldness, as the Prince durst venture no more
replies; and receiving the Anguish, which *Candace's*
displeasure had given him, at the Centre of
his Heart, he retir'd with a Countenance so sad
and troubled, as almost put his Face out of know-
ledge: and I think this grief had gone further,
if at the recital which he made of his Adventure,
my counsel had not stopp'd it, by representing, that
he had no cause to afflict himself; but that in all
likelihood he could not hope a more favourable
answer from the Princess, who before had never
heard any Language of that nature. *Cesarion* drew
comfort from my Words, and resolv'd this first
repulse should not disarm his courage.

In the mean time he liv'd with her after the
same manner he had done formerly, and inter-
mitted not the payment of his observances full
of respect and discretion; but she appeared to
him more reserv'd than usual, call'd him not so
freely to her Recreations, and her Walks; and

though she still continued to him her first Civilities; yet she kept him off from occasions to renew the discourse that had displeas'd her: But if his tongue was mute, his Eyes and Actions became Orators so eloquent, that though her tender years had contributed less understanding than she had, she would have needed no other interpretation of the respect that ty'd his Tongue, and might easily perceive that my Prince his passion, instead of abating, daily took a greater inflammation from her coldness: And in this condition he was with her, when there arriv'd a memorable accident that merits your attention.

At a solemn Feast that was celebrated at *Meroe*, upon the Princess's Birth-day without the City, there were made most magnificent Courses on Horse-back, at which the King, with the most eminent Nobility assisted; the young Courtiers were engag'd for this exercise, where they appear'd in all the bravery they could make; they ran arm'd at all points, and in the Course launc'd their Javelins against a mark; and made divers other active trials of their force and dexterity: *Cesario* was enter'd his seventeenth year; and being already strong enough to make a stout performance in all manly exercises, presented himself into the Lists, clad in gallant Armour which the King had given him; his Casque was shaded with white and black Feathers, he was mounted upon a Horse white as Snow, which he manag'd with an admirable grace and agility. This was the first time I saw him in Armour, and methought he became it so gracefully, as my Eyes could not be satisfied with a spectacle so agreeable. The King, Princess, with the whole Court, fastened their regards upon him with marvellous hopes; and possibly the whole Assembly yielded
but

but one Person, whose affection he had not attracted. Before the Courses began, all the young Gallants presented themselves before the Ladies they lov'd, and publickly demanded their Favours, and upon such an occasion they were hardly permitted to refuse them: There was scarce any that did not obtain of their Mistresses, either Knots, Scarfs, Bracelets, or other Presents of that nature; only *Britomarus* made no address, but stood almost alone at the foot of the Scaffold, where the King, the Princess, with the chief of the Ladies were seated, without expressing the least desire of what the other so eagerly entreated: he had purchased so high an estimation at Court, that divers persons became interess'd in his coldness; and the King himself having caus'd him to be call'd, demanded the reason why he sought not to gain some Favour, as well as his Companions, to shew his activity in honour of her whom he best affected.

The bold youth lifted up his head at the King's demand, and beholding him with a bravely assured look, 'Sir, *said he*, I have lived till now among all the Ladies of your Court, without parting with my Liberty; and though I have honoured them all as I thought, I have made no single present of my Heart to any, nor indeed am I willing to bestow it: I am entirely vow'd to the Princess's service, to whom your Majesty has done me the honour to give me, and though I ought to look upon her as a Subject and domestick Servitor, I hope she will pardon me if I take the Liberty to protest before her, that I will not ask a Favour from any but herself: I never had other aim but at her service, since I was made happy in my dedication to it; and, if I may not enter the Lists under her Cognizance, I am resolv'd to beg no other's.

While young *Britomarus* spake in this manner; the boldness of this Action became the wonder of all that stood near him: This raised a cry among them, which re-doubled his assurance, and, swelling with the flatteries of those Acclamations, he advanced to the Princess's Seat, and throwing himself at her Feet, 'If your Highness, said he, will vouchsafe to honour the meanest of your Servitors with some badge of your Beauty, I dare promise that there is not a person in this company able to dispute the Prize of this day, nor to carry away the Victory in any kind of Combat I shall undertake for your Service.

The words and behaviour of *Britomarus* were diversly receiv'd by the company; many of the assistants censured them as inconsiderate and over-bold; and some excused his Youth, and imputed it to that true height of Courage, that had shewn itself in all his other Actions. Of this number was the King himself, who, instead of checking the young Man's confidence, witnessed, that he approved it, and commanded the Princess to bestow something on him: *Candace* was ready to obey, when my Prince, who regarded *Britomarus* his Action, with thoughts very different from the rest, and felt himself stung with Jealousy at the young Man's hardy demand, could not suffer the honour was intended him; and conceiving the Princess's favour due to none but himself, was loath that a person so much below him, should carry away advantages, which he durst not petition for; and, in the heat of this thought, approaching the Princess, and bending his Knee before her; 'I was not bold enough, Madam, said he, to aspire to the grace *Britomarus* has demanded, deeming myself unworthy of it, as doubtless he is: But if you must stoop to bestow

it

it on one of us, I hope I may believe that my hopes have the fairer Title, and will not come behind him in defending that glory in all our Combats. The Prince had no sooner spoke, but his desire was granted; and the King not permitting the Princess to reply, Give the Prince *Cleomedon* in a Favour, said he; *Britomarus* must not dispute his pretences; and to satisfy him, command some of your Maids to give him a Present.

If these Words seem'd cruel to *Britomarus*, they were as pleasing to the Prince, who receiving a Bracelet of Jewels from *Candace's* hands, after he had kiss'd it with abundance of respect, mounted on Horse-back with a transport of contentment, and presently put himself in the head of those that were to begin the Courses.

Britomarus was call'd to receive a Gift offer'd him by *Artimis*, one of the Princess's Maids; but he would not vouchsafe to look upon her; but leaping on his Horse in a furious discontent, convey'd himself out of the company, without so much as entering the List.

The Courses began, of which I shall pass particular Descriptions, and be content to tell you, that my Prince behav'd himself with so much active strength and bravery, as he astonish'd the whole Assembly, eclips'd the repute of all the rest, and confirm'd the King and Court in the pregnant hopes they had entertain'd of him; after a great part of these Exercises were finished, my Prince, desirous to breathe a while, and withdrawing about one hundred paces from the Praise, to the fresh Air, he spied *Britomarus* leaning against a Tree, and looking upon the manly sport his Companions made, in the posture of a Man much afflicted. Though his carriage had displeased the Prince, yet the rejection

he had procur'd him, and the esteem of his good qualities, with the grief his looks confest at the affront was done him, exchang'd his Jealousy for Pity: In fine, his excellent nature could not give him leave to see his affliction, and himself the Author of it, without endeavouring to give him the redress of some comfort. With this resolution he softly gallops up to him, spies his Face covered with Tears, and him in a condition sad enough to require a just compassion. 'What *Britomarus*,
' *said he*, in Tears? Is it possible so great a Spirit (the marks of which we have acknowledged)
' can descend to weep for so trivial a cause of displeasure? Yes, my Lord, *answered Britomarus*,
' I do weep, and I should weep Tears of Blood,
' for the injustice of my Fortune, that exposes
' me to miseries my Courage cannot brook. And
' have you no greater subjects of sorrow *reply'd*
' *the Prince*, than those we know of? No, my
' Lord *said Britomarus*, yet those are strong enough
' to drag me to my Grave, since Heaven, in giving
' me Courage, has not given me a Birth that
' will permit me to make use of it. I am born,
' my Lord, with an Heart as big as yours, and
' possibly thoughts about it that look as high,
' only Fortune has put a difference betwixt us,
' which it may be Virtue intended not: From
' this blind chance you daily take commissions to
' wrong me, and my condition ordains me to
' suffer it; you have oft provoked me with shame
' and displeasure, which though respect hath taught
' me to pocket without complaint, my Spirit
' could not learn to support it without sinking
' under sadness. Had I taken these injuries from
' a person with whom I might have measured
' my Sword, (wherewith I one day expect to
' reap some glory) you should soon see this discontent

‘ content dispell’d that clouds my brow ; but
‘ since I am abus’d by a Prince, from whom I
‘ cannot hope that satisfaction, I will turn my
‘ Sword against my own Breast, and punish the
‘ ambition there, for lifting its head so high above
‘ my extraction.

While *Britomarus* spoke in this manner, the young Prince heard him with admiration, and thought he found something in his Words that tasted of an unweighed irregular ambition, yet he took notice of a Spirit so bravely daring, as he could not disapprove it : But withal, clearly discovering his intentions, and (not willing to smother his own) he answered him with a serious coldness : ‘ I did believe, *Britomarus*, that our
‘ distance in quality did forbid all competition
‘ betwixt us ; that you need not have afflicted your-
‘ self for some Advantages I have seiz’d, which
‘ to my thinking, you ought not to dispute ; and
‘ this perchance has made me pass by that cir-
‘ cumsppection which I would preserve with my
‘ Life, not to injure persons of Courage : I am
‘ sorry I have offended you, and really to wit-
‘ ness that I am so, I will not seek excuse in my
‘ condition, to refuse that satisfaction that may
‘ content you ; I will grant that to your Courage,
‘ which your Birth could not suffer you to hope,
‘ and possibly may make you know, that Fortune
‘ has not put all the difference betwixt us.

‘ Ah ! my Lord, cry’d the young *Britomarus*,
‘ ravish’d with joy, now you prove yourself a
‘ perfect Prince ! Poor *Britomarus* is a debtor to
‘ your Nobleness, for the honour you proffer : My
‘ Lord, I accept it with more gladness than I
‘ would do the gift of a Crown, and will no
‘ otherwise use the favour, than to let you see, that
‘ he that durst not demand it, was not wholly

‘unworthy of it: And since you have offered it
‘with so much generosity, I cannot slight an oc-
‘casion that proposes so glorious a remedy, for
‘the displeasures you have made me resent. Let
‘us go then, *reply'd the Prince, beginning to be*
‘*angry*, and if you desire this consolation, let us
‘fly the sight of such persons that may hinder it.
‘Our Arms are equal, for I would be loath to
‘use any advantage which you want.’ At these
Words, he spurred away from the company, and
Britomarus hastily following with a fierce joy,
they soon lost the sight of the Assembly. Yea,
they were loath to stay near it; and the Prince,
unwilling to be interrupted in the first essay of his
Manhood, ran on about fifty or sixty Furlongs
further, till they came into a Valley where none
could discover them.

There *Casario* stopp'd, finding the place com-
modious, and turning again towards *Britomarus*,
‘We will go no further, *said he*, let us give our
‘Horses a little breath, and then end our difference.

Britomarus his courage was so high flown, as it
would not permit him to make an answer; and
suffering his Horse to breath a-while, he beheld
the Prince with Eyes that spoke nought but defi-
ance. The age of both was equal, their stature
little different, and this the first time that either
had worn Arms: They had both Javelins in their
right hands, and Swords at their left; their Horses
were both good, both chosen for the solemn Exer-
cise of that day; scarce had they patience to give
them leisure to breathe, when after a loud defi-
ance, they lanced their Javelins at one another,
with a force so impetuous, as scarce was ever
more fury shown by any of the rudest hands that
ever were inur'd to the Trade of War, which
they then but began to practise: Their Javelins
were

were both shivered upon their Shields into a thousand pieces ; and the young Combatants passed by one another, without the least staggering in their seats ; but they soon return'd with their drawn Swords, as yet unused to this employment, and advancing them in the Air, with an action bravely menacing, turning their Horses heads, they flew the second time at one another, more eagerly than before: The first blows drew Blood, and the second made two deep wounds: *Britomarus* was run through the left Arm, and *Cesario* in the Thigh. Never did two young Lions see their own blood drop from the Hunter's Spear, with a rage more violent than that of my Prince, and the ambitious *Britomarus*. They equally breathed Vengeance and Victory, and rushed together with so lavish a fury, that if the Gods (like them) had forsook the care of their lives, their practice in Arms had there begun and ended together. They had each received another slight wound, when my Prince coming close up, laid hold on *Britomarus* his Arm, and he not refusing to close with a like intention, straightly engaged him in his ; and thus locking one another in friendless embrace, and putting spurs to their Horses, they fell both to the Earth, where they began to rowl o'er each other with a most dreadful fury ; sometimes one was uppermost, and then the other, yet neither could keep the mastery : But in this struggling they lost so much blood, that at last both rising by a joint consent, they were scarce able to hold their Swords ; however, in that staggering condition they fell to fresh blows, and doubtless would have ended their Combat, and possibly both their Lives ; for as yet there appear'd no advantage on either side, when we happily arriv'd to stop the mischief.

Their

Their sudden departure had given us some outrage: We were far from suspecting *Britomarus* his rashness: But, as faithful care would seldom suffer me to keep my Eye from my Prince, I had no sooner learn'd in what manner he departed, but without stay, mounting my Horse, I ran after him with all the company I could engage, and we came, as I told you, in a happy time to part these young Combatants, whom we found in an estate that spake our arrival very necessary.

So soon as *Cesario* saw me, he even sobb'd with grief to see himself interrupted, and suspecting (not without likelihood) that we would do *Britomarus* some outrage, he put himself before him in a posture of defence, and crying out to me as I first came in; 'Faher, said he, as you tender my Life, do not hurt *Britomarus*; it was I that first assail'd him, I compell'd him to defend himself, and I will rather suffer death, than him to be injur'd. I will defend myself as well as I can, said the fierce young Man, for it is not fit I should hold it of you, having done my utmost to take away yours.' These generous and gallant Words on both sides gave us new wonder; in the mean time having taken care, according to my Prince his desire, that *Britomarus* should not suffer, we hastily lighted from our Horses, and ran to the two Combatants, just as they were ready to fall to the ground with weakness: I snatch'd my Prince in my Arms, and wetted his Face with my Tears; but whilst I was helping him on Horse-back, and getting up myself behind him, he desired the same office might be done to *Britomarus*: And not only content to take that care of him, he made *Neander* get up in my place, and sent me before to the King to beg the young Man's Pardon, and to protest,

rest, that he would never come in his Presence till he had granted it. I obey'd his command, but found it not so easy a task to reverse the King's resolution, who had absolutely designed *Britomarus* for punishment; but at last he granted mercy, upon condition, that so soon as his wounds were healed, he should leave the Court, and never more return, upon forfeit of his Life.

In the mean time, my Prince was conducted to his Lodgings, presently put to Bed, and searched by Surgeons; his wounds were found not dangerous, only the loss of Blood had done him the greatest Mischief: And after the Application of some necessary Remedies, they enjoined him a silent Repose, without any Disturbance, till the next Day.

In the mean time, the Fruit of his generous Gallantry spread itself in a Moment; and the Relation of *Britomarus* himself to his Friends, of the Bravery and Nobleness of his Behaviour, fill'd the whole Court with Admiration. Oh how gladly I drank up his Praises from every Mouth! how sweetly was my Fear and Displeasure vanquished that his Wounds had given me! the Gentleness and Grandeur of that first Action made me gladly conclude him worthy to be what he was; and though I blamed the Prince for that Passage, to prevent future Hazards by the like, yet I did it in such Terms, as gave him a clear Discovery that I could not disapprove it.

So soon as the Surgeons would permit him to be seen, the King came to visit him; and after he had express'd the Interest he took in his Recovery, with Words full of Affection, he fell a commending that Action, as indeed it merited; and yet in some sort gently blam'd him, by the Consequence of an Intreary, no more, with so careless

a Valour, to hazard the Son of *Cæsar* and *Cleopatra*, against a Man of *Britomarus's* Condition.

The King was scarce parted from him, when, by his own Orders, the Princess his Daughter came to visit him; but at that Sight his Joy was so excessive, as his Wounds had like to have broke loose; and by the change of his Countenance, had they but mark'd it, they might easily know what his Heart meant by it. The fair Princess, having taken a Seat by his Bed's Side, accepted his Thanks for her Visit with a majestick Modesty, her Answer expressing, in very obliging Terms, the Grief she took of his Hurts. This conducted *Cæsario's* Passion into the Scene; for, perceiving the Princess's Attendants keep themselves at a distance, through Respect, 'Madam, *said he*, it was but just that I should buy your Favours with the Blood they have cost me; but had I added all that is left in my Veins, to what is already gone, it would not have paid for the meanest Part of them.' 'I am sorry, *said Candace*, the King should command me to give you so dangerous a Present, which at best has cost you some Blood, too precious to spill for so mean a Toy.' 'You undervalue that, *said Cæsar's Son*, that the most ambitious Princes would prefer to Empires: But might I dispute this Subject against any other but yourself, the World has not a Person from whom I would not force a Confession, that all Things else, tho' of the highest Value, become worthless and contemptible, when compar'd with the Princess *Candace's* Favours; and indeed it should teach me a higher Pride, if your own free Choice, without the King's Command, had bestow'd it, and it had not only been the Child of Obedience. Madam, I know this Desire has too much

‘ much Ambition, but I am grown too weak to
‘ repulse it; and if it has kindled your Displeasure,
‘ Madam, behold me in an Estate to quench it
‘ with the rest of my Blood that is left, and so
‘ make my Life the Expiation.

‘ I demand no such Reparation, *said the Prin-*
‘ *cess*, as you offer for the Offence; your Life is
‘ not priz’d so low, but we can rather chuse to
‘ suffer something from you, than put that in
‘ hazard; but I should take it well at your Hands,
‘ would you turn the Tide of your Discourse up-
‘ on another Subject, and not oblige me to hear
‘ that which must make my Visits less frequent.

These Words came so seriously from her, that
the Prince began to fear indeed he had displeased;
and from that Thought, ‘ If either my Discourse
‘ or Action, *said he*, have made me so wretched
‘ to urge your Displeasure, I do here vow to pu-
‘ nish myself with a Rigour that shall satisfy
‘ your Anger; the Gods raised *Britomarus* to
‘ call to an account my unjust Ambition, for
‘ teaching my Eyes such aspiring Looks: But if
‘ his Arm was not strong enough to do it alone,
‘ I will enforce the Justice of his Quarrel by the
‘ Assistance of my own: And since it is a Rash-
‘ ness worthy of your Anger, to speak of a Pas-
‘ sion you cannot brook, I am resolv’d to doom
‘ my Tongue to an eternal Silence.

The Prince put such a passionate Action to these
Words, as it soften’d *Candace* to some Pity; and
not willing, with a harsh Reply, to exasperate his
Afflictions, ‘ I have already told you, *said she*,
‘ that I desire no such cruel Reparations of you,
‘ and do tell you again, that it behoves you to
‘ mind your Recovery, in a Place where none can
‘ wish you ill.

She

She had gone further, if the Arrival of divers Persons, who then entered the Chamber, had not interrupted the Discourse ; among whom was *Tyribasus*, the King's Favourite, or rather the second King of *Ethiopia*, whom, though I have not yet mention'd, must make up a principal Part in the Progress of this History.

This Man was of illustrious Extraction among the *Ethiopians*, of a great Courage, and a greater Ambition ; comely of Person, dexterous in every thing he undertook, and indeed worthy to sit where Fortune had placed him ; his Credit with the King was not greater than with the Soldiery, in whose Hearts he had got the Power (by commanding them in several warlike Expeditions) of an absolute Disposal. In fine, he was the chief Man of *Ethiopia* ; and though others were born nearer to the Crown, their Authority not only fell short of his, but was entirely strangled by it ; and, as then there being no Dissention between my Prince and he, knowing that the King desir'd it, he appear'd his Friend, and at that time gave him a very civil Visit ; where, after he had staid with him till the Princess withdrew, he attended her back to her Lodgings : After this, my Prince often saw her, while his Wounds confined him to his Bed, without gaining the least Intelligence by her Discourse how to fasten any Judgment upon his Fortune, or know what was hid within her Breast.

And now he had left his Bed, and was resolv'd the next Day to quit the Chamber ; when one came to tell him, that *Britomarus* (whose Recovery had been as forward as his) was at the Door, and desir'd Permission to see him. We much dissuaded this Interview, suspecting that *Britomarus* (whose desperate Rage had so lately made the
Danger

Danger of it known) had carried some Design against the Prince's Life ; but he knew his Heart better than we, and not having Power to distrust him, commanded us to conduct him in.

Britomarus enter'd the Chamber with a Visage something pale, and his Arm in a Scarf ; but with a Countenance so noble, and so bravely assur'd, that, in spite of Prejudice, it even wrested both Esteem and Affection from us : *Cesar* rose up to meet him, whom *Britomarus* having respectfully accosted, tho' with a very sad Look, ' My Lord, *said he*, I could not carry away myself from this Court, without leaving my Thanks behind me for the Favours you have made me receive ; you have permitted me (a poor Soldier as I am) to draw my Sword against a Prince, defended me from the Fury of your Servants, and employ'd your Credit with the King to save my Life. These Obligations, great as they are, cannot make me your Friend ; the Dishonour you have done me, and the Displeasure I resent to abandon a Place for your sake, where I had so strong a Tye, have forced my Disposition to oppose and resist it. Nor is it only to discharge my Heart of these Words, that has brought me to take my Leave of you ; but to assure you, though I must be your Enemy, I shall diligently seek Occasion to be quit with your Generosity. I am now going in quest of Glory, and possibly may find a Fortune in some other Country, that will be less ungrateful than this. I hope the Sword, which I had the honour to draw against you, will reap me Advantages that may permit me to see you again upon the same Occasion. My Heart tells me my Birth is not inferior to your's, and if it deceives me, I will punish the Falshood, by making it dig for that

in

‘ in a Mine of Danger, which my Extraction
 ‘ hath refused me: I have appear’d worthy to be
 ‘ scorn’d by the King of *Ethiopia*, the Princess
 ‘ his Daughter, and yourself; but I must presume
 ‘ to tell you, that none of you yet have known
 ‘ me, and I dare hope, one day, to appear in a
 ‘ Condition that may challenge a better Notice.’

When he had ended these Words, and given a
 respective Reverence to the Prince, without stay-
 ing for an Answer, he departed the Chamber,
 though the Prince call’d him back, and follow’d
 to speak with him; and, immediately mounting
 his Horse, he quitted *Meroe*, with the *Ethiopian*
 Court, and was never seen there since.

Tyridates stay’d *Eteocles* at this Passage: ‘ I
 ‘ am deeply deceived, said he, if I be not able to
 ‘ learn you News of this *Britomarus* you speak
 ‘ of; and they are such, and so great, as I won-
 ‘ der they should miss the way to your Ear: But
 ‘ this merits a particular Discourse, and I will
 ‘ not interrupt your’s.’ *Eteocles* was going on
 with his Story, when one told him the Queen
 was awake, and had call’d for him, which made
 him take leave of *Tyridates* for some Moments.
 In the mean time, the Prince called for his Clothes,
 and quitted his Bed, where *Eteocles*’s Story had
 detained him longer than ordinary.



Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART IV. BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Sight of Alexandria renews Candace's Complaints for her Cæsar's loss. Tyridates invites her to take the fresh Air, with the promise of a pleasant Walk ; where, preparing to go on with her Story, she is interrupted by the Arrival of a strange Knight, who is known by Tyridates to be Coriolanus, Prince of Mauritania. He ignorantly rescues Zenodorus from Britomarus, as he was ready to kill him : While the Knights fight, the Pyrate escapes. Tyridates interposes his Persuasions in vain. The Arrival of Cæsario disorders the Combat, and for a while makes it tripartite. His Cask is struck off by Britomarus, and Candace knows him. They are parted. Zenodorus returns with

with twenty Horsemen, who assail the Knights while he carries away Candace. Britomarus saves Cæsario's Life, who spurs away in pursuit of Zenododrus. The Pyrate's Men are all slain but three, by the prodigious Valour of the Combatants. Candace is miss'd by Tyridates, who engages the rest to join with him in pursuit of the Ravisher. Their Search proves vain, and they all return to Tyridates's House.



IF the fair Queen walk'd late that Day, it was not so much to be imputed to the Weariness of the former, as to her cruel Cates, that refused to be charmed by Sleep till Day was ready to break; the Consideration and Complaint of her Disasters had almost swallow'd the whole Night; and that Courage that had shewn itself great in all the Accidents of her Life, could not sometimes deny Homage to a Grief too just to be condemned. The Troubles of a Kingdom (either lost or very staggering) could not feed her Grievs so high, but the continual Fears for the loss of that which her Soul indulg'd, batter'd it with more Violence.

These just and cruel Apprehensions, not only drew Sighs from her Breast, but Laments from her Mouth, with a Brook of Tears from her fair Eyes, which they let fall in such abundance, as her Pillow was wholly steep'd in the Stream.

“ Good Gods! *said she*, What are the Offences have provoked your impetuous Rage against me? And what could a poor Maid commit worthy of so many Marks of your protracted Anger? Was it so great a Crime for *Candace* to love the Son of *Cæsar*, that the Loss of one of the fairest Crowns in the World, such unpa-
rall’d

' rallel'd Persecutions of my Sex and Condition,
 ' with so many dangerous Hazards that I have
 ' run both of my Life and Honour, could not
 ' expiate it; but I must still be tortur'd with the
 ' remembrance of Perils, to which you have ex-
 ' posed that which is more dear to me than my-
 ' self? Alas! *continued she*, 'tis too probable my
 ' dear *Cesar* lives not; for, if Heaven did not
 ' send him particular Assistance, he could not but
 ' be crush'd with so many Dangers (join'd with
 ' his Sorrow for my Loss) that my malicious
 ' Fortune has thrown upon him: Ah! if it be
 ' so, just Heaven do not suffer the wretched *Can-*
 ' *dace* to survive him one Moment; snatch her
 ' no more out of the Jaws of *Neptune*, nor the
 ' Hands of her Enemies, by a Rescue a thousand
 ' Times more cruel than that Death from which
 ' you have guarded her.

The fair Queen had enlarged her Complaints,
 if the Maid that lay with her, who had much In-
 fluence upon her, had not turn'd their Current by
 the sweetest Comforts she was able to apply. *Can-*
dace would hear her, both because she dearly lo-
 ved her, and besides, delighted to have her Mis-
 fortunes flatter'd, and to stay herself upon the
 Hopes she gave her of the Recovery of her Empire,
 and the Safety of *Cesar*. And thus they wasted
 the greatest Part of the Night, till, a little before
 the birth of Day, Sleep came to becalm her Cares,
 and drew the Curtains of her bright Eyes, which
 she kept shut about four or five Hours: At the
 End of which being awaked, and feeling no In-
 disposition that could perswade her to lie still, she
 caus'd *Clitie* to rise (that was the Name of her
 Maid) and give her her Cloaths; a Part of which
 when she had put on, she quitted her Bed, and
 in that Estate took some turns in the Chamber;

at

at last she opened a Window, whence the Eye might freely spread its View over the adjoining Sca, and the stately City of *Alexandria*.

The Sight of that City (heretofore the Abode and legitimate Inheritance of her dear *Cesar*) awakened her Complaints, and after the Prologue of two or three Sighs, tying her Eyes to those proud Walls that *Alexander* built,

Desolate *Alexandria*, said she, since thou hast lost thy fairest Ornaments; since thy *Antonies*, *Cleopatra's* and *Ptolomies*, dwell no longer with thee, but in thy Dust: Pompous and Triumphant as thou wert; thou dost now languish under tyrannick Yoke. Oh! that I could at least repair Part of thy Losses, in restoring that to thee which thou gavest to me: Within thy Bosom my young *Cesar* first saw the Light; to thee I owe the Education of his tenderest Years; and of thee I received him, with all those lovely Graces that he brought among us: And now I am come without him to thy forsaken Walls, to expose myself to the Reproaches thou may'st throw upon me, for having unjustly detained him from thee. But pardon me, my beloved's native Soil, if I cannot restore what myself hath lost: He is pull'd from me by the Cruelty of my Destiny; and I bring thee as much of him as is possible, by offering thee a Heart, where he hath as lively and perfect being as in that Place he now inhabits. Ah! my Eyes, said she, (wiping away some Tears that had newly forced their Passage) must every Object give a fresh warning to your Tears? Can you present nothing to my Imagination, but what renews my Disquiets? Since you first became Fountains, you have been so lavish of your Streams, as your Spring might well

well be exhaust ; but you still over-flow as much
as when my Miseries first alarm'd you : Ah !
could my dear *Cesar* yet come and dry you up,
I should delightfully remember with what Fide-
lity you have kept me company in my Disgraces,
and then how zealously should I bless the
most dangerous and sad Occasions I have had,
to witness of the Height of Affection ? But alas !
how uncertain are those Hopes ! How cruel the
Arms of our barbarous Enemies ! And then how
dangerous are your inconstant Billows that rowl
before mine Eyes !

She had enlarged her Complaints, and suffered these
sad Considerations to waste a great Part of the
Day, had not *Clitie* interrupted her, telling her
it was time to dress her, receive the Prince *Tyri-
dates*, who could not fail to wait upon her so
soon as she could be in a Condition to permit his
Visit. *Candace* came to herself at *Clitie*'s Sollici-
tation, as one newly waked from a deep Sleep :
and regarding her with a languishing Eye : ' I had
abandoned myself, *said she*, to some melan-
choly Thoughts, which the View of *Alexan-
dria* had rotz'd within my Soul ; and I assure
myself, thou canst not (without some tenderness)
cast thy Eye upon these Places where my belo-
ved *Cesar* took his Birth. See, *said she*,
(opening the Window again) look upon this
same City, where the lamented *Cleopatra* deli-
vered him to the World, where she nourished
and brought him up to bestow upon me : And
ah ! how gladly did I receive the rich Present
of a Person so Illustrious ? How tenderly and
dearly would I have preserved him, whose ab-
sence (and it may be utter Loss) I now regret
with such violent Resentments,

The

The Queen would never have given over, still finding fresh Subjects to entertain her Sorrows, if *Eteocles*, advertiz'd by *Clitie*, had not enter'd the Chamber; yet she would needs draw him to the Window, to shew her (as well as the Distance would permit him) all that might be discovered of the Palace where the Prince was born and nourished: With such other Places as he and the rest of his Royal Play-fellows (often mention'd to her by *Eteocles*, in the Story of his Master's Youth) had chiefly frequented in his greenest Years. After the Queen had allowed some Time to this pleasing Employment, she made an end of dressing her, which when *Tyridates* understood, he came to bid her good Morrow, and was met and received by her with an Air full of Sweetness and Majesty.

'*Tyridates*, who was now grown acquainted with her Name and Condition, accosted her with all the Respect due to her Person and Dignity. You see, said the Queen, a Person very slothful, yet not altogether inexcusable, for having wearied out so many cruel Nights and Days without Repose: I assure myself you will not take it ill, that I have now tasted it from your Bounty.' 'Madam, would it please the Gods,' said *Tyridates*, that I had Power to perform more than what this miserable Retreat can contribute, and you should soon know, that the most difficult and dangerous Occasions to serve you, would always be delightful to such as Fortune shall honour with the Employment.

'Indeed I ought not to expect less Generosity,' replied the Queen, from a Prince of the *Arsacides*; for, 'tis so natural, that you cannot want it, without belying your Blood.' 'Tis true,' said *Tyridates*, the House of *Arsaces* had a fair
Stock

‘ Stock of virtuous Reputation, before the inhu-
‘ man *Phraates* dishonoured it with his Cruel-
‘ ties; but it is now the infamous Shame of all
‘ Royal Families; nor do I believe that any can
‘ pass a more gentle Thought upon it, without
‘ sharing in the Guilt that is fastened to it.’ ‘ The
‘ Crime of *Phraates*, said the Queen, cannot
‘ reach to you, the Spots of his Cruelty are solely
‘ limited in himself, and cannot so much as dim
‘ the Lustre of your Virtue.

That fair Queen had gone on, if the Modesty
of *Tyridates* would have suffered it; but inter-
rupting her Discourse, to change the Subject, he
demanded how she had passed that Night. ‘ Could
‘ my Mind, said *Candace*, have shared in the
‘ Repose you have given my Body, I should say,
‘ by your means I have rested well. But as the
‘ Troubles of my Soul have received no Comfort,
‘ but from your Assistance, I think I may say,
‘ I have number’d the tedious Hours of the Night
‘ with more unquiet than yourself.’ ‘ The Gods
‘ preserve you, said *Tyridates*, from such rack-
‘ ing Pains as drag my Days through eternal
‘ Death; for could your Apprehension but reach
‘ them, you would doubtless give them another
‘ Character.’ ‘ I see well, said the Queen, that
‘ *Eteocles* has not yet told you my Story, or has
‘ but related a few of the first Events.’ ‘ ’Tis
‘ true, said *Tyridates*, that I am yet but acquaint-
‘ ed with the beginnings of it; for *Eteocles* has
‘ gone no farther than the generous Combat that
‘ the Prince *Cesar* had with young *Britoma-*
‘ *rus*.’ Then you have yet heard nothing of my
‘ Life, said the Queen; but when you shall once
‘ know it, you will confess that I have Miseries
‘ enough to match yours, and some to spare, such
‘ as your Patience never traversed. I am banish-

ed as well as you from my native Country,
possibly despoiled of a most flourishing Empire,
separated, like you, from the Person I love,
whom I left exposed to Dangers far greater than
such as threaten *Mariamne's* Life, such as Heaven
itself cannot rescue him from, without a
Wonder.

These Calamities, *replied the afflicted Tyri-*
dates, are very considerable, especially in the
Person of so great a Queen as yourself. But
your Majesty may permit me to tell you, that
I have some too cruel to be pattern'd among the
worst of yours. You are bereaved of that happy
Person whom you have judged worthy of
your Affection; but the Subjects of our Losses
are very remote in Nature; I assure myself, that
the Prince you love, does support the separation
at least, with as much Impatience as you; and
the Loss of you makes him outlive you for his
absence: Besides, your displeasures have not
struck you in the most sensible Part, since the
Blows you receiv'd came only from the rude
Hand of Fortune, and not the Will of him you
love: But Gods! how different is my Destiny?
the only Will of *Mariamne* creates all my Mi-
series; it was that banished me her Presence;
and (which wounds me deepest) while I die for
her, she does not so much as dream of me.
Would Heaven that every raving Wave were my
professed Enemy! that all the Arms of the Em-
pire bent their Points at my Happiness! Nay,
that every thing in Nature defiled me, on Con-
dition *Mariamne* were for me, I would encoun-
ter all their Traverses with Contempt, and either
not feel them, or at least with an invincible Pa-
tience sustain them: For as my Joys and Griefs
are entirely dependent on her, so 'tis she alone
can

‘ can make me Happy or Miserable: And from
‘ those that spring from any other Source, in me
‘ they will find but little Sensibility.’ ‘ I see your
‘ Affection, *said the Queen*, is truly worthy of
‘ yourself, and the Object it aims at: But if I
‘ mistake not, your Evils are not so great as you
‘ have figured them, if they only depend on *Mari-*
‘ *amne’s* Will; my Thoughts tell me she yet
‘ loves you, and had not the Care of her Reputa-
‘ tion, with the severe Rules of her Duty, lain
‘ too heavy in the other Balance, she would never
‘ have banished you her Presence, but rather be-
‘ stowed some Proofs of her Acknowledgment up-
‘ on you, which sure she could not bridle with-
‘ out much constraint: That last Condescension
‘ she granted in your Favour, when she suffered
‘ you to see her in the midst of so many Dangers
‘ that menaced her, could not come from such a
‘ Person as *Mariamne* (who was never accused of
‘ Levity or Imprudence) without the consent of
‘ Affection, which was all the Excuse she had
‘ for it: Nor do I believe her wholly exempt
‘ from that which your being divided makes you
‘ suffer for her sake; and am confident she passes
‘ not a Day wherein she calls you not into her
‘ Memory.’ ‘ Ah! Madam, *cry’d the amorous*
‘ *Tyridates*, how agreeably you flatter me, and
‘ how necessary is the Authority of such a Person
‘ as yourself, to persuade that which Appearance
‘ could never manifest; I am unworthy of the
‘ affection and remembrance of *Mariamne*, and
‘ the Gods can witness, I never cherished a Thought
‘ so arrogant to believe I deserved them. Yet I
‘ cannot listen to your Discourse without some
‘ Comfort, representing to myself, that a Person
‘ so Divine as you, cannot (like our common
‘ Spirits) be capable of Error.

This Discourse had been enlarged, had it not been interrupted by those that brought up the Queen's Dinner; *Tyridates* din'd with her, and so did *Eteocles* and *Clitie*, because they would have it so; not being then either in Place or Condition to observe the regular Method of all Ceremonies.

After Dinner, *Tyridates* told the Queen, that though the Place was desert and savage, it afforded some unfrequented Walks not unpleasant, which gave her a desire to take the Air; when, after her Eyes had spent some time in turning over several Objects at the Window, she went out of the House, propp'd by the Arm of *Tyridates*, and only follow'd by *Eteocles* and *Clitie*: They walk'd a while upon the Downs, where their Eyes had liberty to converse with the successive Waves, and those wondrous Flows and Ebbs that had so puzzled the Science of all Philosophers. But the Queen beginning to be wearied by the Sand, *Tyridates* led her down a very pleasant Valley, semi-circled on the one Side with divers Points of a Rock, cover'd with Moss, and on the other Side with a little Wood; which joining crescent-wise with the Extremes of the Rock, left a green Meadow in the Middle, beautify'd with divers Chrystal Fountains.

This Place agreed with the Queen's Inclination to Solitude; and suiting her Intention to be private, she accepted that Invitation to discourse the rest of her Adventures to *Tyridates*; and spying a Space between two Rocks, cover'd with Moss, and framed by Nature into a Seat, so secretly contriv'd, as it conceal'd them from the sight of any in the Meadow, though they might easily discern what pass'd in any part of it, she settled there, inviting *Tyridates* to sit by her, while *Clitie* and *Eteo-*

Eteocles made choice of a Place to lie down in, some five or six Paces from their Mistress.

After the fair Queen had been a while silent, she look'd upon *Tyridates* with a little Blush, that with a glad Ambition was newly climb'd into her Cheeks; 'If I give you the Relation of my Life,' *said she*, 'I must be oblig'd to uncover some Follies, which the precise Rules of Modesty would keep conceal'd; but as it is not just, that I should either serve myself of your Assistance, or demand your Counsel in Affairs whereof you are ignorant, I shall freely give you the naked Account of my Life, with that Adventure that conducted me into this Country; and, in fine, crave your Advice about the fittest Order to be observed for the Composure of my Affairs, and Security of my Person.' 'I shall always be more able to serve you in Person than Counsel,' *reply'd Tyridates*, being very incapable of directing a Person of so much Prudence as yourself; however, I shall employ (since you ordain it so) all the Judgment is left me, without expecting the Trouble of this Relation from your Majesty, which I may as well learn from the Mouth of *Eteocles*, and so escape a Solecism in Civility.

Candace was about to reply, and had disposed herself to take up the Story where *Eteocles* let it fall; when they were interrupted by a Noise of Horses, which trod very near, and gave warning to their Eyes to look about them; which they had no sooner done, but they espy'd two Men on Horse-back coming out of the Wood into the Meadow; the chief of the two that appeared the Master, quickly drew the Regard both of the Queen and *Tyridates*, as well upon the Beauty of his Arms, as his graceful Deportment on his

Horse: The Ground of his Armour was black, but very richly gilt, set round with Rubies of great Value, and in all the other Places most remarkable; the Plates of Steel that were below his Tassels, reached to his Knee; and those upon his Arms, to his Elbow, which were of the same Materials and Workmanship. His Horse was black, with some white Spots upon him; but then all white with his own Froth, which his Pride and Courage had newly dress'd him in. His 'Squire carried the Shield, of the same Materials with the rest of his Arms, on which he bore a Crocodile, with a Motto under it of the *Roman* Tongue.

In this Equipage, leaping a little Hay, he enter'd the Meadow, with intent to let his Horses feed there, while himself took some Repose; and alighting from his Horse, his Approach gave *Tyridates* and the Queen a more perfect Description of the Beauty of his Shape, which appeared with an admirable Proportion; all his Gestures, and every Action so becoming, as it fasten'd their Eyes upon him with a more serious Regard; but their Satisfaction was much improv'd, when (the better to refresh himself) he took off his Casque and gave it to his 'Squire, lending them a sight of his unarmed Head and discovered Face, which made them confess they had never seen one better shaped among all the Persons of his Sex; all the Lines of it so evenly regular, as it was too hard for the skilfullest Desire to mend any thing about it; his Complexion was something brown, his Eyes black, but full of such a sparkling Vivacity, as it required a steady Eye to behold them, without shrinking at the Lustre; his Hair of the same Colour, being very long, and curling naturally, fell in large Annulets upon his Shoulders: In fine, his whole Composure carry'd so compleat a Symmetry,

metry, as it would have posed Envy's self to have found fault.

This Stranger, (such, and much better than my Words have copied him) after he had set his Horse at liberty, sought a Place to lie down on, and discharge some Weariness he had lately contracted in a long Voyage; and, to favour their Curiosity, Fortune led him to the choice of a Place very near the Corner of their Rock, which, though it hid him from their Eyes, yet it could not hinder their over-hearing the Discourse betwixt him and his 'Squire; who, after he had taken care of the Horses, laying his Shield, Casque, and two Javelins in readiness, came and laid down at his Feet, and desir'd him, if it were possible, to release his Griefs to an Hour of Rest: 'For, 'Sir, *said he*, I think no Force, no Health but 'your's, could have stood the rude Shock of such 'violent Pains as you have suffer'd; nor can you 'long resist it, if you persevere in this cruel manner of tormenting yourself.

The Master, fetching two or three deep Sighs (as a Prologue to his Answer) 'Cease, dear *Emilius*, *said he*, to trouble thyself for a Life which 'is not worth the Pains thou takest about it, and 'which I cannot regard but as my deadliest Enemy. I lov'd it once, when it was near to *Cleopatra*; but now she has refus'd an Interest in 'it, I abandon it to Despair as well as she.' 'But, 'my Lord, *reply'd the faithful 'Squire*, to what 'then serves that undaunted Courage, which (surmounting the Growth of your unripe Years) 'hath carried you to such a Height of Reputation? To what your Study in Philosophy, 'which you bestowed some of your budding Age 'upon, with such a rare Success?' 'My Courage and Philosophy, *said he*, indeed have help-

ed me to support that with some Moderation, which, possibly, without their Succour, would have forced the Effects of Fury and Transport, as well as those of Folly; that, in all likelihood, Report was carried to the Limits of the Roman Empire: But they cannot cure a Disease of this nature, without stripping my Soul of that sensitive Faculty, of which herself is in part composed: The Advantages I have gain'd above others that wanted my Education, to dissuade me from repining against the Gods, from despairing of their Goodness, and holds my Hands from falling foul upon Subjects of Innocence, upon which the Tempests of my Grief (without their Assistance) might possibly throw me; but they cannot hinder me from sighing, lamenting, and proving myself a Man, by afflicting myself with Causes of Affliction, as I was formerly abused into an Opinion of Happiness by an imposture of Prosperity; and, wouldst thou call to mind, in what manner I resisted Affronts considerable enough, when they sprang from other Causes than the Will of my ungrateful Princess, thou wilt remember, that neither Courage nor Moderation fail'd me. What I suffer'd by the cunning Malice of *Tiberius*, the tyrannick Authority of *Augustus*, with many other cross Blows that thou knowest of, I felt myself able to sustain, and possibly I should not have shrunk under any Weight, that had only power to bow an ordinary Spirit; but after Explication of the ingrateful and pitiless Intentions of *Cleopatra*, 'tis not enough to complain; 'tis fit to die, *Emilius*; nor can either Courage or Philosophy urge a just Diversion from such a purpose.

He utter'd these Words with a Tone so passionately heighten'd, as it drew Pity from his concealed

cealed Auditors; and Prince *Tyridates* was about to tell the Queen a Conjecture of his, when they over-heard him go on in his Complaint: 'For-
' get, inhuman Princess! *said he*; were so many
' Services, so many Proofs of Affection no more
' than to be insensibly driven from your Memo-
' ry? Have I deserved to be thus used for an in-
' violable Fidelity? and think you this does not
' stain the Blood of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, to
' sacrifice an innocent Life to Despair, which,
' without the least Reservation, was espoused to
' your Service? Just Gods! Gods whom I have
' so often invoked, and of whom I have received
' so many favourable Assistances, if your Anger
' be still decreed to persecute the miserable Re-
' liques of our House, which you have suffer'd to
' fall under the *Roman Arms*, turn all the Points
' of it against me only; but do not punish me,
' because I love, with such Pains as should only
' be reserv'd for the Guilty. If *Cleopatra* pro-
' vokes your Indignation by her Ingratitude to
' me, consider she is the Master-Piece of your
' Hands; and that however my Conscience avows
' me innocent, yet sure I am not so; her Spirit
' is incapable of Error, and I, by the Weakness
' of some Action, have surely plotted my own
' Disgrace. If it be so, as I owe that Belief to
' her Judgment, my Life, my Actions, my
' Thoughts, I disavow you all, if you have any
' other Aims than the Love, Service, and Glory of
' *Cleopatra*. The Gods all know I never owed
' any such; and if you sily crept into my Breast,
' it was in such Disguise, as I discerned you not
' from those she might safely approve.

The Stranger would have stretched his Com-
plaints further, if his Squire, who began to be
weary of that kind of Life, had not thus stopp'd

him: ' My Lord, *said he*, I beseech you be not
' so lavish to your Griefs, as to give away the
' Power of reflecting both on what you are, and
' what you ought to be; 'tis true, your Misfor-
' tune is great, but yet not desperate: And, as I
' believe, this Change in the Princess proceeds
' from some Impression has been given from you;
' so I hope (the Truth once discovered) to see you
' restor'd to the same Estate in her Favour. I am
' more than confident this Mischief was plo-
' ted by the Artifice of *Tiberius*; for that peevish
' Man will omit no Occasion to deprive you of
' what he pretends to so unworthily. But the
' Princess *Cleopatra's* Spirit cannot be possess'd,
' but Time will open her Eyes upon your Inno-
' cence: Besides, the Friendship of *Agrippa* and
' *Marcellus* will be active in your Behalf; and
' methinks Fortune begins to intend you some
' Kindness, by conducting *Cleopatra* hither, who
' you know is shortly expected at *Alexandria*,
' with the Emperor and Empress *Livia*, whom
' she always attends: All things conspire more
' Assistance to your Designs here, than at *Rome*;
' especially, the Place of your Residence being un-
' known, and probably 'tis doubted in the Em-
' peror's Court, whether you be still living. They
' have reason to doubt it, *said the Master*; and
' had I listen'd to the rational Motions of my
' Grief, thy Fidelity had miss'd this daily Trouble
' of urging fruitless Consolations. Indeed, I am
' glad at the coming of *Augustus* to *Alexandria*;
' but 'tis less out of hope to see *Cleopatra*, before I
' shall dare to appear in her Presence, than for the
' Revenge I intend upon *Tiberius*. I know that
' disloyal Man thinks his Subtleties have destroy'd
' me; but he shall find I am still living, to give
' him death in the very Arms of the Emperor
' and

‘ and Empress his Mother, that support him so
‘ unjustly against me. This is rather the Design
‘ of my stay upon this Coast, than to justify my-
‘ self before my Judge that sovereignly condemns
‘ me; and possibly this sole Intent preserv’d my
‘ deplorable Life, that else should have been sacri-
‘ ficed to my just Resentments.

The Stranger, thus ending his Discourse, gave
Occasion to his Over-hearers to communicate their
Thoughts. *Candace* had oft heard the Name of
Cleopatra pronounced with such Interest, whom
she could take for no other than the Sister of
her dear *Cesar*. But *Eteocles*, who ever kept the
Blood of his dead Mistress in sacred Veneration,
could not hear the Name of that Royal Maid with-
out appearing transported. *Tyridates* read both
their troubles in their looks; and not ignorant of
the cause, ‘ I do not wonder, *said he*, to see you
‘ amaz’d at this encounter, for my own surprisal
‘ is little less than yours; but I think I am able
‘ to give you some light in this mist: for, if I
‘ be not deceiv’d, this Stranger, whom we have
‘ all so justly admir’d, is the valiant Prince of *Mau-*
‘ *ritania*, Son to the Great King *Juba*, who with
‘ *Cato* and *Scipio* was vanquish’d in *Africa* by
‘ *Julius Cesar*: His Love to the Princess *Cleo-*
‘ *patra* made itself known to all *Rome* by the
‘ marvellous effects it produc’d; and there was
‘ scarce a person that was ignorant of his Quarrel
‘ with *Tiberius*, link’d with divers other events
‘ that deserv’d remembrance. During my stay at
‘ *Rome*, he was absent; but if the general opini-
‘ on might be credited, she could not boast a
‘ braver Man, nor one whose Valour was more
‘ advantageously accompanied, with such other
‘ qualities as render an accomplish’d Prince: I
‘ must not let him go, *said Eteocles*, before I
‘ see

‘ see and know him better, and demand some
‘ news of that Princess whom I have carried a
‘ thousand times in my Arms, whose Birth, Person,
‘ and Name are so sacred unto me. And indeed,
‘ *said Candace*, though my concealment be re-
‘ quisite, I cannot but wish to see him that loves
‘ my *Cesar’s* Sister so passionately; the praises
‘ you have given him, with what I have dis-
‘ cern’d in his looks, have gain’d him much of
‘ my esteem, and made me already interest my-
‘ self in his Fortune. Madam, *said Tyridates*,
‘ I am glad to hear you say so; if you think fit,
‘ we will shew ourselves to him; and with your
‘ permission, I will offer him that poor retreat
‘ you did not scorn to accept; there we shall have
‘ leisure to know him, and learn, whether I guess’d
‘ right at his Name and Quality.

To this the Queen gave an easy consent, and they were rising to salute him, when a great noise of clashing of Arms, and loud voices, that sent itself to their ears, from a neighbouring Valley prevented them. This retir’d the Stranger from his profound thoughts; and unwilling to hazard a surprisal in that estate, he suddenly snatcht up his Casque, and commanded the Squire to bridle his Horse; which done, he was no sooner leap’d into the Saddle, when he saw two Men on horseback coming towards him in their full speed from the Valley, in a different estate and posture. The first (having no other Arms but his Sword) fled before the other arm’d at all points, who with his Sword in his hand pursu’d him with loud threatenings, and wanted but little of overtaking. The Arms of the hindermost were of a brown complexion, and (as if Art had studied disorder) confusedly filleted with Gold and Silver; his Coat of Mail was suitable to his Cuirass; upon his Casque

Casque he bore a Lion, with a long Horse-tail in his paw, that fell backward from his head upon his shoulders. The same Beast was pourtray'd on his Shield, with a Motto under him, that could not be read at that distance.

The Garb of this Warriour was not so proud and fierce, but the other was as poor and timorous; the fear of Death, that hung out its pale badge upon his Visage, would let him express no anger, but to his Horse, which he spurr'd most furiously; and as he turn'd his Eyes round, as if he hunted for hope of succour, he spy'd *Cleopatra's* Lover, whom he saw in a condition to defend him from his Enemy's rage; and spurring up to him with his hands stretched out in a suppliant posture: 'O save me, Sir, *cry'd he*, from this cruel Man that has taken this Advantage to murder me!' He had no time to enlarge his entreaties, nor was it necessary to a Man in whom the sentiments of Vertue had too deep an impression, to fly any opportunity that might set his Courage a-work to relieve the oppressed. He returned him no other answer than a preparation to give what he demanded: And to that end, putting himself between him and his pursuer, and first desirous gently to try the force of perswasion, he cry'd out to him afar off, to moderate the violence of his passion, and pray'd him to consider the glory he was like to purchase, for a Man arm'd as he was, to set upon a person that had so little to defend himself.

The Stranger, whom a most violent choler and animosity against the fugitive, had wound up to a haughty fierceness, could not see the way to his revenge block'd up, without converting his fury upon him that deny'd it passage, and instead of a reply, he advanc'd his Sword in the air, and flew upon him like a Lion: 'Thy life *said he*, shall
' pay

‘ pay the forfeit of this Traytor’s, which thou
‘ rob’st my just indignation of.’ With these Words
came so weighty a blow, as his Enemy having
scarce time to ward it with his Shield, was half
astonished; but he, desirous to make use of that
disorder, (Revenge over-powering Glory) would
have quitted the Combat to continue the pursuit:
But *Cleopatra’s* Servant suddenly recovering him-
self, caught hold on the rein of his bridle as he
was passing by, and gave so rude a tug to the
tender-mouth’d horse, as made him rise so high
before, that he wanted but little to overthrow him-
self backward upon his Master; but he slackening
his hand, with a sharp remembrance of the Spur,
prick’d him forward; yet not so soon but his
fugitive was already got out of sight, and (that
he might leave no certain tract to his follower)
had betook himself to the Covert of an adjacent
Wood. But when he saw his hopes of overtak-
ing him were fled with him, he turn’d his anger
afresh upon his new Enemy; and beholding him
with Eyes that darted flames of rage: ‘ Thou canst
‘ not, *said he*, but be base and perfidious, since
‘ thou favourest those that are so; but thy death
‘ shall repair the displeasure thou hast done me.
‘ Take heed, *said the other*, and defend thy own
‘ life carefully; for, believe it, thou wilt have
‘ more need of all thy force against me, than
‘ him whom thou wouldst have kill’d at such
‘ an advantage.

The two brave Combatants, valiant as any
that ever got a name in Arms, follow’d these
Words with such weighty blows, as he that first
enter’d the Lists, with an unwilling complement,
was forc’d to bow his head to the Saddle’s Pomel,
and the other to touch the Crouper of his Horse.
But recovering fresh force and fury, each find-
ing

ing the valour of his Enemy, and expecting by the first blows what was like to follow, quitted the thoughts of an easie Victory, and wak'd all the dexterous force that Nature and Exercise had given them, to find advantages. The Prince of *Mauritania* (for *Tyridates* was not mistaken) at first was less angry than his Enemy; but when he saw his Arms died in his own Blood, he rush'd upon his Foe with such an unbridled, yet skilful fury, as would quickly have given him the Victory, had he not disputed with a courage so invincible, as the World could not boast a braver.

The proofs they had given of their mutual Valour were soon become the wonder of their Spectators. And while *Candace* was wrapt in a deep amazement at the sight, *Tyridates* and *Eteocles* quitted their places, and advanced into the Meadow, with an intent (if it were possible) to part them; an undertaking something difficult, they being both on foot, and only armed with Swords: *Tyridates* therefore judging the gentler way the best, and approaching something near them; 'Gallant Men, cried he, will you kill one another without a subject for a quarrel? Might you not better reserve your Valour to employ against your Enemies whom you have cause to hate?' The Knights were so deaf to dissuasion, as all the answer they return'd was a hot continuance of the Combat, each so vehemently spurring up his Horse to gain the Croupet of his Enemy's; that *Tyridates*, fearing to be trodden under foot, was constrain'd to retire a little, and become a quiet Spectator, since he could not be an Arbiter; attending the event of that furious Combat, not without much fear it would prove too bloody.

It was yet fought on both sides with such an evenness of Fortune and Courage, as no judgment could

could allow either the least advantage; when the appearance of a third that came galloping up to the Combatauts, gave *Tyridates* some hopes of assistance in his design to part them. The Arms of this last comer were very richly embroidered with Gold, and artificially engraven with the *Roman* Eagles; upon his Shield was painted that Royal Bird turning her undazl'd Eyes upon a Sun in its Glory; and upon his Casque she erected her two Heads, and expanded her Wings, as she is represented in the Arms of the Empire.

The arrival of this new Cavalier, not more considerable for the gallantry of his Armour, than the bravery of his Garb and Posture, made *Candace* and *Tyridates* (wholly fixed as they were upon the former spectacle) to take off their regards, and bestowed them upon him: But he allow'd them but little time to observe; for he no sooner cast his Eyes upon him of the two that bore the Lion in his Casque and Shield, but he clapp'd down the Visor of his Beaver, then half up, and approaching the Prince of *Mauritania*:
 ' Valiant Sir, *said he*, I conjure you, by the remembrance of what you love dearest, to quit
 ' your place unto me, and permit me to continue
 ' a Combat with your Enemy, which I began
 ' before yours, and is possibly of greater importance.

The Prince turning his Eye upon him that entertained so strange a courtesy, lik'd him so well at the first sight, as he should not have stay'd his consent, had he not been exceedingly provok'd by a resistance, which he was not accustomed to find among other Enemies; nevertheless, he was about to reply, when he was prevented by the other, who having heard the request of the last comer, at the first glance knew and received him with a joyful clamour; ' Come, come, *said he*

be aloud, and join your forces together, I do
not fear to fight you both, nor doubt the Victory, though your number were greater." This
said, he flew from his first Antagonist, and rushing in with his Horse upon the other, gave him
a rude shock with a blow upon the head that made him reel in the Stirrups; but the other Stranger
was not long in his debt, for having his Sword ready in his hand, he discharged it with such a
puissance upon him, that the blow carried away
part of his Shield, and so benumbed the hand
that held it, as it forced him to let fall his reins,
and his Horse feeling himself at liberty, started
away, and so saved his Master from the second
blow: But he quickly recovered his Bridle, and
being much ashamed of the accident, he bravely
turned head to both his Enemies, that approach'd
him with equal fury: A while he doubted upon
which to bestow his first blows; but having little
time to consider, he address'd himself to the Mo-
rish Prince, and witnessing with his hand, that
he had something to say: "I do not doubt," *cried he*,
"but I have courage and force enough to dispute
the Victory against both: But if thou dost value
the request of an Enemy, stand by a while, and
give thyself the pleasure of seeing us decide a
quarrel of greater importance than what is be-
twixt us two, and I promise that immediately
after my Victory, we will end our difference."
"I fear," *said he*, "he will not leave thee in a
condition to give me such resistance as my Ho-
nour can accept; for methinks his forces are so
little inferiour to thine, as I cannot hope the
success of this Combat will tend to thy advan-
tage." Finish first then what thou hast begun
with me, and if Fortune decrees that thou'scapest
my hands, thou shalt have leisure enough to de-
bate

'bate they first quarrel.' These last Words of the Prince were not so much as heard by the Enemy, who staying for no answer, had eagerly renewed his Combat with the Knight of the Wings, and was received by him with as much bravery as he brought. The valiant Moor angry to be so slighted, ran up to him with his Sword in a posture to express it; but seeing him engaged with the other, and ashamed to assail him at such an advantage, he held his Sword advanced in the Air, as yet uncertain how to dispose of it; very unwilling he was to give over the Combat, and as loath to wound his Credit by striking one that was so hotly match'd by another as valiant as himself: But during his Irresolution, the two Chevaliers charged one another still with such mighty Blows, as made their Lives indebted to the Goodness of their Armour; nor could that longer hinder their Swords from cutting Passages for the Blood in divers Parts of their Bodies, the sight of which rather animated then enfeebled them, urging each to crave his Revenge upon the other, with such height of Fury, as there was never seen a Combat between two Men so terrible. Their Blood had in divers Places dyed the Earth in its own Complexion, when after many cruel Blows that came too thick to be counted, at last there fell two together with so huge a Force, as they wanted both but little of kissing the Dust, but they reeled a long time upon their Saddles, before they could recover their Stirrups; the Knight of the Lions broke his Sword upon the Casque of his Enemy, but with the Blow cutting the Laces (that fasten'd it) asunder, it threw the *Roman* Eagles to the Ground, and left the Head of its Master naked and disarm'd; which discovered to the Lookers on, one of the handsomest and most majestick Faces that ever credited Nature's

ture's Workmanship: at the first Glance *Candace* and *Eteocles* knew it, and advancing towards him with a transport of Joy, 'Ah! my Prince, cried they at once: Ah! *Cleomedon*, *Cesar's* Son; and indeed it was *Cesar*, whom the heat of the Fight had deafen'd to their Cries; for covering his head with his Shield, with his Sword ready to cut out Work for the Surgeon, he re-advanced towards his Opposite that attended him with an equal Resolution: But the Prince of *Mauritania*, who had lent Attention to the Words, and Regard to the Visage of *Candace*, was willing to do Homage to the Empire of Beauty, in a desire to oblige her: And seeing the Combatants in a very desperate Condition, threw himself between to part them, believing *Cesar*, with whom he had no Quarrel, would not strike him, and the other's Truncheon he did not fear.

Tyridates and *Eteocles* joining with him, at the same time laid hold of their Bridles, and by that Means hinder'd the Progress of the Combat, which they fretted at with excessive Choler: *Cesar's* appear'd in Flashes at his Eyes, and blushes in his Face, but at last lending an Ear to the Words, and an Eye to the Faces of *Eteocles* (who held his Bridle) and *Candace* that stood by still crying out, *Cleomedon*, *Cleomedon*, immediately he knew them both, and with a Joy that broke out into loud Accents, seeing his Enemy held by the *Mauritanian* and *Parthian* Princes, he forgot all Thoughts of Enmity, and was flying into the Arms of his Princess, when they all took a fresh Alarm, from fifteen or twenty Horse-men, that with their Swords in their Hands, came up towards them upon the Spur, conducted by the same Man that fled from the Knight of the Lions, and at him only they all seem'd to bend their
un-

unmanly out-rage: But the two others (then quitting, or at least suspending all Animosity) of Enemies were quickly become Parties; which known, without ballancing the baseness of the Act, they pour'd themselves upon them all; but the first that aborded them, carried away incurable Marks of their Treachery: For they coap'd with such Enemies as were incapable of being dismayed at such a Number. The Prince of *Mauritania*, who was the freshest of the three, sent the first he met without a Head to the Ground, and cut off the Arm of the second, just as it was advanc'd in the Air to strike him. These two first Blows gave *Cesar* time to put on his Casque; which *Eteocles* had given him, and the Knight of the Lions leisure to recover a Sword instead of his own that was broken: Which done, they both bravely joined with the valiant *Moor*, and help'd him to distribute Death among their Enemies: The first that fell under the Sword of *Cesar's* Son, had his Head cloven in two Pieces; and he that died on the other Hand, was run through the Body, his Point finding a Way through the Weakness of his Cuirass, to tumble his Soul from the principal Seat of Life. These were no sooner fallen, but *Tyridates*, covering his Head with one of their Casques, and snatching up a Shield, leaped upon a Horse, which a new Blow from the gallant *Moor* had made Masterless, and came and joined his Assistance, like a considerable reserve to the rest.

Eteocles, with the Prince of *Mauritania's* Squire, followed his Example, only the Queen and her Maid remained Spectators of the Combat: And indeed it was almost a Prodigy to see Men so wearied and wounded in a former Fight, with Effects beyond human Puissance, in so few Moments

ments to reduce such a Number of their Enemies to despair of Victory. *Tyridates*, though but half arm'd, quickly tumbld two at his Feet, and *Eteocles* courageously cut his Passage through the Press, and joined himself with the Prince his Master. But while these four gallant Warriors, stung with brave Emulation, like so many new *Mars's* display'd their invincible Valour; the Captain of their Enemies, whom fear of Death had rang'd in the Rear, contenting himself to animate with Words, but not daring to give the Encouragement of a personal Example, chanced to cast his Eyes upon the Queen of *Ethiopia*, who was seeing Heaven with her Silver Tears to rescue her *Cesar* from the Perils that menac'd him: he no sooner saw, but knew her, and breaking into an out-cry, 'Oh ye Gods! said he, and do you then restore me my Fugitive, that was wrested from my Hands with so great a Danger of my Life?' When presently commanding one of his Men that was nearest to follow him, he ran to her, just as she was thinking (for she had spied him) to hide herself behind the Rock; but she made not haste enough to prevent that barbarous Villain, who rudely seizing upon her, and, by the help of his Companion, having set her up before him upon the Pomel of the Saddle, he carried her away in spight of all the resistance and struggling she could make for Escape: His Companion would have had no pleasant Task to force *Clitie* to the same Posture, if her Resolution to follow the Fortune of her Mistress, discarding the Consideration of her own, had not made her his easy Prey: But Gods! what Fury shot itself into the Soul of *Cesar*? When bearing the out-cries of his Queen, and his Ear directing his Eye, he spy'd her in the Arms of her cruel Ravisher, who

had

had borrowed all the Wings that Haste could lend, to get Ground of his suspected Pursuers; the whole Strength of his Enemies were now grown feeble to arrest him; for having thrown down one that opposed his Passage, with a Blow that clove him to the Breast, he darted himself among the rest, with such an irresistible Vigour, as he soon cleared the Way to his Pursuit, when (by a fresh Piece of Fortune's Malice) his Horse, no longer able to endure the many Wounds he had receiv'd, fell dead under him, and so suddenly, as falling with his Master's Feet engaged in the Stirrups, he exposed him to the Mercy of his Enemies; two of which spying the casual Advantages, were coming to kill him, which they had easily effected, if the Knight of the Lions (a while before his eager Enemy, resigning hatred to a fitter Season) had not flown to his Defence, and with two Blows laid both his Enemies at his Feet, the one Dead, the other with a deep Wound: And taking one of their Horses by the Reins, just as *Eteocles* had thrown himself down to dis-engage the Prince from his; 'Rise, *Cleomedon*, said he, and receive 'this Assistance from thy greatest Enemy, but 'such an Enemy as is unwilling to owe any Thing 'to thy Generosity.

The Son of *Cesar* at another Time would not have taken this Succour from his declared Foe, without striving to restore the Benefit, or at least tendering an ample Expression of his Resentment, but at that Moment the Loss of his Queen (who to his Eye had appeared and disappeared like Lightning) wholly seiz'd him, and would scarce suffer him to make a fit Reflection upon the generous Act of this gallant Enemy; only in taking the Horse from his Hands, and leaping upon him with more Agility than his Wounds could well allow

allow of; 'I know not *said he*, how to understand thee, who in declaring thyself my Enemy, 'hast render'd me the Office of an intimate Friend : 'But I protest, that as much my Enemy as thou 'art, I will ever be ready to pay thee back this 'Life which thou hast so bravely assail'd, and so 'generously defended : 'Finishing these Words, and leaping into the Saddle, having now no Enemies capable to stay him, he hasted after the Ravisher with all the Speed imaginable.

Eteocles, whose Memory harboured nothing so carefully as his Prince's Interest, after his Example suddenly re-mounted himself, and observing the Way he took, followed so swiftly, as in a short Time he recovered him.

In the mean Time, the Prince of *Mauritania* and *Tyridates* had handled the rest of their Enemies so roughly, as they were reduced to a Despair of Victory : And when he that so valiantly rescued *Cesaris*, was again joined with them, they made such Havock among those that remain'd, as after the Death of all their Companions, three that were only left, were constrained to trust their Safety to their Heels; the gallant Warriors disdaining to pursue them, fell to a mutual Admiration of each other's Valour, and the brave unknown, addressing himself to the Prince of *Mauritania* :

'At first, *said he*, you did me a Displeasure that 'made me your Enemy, in hindering the Execution of a Revenge so just, as, had you known 'the Cause, you would doubtless have favoured 'what you prevented : But you have since so nobly 'assisted me against Enemies, who I think only 'levell'd their Malice at me, as the Memory of 'that overpowers my Resentments; and joining 'with my Wonder at your Valour, devotes me 'to

‘ to the search of Occasions, that may make me
 ‘ worthy to become your Friend.

‘ I am sorry, *replied the valiant Moor*, for
 ‘ the Displeasure I have given you, judging by
 ‘ what I have since seen you do, and by the late
 ‘ base Actions of your Enemy, that he was wor-
 ‘ thy of the Punishment you designed him; but
 ‘ (as the Truth was masqu’d) I could not refuse
 ‘ a Protection which I thought was due to the
 ‘ weaker Party. I deem it no mean Happiness
 ‘ to have effected your Resentments by so poor a
 ‘ Piece of Service; and after the Experiment of
 ‘ your Valour, I cannot without much Joy re-
 ‘ ceive the Profer of your Amity.

This said, they shook Hands, and lifted up the
 Visors of their Helmets. If the Stranger was ra-
 vished with the Beauty and majestick Air of the
Moor, the two Princes were not less surpriz’d at
 his high and heroick Mind, both believing, nor
 without much Reason, that they never beheld any
 that surpass it; thus they gazed one at another,
 their Admiration taking a pretty distant Preceden-
 cy of their Words: But the Prince of *Mauritania*
 first breaking Silence, and turning toward *Tyri-
 dates*, who was dividing his Astonishment betwixt
 them: ‘ It is to you, valiant Man, *said he*, we
 ‘ have the most considerable Obligation; to your
 ‘ Valour and generous Resolution we owe the
 ‘ Wonder, since naked as you are, you have
 ‘ brav’d a Danger capable to dismay Men most
 ‘ securely armed, rendering a gallant Succour to
 ‘ unknown Persons.’ To these Words the brave
 Stranger added others that imported the same Sense;
 which *Tyridates* modestly receiving, ‘ I have
 ‘ done nothing *said he*, but what the Incitement
 ‘ might justly challenge; and the little Help I was
 ‘ able to contribute, shew’d so poor and worthless

‘ in

‘ in the Presence of your grand Actions, as it merits no remembrance.

In uttering these Words, he observed their Arms cover’d with Blood, especially the Stranger’s, who had lost very much in his Combat with *Cæsario*, and not willing to dally in such a Condition, ‘ I see, *said he*, your Wounds express the necessity of a sudden Assistance, which I am presently able to give, if you refuse not the offer of a poor Lodging, about an hundred Paces hence, where your Wounds shall be searched, and yourselves serv’d with much Affection. But where is *Cleomedon*;

continued he, looking round for *Cæsario* ? ‘ Sir, he is gone, *said the Prince of Mauritania’s Squire*, (who being less eager than the rest, had better discern’d what pass’d concerning the Combat) in pursuit of those Ravishers that carried away two Ladies, that stood and looked on while we were fighting.’ ‘ How ! *cry’d Tyridates*, are the Ladies carried away, that were with me when you arriv’d ? ‘ Yea, my Lord, *reply’d Emilius*, they were seized on by the chief of those Men whom you so lately defeated.’

Oh Gods ! *said Tyridates*, what an unvaluable Loss is this, if it be not speedily recover’d ? how passionately could I wish these valiant Men in a better Condition, that they were able to endeavour the Rescue of one of the most considerable Persons upon Earth ! ‘ Let us go, *said the Prince of Mauritania*, our Wounds ought not to dispense with the Succour of a Person of so much Importance.’ ‘ Indeed, *said Tyridates*, your Obligation is particular, and possibly I know you better than you imagine ; but am loath to expose you, in this Estate, to any fresh Peril, especially that gallant Man, (pointing to

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‘ the unknown) whose Wounds are deeper, and
 ‘ more dangerous than your’s.

‘ ‘Tis true, *said the Stranger*, my Hurts are
 ‘ great; but they shall give me leave to go to the
 ‘ Sea-side, which is the only Course you can take
 ‘ in this Design; for the Pyrate *Zenodorus* (who
 ‘ was he that I pursu’d, and doubtless the same that
 ‘ bore away the Person whose Loss you regret) has
 ‘ carried away the Prey to his Vessels, that rid near
 ‘ the Shore, and only there we ought to seek it.

This said, he puts Spurs to his Horse, and led
 the way (though not without much Pain) to-
 wards that Side of the Coast where he had seen
Zenodorus’s Vessels: The Princes eagerly follow-
 ed; and (being in much the better Estate, quick-
 ly left him behind) speeding their Course to that
 Part of the Shore which he pointed at; but all,
 alas! in vain; for finding no Vessel in the Road,
 and coasting a while upon the Sand, without any
 Discovery, at last they ‘spy’d two Ships afar off,
 with full Sails, making off to Sea, which they
 presently judg’d to be the same they sought for.
 The brave unknown, who was as much interest-
 ed as *Tyridates*, and possibly not much less than
Cesario, in the pursuit of the Pyrate, fetching
 two or three deep Sighs, and casting a sad Look
 upon the Prince of *Mauritania*, ‘ Oh! *said he*,
 ‘ how should I hate you, if the Succour you have
 ‘ given me, with the knowledge of your Virtue,
 ‘ could leave a Possibility for the Passion? Gods!
 ‘ *pursued he*; Oh you Gods! what a Loss do I
 ‘ sustain by this fatal Combat? What have I
 ‘ lost, in a Condition that disables me to give
 ‘ myself the least hope of Recovery!

At these Words, he had let himself fall from
 his Horse with Weakness, if *Tyridates* had not
 hasten’d to sustain him; and the *Mauritanian* did

did as much on the other Side, protesting his Sorrow for the Injury his Ignorance had done him, and the Share he had took in his Fortune. During this Discourse, *Tyridates* considering that a longer Search would but vainly strengthen their Despair of finding, began to lead them the way to his own House, always keeping near the Stranger, whose loss of Blood, and depth of Wounds, had so enfeebled him, as he was scarce able to keep his Saddle; but they soon reach'd the House, where the Servants of *Tyridates* tender'd the same Offices to the Strangers that were due to the Person of their Prince. They were laid in several Chambers, the House being spacious enough to afford commodious Lodging, and their Wounds visited, which were not found very dangerous, especially the Prince of *Mauritania's*, who had had only received a Hurt on his left Arm, and another slight one on his Side; the Stranger's were greater both in Number and Condition; but the Surgeon (who was an Officer to *Tyridates*, and an expert Master of his Art) promised an infallible Cure to both.

The Stranger took but little Comfort from this Promise, and appeared so sensibly afflicted, as the Fears of those that serv'd him began to augurate worse Success from his Sadness, than his Wounds. He was no sooner laid, but there enter'd into his Chamber a young Man, whom he presently knew to be his 'Squire; who, having spent a part of that Day in his Search, had at last address'd his Enquiry to that House, where he understood what was happened.

At the sight of his 'Squire, the Master express'd some Signs of Comfort; and having call'd him to his Bed's Side, he entreated the rest to leave him to his Repose. *Tyridates* had received two slight

Wounds, one on his right Hand, and the other on his Head ; but they were too inconsiderable to confine him to his Bed ; and, having caused some Remedies to be applied, he spent his principal Care upon the Service of his Guests, whom he marvellously esteem'd. At the Evening, understanding that the Prince of *Mauritania* might admit a Visit, he enter'd his Chamber ; and being received by the Prince with an Excess of Civility, they spent some time in Terms of Courtesy and Deference ; which ended, and *Tyridates* seated by his Bed's Side, before they could methodically change the Subject, he (of *Mauritania*) calling to mind a Word or two the *Parthian* let fall some Hours before, ' I remember you told me, *said* ' *he*, that I was better known to you than I knew ' of ; make me the Favour, if you please, to let ' me understand what Knowledge you have of ' me, and by what means you gain'd it.' ' I ' drew it, *reply'd Tyridates*, from some Words I ' over-heard you utter before the arrival of the ' valiant Stranger, against whom you combated ; ' your ample mention of the Princess *Cleopatra*, ' and of *Tiberius*, added to what I had heard at ' *Rome* of the Life of that Princess, begat my ' Opinion you were the Prince of *Mauritania* : ' But if at first it was only a single Conjecture, ' the sight of your Visage, with the grand Actions ' you performed in my Presence, have strengthen'd ' it to a Confidence.

This Discourse rais'd a Blush in the Prince's Cheeks, because it import'd him to disguise his Quality ; yet, willing that his Obligation to *Tyridates* should vanquish the Displeasure, ' I should ' be sorry, *said he*, (as my Affairs are now stat- ' ed) to be known to any other Person than ' yourself ; but you have too nobly engaged me ' to

' to a high Esteem of your Worth to allow Dis-
 ' trust a Being. 'Tis true, I am that unhappy
 ' Prince of *Mauritania*, whose Misfortunes, if
 ' you made any stay at *Rome*, have possibly reach-
 ' ed your Ears; but because methinks your Face
 ' too discovers more Marks of Greatness than your
 ' Equipage, I should gladly learn to whom I am
 ' reduable, and what he is that I have trusted.'
 ' If I priz'd my Life, *reply'd Tyridates*, I should
 ' not have less Cause than you to hide my Name;
 ' but, as Fortune has used me, the Preservation of
 ' it is so inconsiderable, as were my Confidence
 ' in you less than it is, I should make no Diffi-
 ' culty to tell you, that I am *Tyridates*, Son of
 ' *Orodes*, and Brother to *Phraates* King of *Par-*
 ' *thia*, persecuted both by my Fortune and Friends,
 ' and reduced, ever since my greenest Years, to beg
 ' from Court to Court a Shelter for my Life.' At
 this Relation, the Prince of *Mauritania*, a little
 lifting himself from his Bed, saluted *Tyridates*
 with an Addition to his former Respect. ' I am
 ' no stranger to your Name, *said he*; for when
 ' you quitted *Rome*, you left yourself upon every
 ' Tongue in so fair a Character, as is not unsuit-
 ' able to my present Experience of your Person
 ' and Vertue. I am not sorry to be reduable to a
 ' Prince of your Birth, nor to find such high
 ' Worth in him, of whom my Estimation pre-
 ' ceded my Knowledge.' ' To you, *said Tyri-*
 ' *dates*, I owe, with much more Justice, what
 ' your Expressions have mis-placed upon myself;
 ' the Bruit of your beauteous Actions hath pro-
 ' duced such Effects through the *Roman* Empire,
 ' as, doubtless, you are not known where your
 ' Virtue is not admir'd and ador'd.

The Prince modestly rerorted this Language,
 and they had some while continued a courteous

Contest, full of Deference and Protestations of Amity, they transferred their Discourse upon the valiant Stranger, who reposed in the next Chamber; wherein they forgot not to mention his rare Composure, both of Face and Garb; his undaunted Spirit, with those grand Actions they had seen him perform, which kindled an equal Ardor in both, to be as well acquainted with his Name and Quality: And as they contriv'd the Means, they spy'd his 'Squire pass by the Chamber Door, that stood half open, *Tyridates* call'd to him; and after he had enter'd, and come near the Bed, 'We call'd to you, *said he*, to demand some News of your Master, and to entreat, if you may graut it, without incurring his Displeasure, the Satisfaction of our Desires to know him, the Bravery of his Actions must excuse our Curiosity, in containing which, you may deeply oblige us.

'My Lord, *reply'd the 'Squire*, had I Permission from my Master, you should gladly be obey'd; but having not yet revoked the Command he gave me to conceal his Person, I must be forced to a very unwilling Disobedience: Yet this I may take Commission to say, That possibly I serve one of the greatest Men upon Earth; and, young as he is, (if your remote Abode be not situated where Fame is a Stranger) doubtless the Noise of his Actions had found you out; happily when he knows your desire, he will command me to satisfy it, and, if you please, I will demand his Leave.

'It is not necessary, *said the Prince of Mauritania*; for, though your Discourse hath much augmented our Curiosity, we should be too uncivil to press any thing that may displease him; when it shall come from his own free Motion,

'we

‘ we shall joyfully receive it; and, in the mean
‘ time, content ourselves to know him by those
‘ Marks of Greatness that shine in his Person,
‘ and by what he has done in our Presence.

With this Answer the ‘Squire departed; and a
while after, *Tyridates* (finding it time to leave him
to his Repose) bad his Guest good-night, and went
to seek that in his own Bed, which was there to
entertain him.





Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART V. BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Emilius begins his Master's Life to Tyridates. Characters of his Father King Juba, whose Power, Pomp, and Life, prove a Sacrifice to Cæsar's Fortunes. His Birth and Education at Rome. He is struck with Cleopatra's Infant-Beauty, as she is shew'd among the Spoil in Augustus's Triumph. The rare Example of Marcellus's Amity, in resigning his Claim to Cleopatra, carries them both to the German War. Their brave Behaviour there, and Return. Tiberius becomes his Rival. Puts a cunning Trick upon Coriolanus, which ensnares him in a jealous Error.

LOVE



LOVE never had more Cause, in so little Elbow-room, to employ all his Puissance, than in that House, where *Tyridates* and his two illustrious Guests resided; and scarce could the whole Extent of his Empire shew three nobler Slaves, whom he had fetter'd with more glorious Chains.

The moorish Prince, the brave Stranger, and the *Parthian*, sigh'd at the same time for several Objects; and, as the Earth could not boast any more worthy to light up their amorous Flames, so it would have been difficult to have found, in the Stock of Mankind, three Souls more capable of such Passions, as they had Power to kindle in Hearts least susceptible of Love's Impression. Oh! could the Night (blind as she was) have seen those refin'd Fires, that fed their Lustre in that little Retreat, they would have clear'd her Complexion to a beautiful Day, had they had an equal Commission to shine as well as burn. The Stranger's deep Wounds had so enfeebled his Body, as they seem'd a little to lessen the Violence of those Resentments, wherewith Love and Grief had inspir'd him; those that lighted upon *Tyridates* (which were so favourable as they could scarce be felt) left his Thoughts an entire Liberty to work upon the State of his Love and Fortune; and the Prince of *Mauritania's* (though something deeper than his) yet not enough to unbusy those sad Considerations, and leave him Leisure to regard his bodily Health; in so cruel an Indisposition of his Mind. All Things that had Power to renew his Anguish, came flocking to his Memory so freshly, as if the whole Time, and all the Accidents of his Life, had still been as young as at the Moment of their Birth;

Birth; when, after his officious Thoughts had examined every Good and Ill, that trod their successive Steps in the Course of his Fortunes, that came to hint *Cleopatra's* Ingratitude, that almost threw him into a Swoon, with the Torments of Grief and Despair.

But Oh! what a Number of bitter Complaints and hollow Sighs did that sad Remembrance tear from his Mouth and Heart! and how fitly did the Blacks of the Night suit with the Mourning which his Soul had put on: To him the darkest Shades were far more welcome and agreeable than the brightest Beams that could spring from the active Treasury of Light; and not well enduring the Day, ever since the Eclipse of those fair Hopes that enlightned his Soul, he found some Comfort in an Obscurity conform'd to that of his Spirit, that help'd him to wrap it in a dull Cloud of heavy Thoughts: And thus having quitted the Care of himself, the Day appeared, before the Repose of his Body could give an Hour's Calm to the Storms of his Mind. He no sooner spy'd the new-born Light shoot itself through the Windows of his Chamber, when saluting it with some Sighs,
 ' How importunate is this bright Intruder! (cry'd
 ' he) how sensibly dost thou aggravate the Vexa-
 ' tions of a Wretch, which should be intomb'd
 ' in an eternal Night? All the Objects thou dost
 ' offer to mine Eyes, serve but to wake a Remem-
 ' brance worse than the cruellest Death. I can
 ' breathe no Air, see no Sun; nor behold a Hea-
 ' ven, common to me and *Cleopatra*, that does
 ' not prompt my Memory with her disloyal
 ' Change. Ah! how much more Happy had I
 ' been, that thou hadst seen me perish in those
 ' Actions, wherein thou didst light me the Way
 ' to Glory; that I had rather taken an eternal
 ' leave

‘ leave of thee in those Occasions, that the World
‘ thought worthy of some Remembrance, than to
‘ suffer such a fatal Preservation, to be trod upon
‘ by the Malice of injurious Fortune; and, possibly,
‘ to see my ingrateful *Cleopatra* wrapt in the
‘ Arms of the subtle *Tiberius*.

‘ In the Arms of *Tiberius*, repeated he? Ah,
‘ Son of *Juba*! chase that base Thought from thy
‘ Soul, and recover the Knowledge of thy Cou-
‘ rage, that never yet forsook thee in any Acci-
‘ dent of thy Life, which thou began’st with the
‘ loss of all thou wert born to; Parents, Crowns,
‘ nay, the whole Glory of thy House, which at
‘ the first opening of thine Eyes thou saw’st ex-
‘ posed in thy Person, to the Ignominy of a Ro-
‘ man Triumph: Thou hast carried it through
‘ Pains and Perils, with Toils of Body and Mind,
‘ capable to overthrow a common Constancy, and
‘ at last must end it by Despair; yet such a De-
‘ spair, as will never leave a Blot upon thy Me-
‘ mory, nor tell the World thou dost either dege-
‘ nerate from the *Roman* Education, nor that il-
‘ lustrious Extraction which thou took’st from so
‘ many Kings. If thou must die, (as it is requi-
‘ site, since thy Hopes are perished) if possible,
‘ thou shalt throw down those with thy Fall that
‘ caused it; or at least follow thy Father’s Steps,
‘ who took his Repose upon the Point of his own
‘ Sword, because he scorn’d to ask it elsewhere;
‘ after the fading of his Glory, and the Fall of
‘ his Empire.

He had enlarged these Complaints, if his ‘Squire,
who over-heard divers of his Sighs, and under-
stood some interrupted Words, had not come to
the Bed’s Side, and asked how he felt himself. ‘ I
‘ am but too well, said he, and with Grief I feel,
‘ that my Body is not brought low enough to
‘ suit

'suit my Mind.' The Squire was about to reply, when he heard one of *Tyridates's* Servants at the Door, that came from him to enquire of his Health, and know if a Visit from his Master would not incommode him: *Emilius* was commanded to return him a very civil Answer, which, within a short time after he had carried back, the *Parthian* Prince enter'd the Chamber; and, approaching the Bed's Side, bad him good-morrow. The *Mauritanian* received *Tyridates* with Acknowledgments full of Affection; and after they had spent their first Civilities, having caused him to sit down by his Bed's Side, 'I should deem myself highly oblig'd, *said he*, to the Care you take of my Life, if every thing (in the Condition it now is) that conduces to its Preservation were not hateful; however, I hold myself infinitely bound to your good Intentions, and do offer, in requital to that noble Care you take of it, all the Remainder that Love and Grief have left at my disposal.' 'Your Life is too precious, too glorious, *said Tyridates*, to deserve the Neglect of any thing that may concern its Safety: Report hath made me acquainted with some Passages of it, memorable enough to set on it a high Value in every Estimation, of which I am confident few Persons can be ignorant; and yet I think there are fewer know the Particulars of your Love to the Princess *Cleopatra*: For my part, I understood no more of it, than hath already enter'd every vulgar Ear in the *Roman* Empire; nor have I gleaned any thing from the common Report that could content my Desire, to be better instructed in the single Passages of your Fortune. I know not if my Curiosity be pardonable.

'It

‘ It is, *said the Prince, interrupting him* ; nay
‘ more, I am not loath to present it with a clear
‘ Satisfaction, indeed not willing (after the Re-
‘ ceipt of such generous Favours, with the rare
‘ Proofs you have given me of your Virtue) to
‘ debar your Knowledge of the least Particular.
‘ ’Tis true, you may have learned some Accidents
‘ of my Life, that are but too well known ; but
‘ ’tis impossible you should understand those of
‘ the most Importance, unless you receive them
‘ either from mine or the Mouth of *Emilius*, from
‘ whom I have nothing concealed.

‘ It shall be then from *Emilius*, if you please,
‘ *reply’d Tyridates*, I will take this Satisfaction,
‘ as well because he has told me you have taken
‘ little Rest this Night, and therefore it will re-
‘ quire a good part of this Day to repair your
‘ loss of Sleep, as because he will give the Rela-
‘ tion more at large, and possibly more true, than
‘ your Modesty will condescend to, which, in all
‘ likelihood, would either silence or disguise some
‘ of your bravest Actions.

‘ I have done nothing, *said Coriolanus*, which
‘ the greatest Modesty might not own and utter ;
‘ but since *Emilius* has more Credit with you than I,
‘ I’m contented that he shall give you the full Recital
‘ of my Life, without the least Reserve of any
‘ Particular.

After this Permission, *Tyridates*, thanking the
Prince, quitted his Chamber, and took *Emilius*
with him, who was willing he should have that
Morning given him to recover his Rest : But be-
fore *Tyridates* would engage his Attention to this
Story, he went to visit the gallant Stranger, for
whom his Care was not less than the Prince of
Mauritania ; his Observation of so many Marks of
Grandeur in him, made him regard him with a
high Respect, and a marvellous Esteem ; but at the
Cham-

Chamber-Door he met the Surgeon, who dissuaded that Visit, telling him he had great Hopes of his Cure, but it was not safe for him to receive and pay the Civilities of any Person that Morning, because striving to speak might impair his present Condition, and retard his Recovery.

Tyridates stopp'd at these Words; and after recommending the Continuation of their Care to his Officers, he retired to his Chamber with *Emilius*, and (forcing his Respect to accept of a Seat) ' Since the Prince your Master, *said he*, has given Permission, let me desire an entire Relation of his Life, without omitting the most trivial Passage your Memory can hint, or interrupting the Narration of such things as you may think have already reached my Knowledge; for I have taken nothing but confused Notions from publick Rumour, which often disfigures the Truth of things not perfectly known.

' Sir, *said Emilius*, though I see myself engaged to a long Narration, I shall strive to pay Obedience to your's, and the Prince my Master's Commands, as well as I am able.' At these Words, making a little Pause, to range with some Method in his Memory the Things he had first to utter, he began his Discourse in this manner.

The History of Prince Coriolanus and the Princess Cleopatra.

NEVER had any Life so sad a Beginning as my Master's, and in so small a Number of Years as compose his Age, never did Fortune play so many Tricks with a Prince's Destiny; yet this I may say, and Truth can witness it, my Master owes nothing to her, but has lost all by her: At his Birth she took away his Crowns, Parents, and

and Liberty; she has since endeavour'd, and does still continue to do him Mischief, more sensible than his first Losses; but all the Favours she ever granted him, were still forced from her by his Virtue.

He was born poor, though lawful Heir to two great Kingdoms; born a Slave, though Son to the most potent King in all *Africa*; he saw the Light and his own Shame together, and commenced his Life to appear in an Action, which made *Cleopatra* resign up her's; nor would himself have done less, had his Age been capable to have threw'd himself the Ignominy.

The great King *Juba* (whose Memory still keeps its Beauty without a Blemish) was Monarch of both the *Mauritania's*, and supported himself with a Puissance that struck Terror into his Neighbours, and would have made him considered by the whole Earth, as Master of the greatest Part of *Africa*, if his unlucky Choice of the weakest Party had not ruined him, and his Fortune done Homage to that great Man's, for whom Fate had reserv'd the universal Empire. His Dominion was of a grand Extent, his Court pompous and flourishing; and that Authority which the Terror of his warlike Virtue exercised upon his Borderers, render'd himself little less than Sovereign of the third Part of the World. In this Estate he lived with an untroubled Glory; when, after the Defeat of the great and unfortunate *Pompey*, the Fragments of his scattered Forces rally'd themselves again in *Africa*, under the Conduct of *Scipio* and *Cato*: King *Juba*, either out of Friendship to *Pompey's* Memory, or Jealousy of *Cesar's* Greatness, join'd with his Enemies, and help'd to swell their thin Forces with a puissant Army; backed with this considerable Addition, they three

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opposed the Torrent of *Cesar's* Fortune, and not only arrested the Course of his Victories, but by some remarkable Advantages they got at the Beginning of the War, the whole World began to question his Success.

At last their malicious Fortunes conducted them to the Plain of *Thapsus*, near to a City of the same Name; where, prided with a vain Shadow of Prosperity, they offer *Cesar* Battle: Indeed they had much reason to hope a favourable Event, but the Gods struck in his Quarrel, for whom they had designed the World's Command, and maugre all the *African* Puissance, made Victory perch herself upon *Cesar's* Standards; there did King *Juba* and his Companions lose 50,000 Men, and in one Day saw themselves and their Hopes ruined beyond repair. This gave them a Resolution, to seek no further than Death for a Remedy; and though they might have hoped a better Destiny from the Clemency of *Cesar*, they rather chose to quit the World, than take their Life as a Gift from the Conqueror's Mercy.

Scipio killed himself with his own Sword upon the Spot, *Cato* being shut up in *Utica*, stabb'd himself, and a While after tore out his own Bowels, to defraud their Care that endeavoured his recovery; and the King of *Mauritania*, with the poor Remnant of his shattered Forces, took his Flight to one of his nearest Cities, where seeing himself hoily pursued by the victorious Army, after he had striven in vain to re-assure the Courage of his *Africans*, who had taken too much Fear from the *Roman* Fortune, resolved too to snatch his Share in the common Fate: And in pursuit of this Intention, having caused a magnificent Feast to be made for *Petreibus* a *Roman* Captain, who had been of his Party, and was then a Compani-
on

on of his Fortune, at the End of their Repast, regarding him with a Visage that breathed nought but Death, ‘ Petreius, *said he*, ’tis fit we die to
‘ preserve our Liberty; for if we stay on Earth
‘ but a few Days, we shall have no Power left,
‘ to put by the Shame is prepared us; I demand
‘ no other Proof of thy Affection but Death from
‘ thy Hands; and, as my Fortune is now stated,
‘ I cannot receive a greater from thy Friendship.
‘ Here, stab this Breast, *pursued he, presenting*
‘ *his naked Bosom*, pierce this Heart, which the
‘ Arms of our Enemies have unluckily spared,
‘ and make a King fall by thy friendly Hand,
‘ whose Courage scorned to bow under the For-
‘ tune of a puissant Enemy.

He mingled these Words with some others so pressing, that *Petreius* could not refuse the fatal Courtesy, but without farther delay, ran him through with his own Sword, the King not so much as turning his Eye aside, nor letting fall the least Action unbecoming the Grandeur of his Spirit. *Petreius*, when he had seen him breathe his last, turned the same Point against his own Breast, and throwing himself upon it with all his Force, fell dead at his Feet; thus were the Festival Ornaments discoloured with royal Blood; and thus did this great King catch up the Shield of Death, to defend himself from Ignominy.

A few Days after, the victorious *Cesar* rendered himself Master of both the Realms, and with them of the Queen his Spouse’s Liberty, whom he designed for one of the principal Ornaments of his Triumph. She was gone some Months with Child, when the King her Husband lost his Life, and was brought to Bed of the Prince my Master, two Days after her Arrival at *Rome*, whither
Cesar

Cesar sent her two Months before he made his triumphal Entry.

Thus was my Prince begotten Free, and the Son of a King, but born a Slave: And between his Conception and Birth, happen'd that deplorable Revolution of his Fortune.

Some Days after his Birth, he was carried along, as one of the most remarkable Ornaments of *Cesar's* Triumph; Happy in his Misfortune, that as yet he understood not the Shame they made him suffer, being then of an Age incapable of resenting the Loss of his Crowns, his brave Father, or the Death of the Queen his Mother, who resigned her Life a few Days after she had disclosed the little Heir of her Misfortunes to the World. But there wanted not Persons that took Care of his bringing up; for the great *Cesar* (from whom the disastrous Fate of his Parents had drawn some Compassion) caus'd him to be brought up at *Rome* in the Garb of a King's Son, and bestowed such a particular Care upon him, that scarce any of his nearest Kindred, in that high swollen Prosperity, was trained to a braver Education: I will yet say further, and believe I shall not injure Truth in affirming, that the Losses of his Estate were in Part repaired by the gallant Education he received among the *Romans*; wherein that tender Age escaping the Impression of the *African* Customs, and the Company of such Persons, which falling far short of the *Roman* Politeness, might have given him a Taste of the *Barbarian*; his excellent Nature contributed such marvellous Assistance to the Care of those, that were ordained to form him, that before his Age could promise it, he became as accomplished in all Requisites of a Prince, as Wish could fancy, and

and rarely skill'd in every undertaking, to which his vertuous Inclination carried him.

In his earliest Infancy, *Cesar* would often cause him to be brought into his Presence, and observing that something Majestick and Heroical, was already risen with that Morning of his excellent Beauty, he let him get Ground in his Affections, to that Degree, as one Day he broke into an earnest Protestation, That if the little *Juba* (for at his Birth they gave him his Father's Name) seconded those Hopes he had already begun, he would restore him the Crowns of his Ancestors; but he took special Care to mould him to the *Roman* Fashion, and deface all such unpolished Manners, as his Inclinations might possibly borrow from his *African* Blood. Besides, to fortify the Friendship he would have him bear to the Republick, he gave him a *Roman* Name; and because he was brought up in the *Martian* Family, illustrious among the *Patricians*, and derived from the famous *Coriolanus*, whose Valour survived him in so glorious a Reputation, he would have the young Prince called by his Name, that the Appellation of *Juba*, which sounded Harsh and Barbarous to a *Roman* Ear, might be covered with that of *Coriolanus*.

In all likelihood, the Affection and Bounty of that great Dictator would not here have stopped, and doubtless the Prince had gathered the Fruits of those Promises, if Death had not robbed him of that Protector, or rather that Father, before he attained to his fourth Year; an Age that hardly rendered him capable to dream of those Hopes were given him.

That Man, the Greatest that ever lived, was murdered in the Senate-House, by the ungrateful Conspiracy of those, that his own Generosity
and

and Nobleness had raised from their Knees; all the World knew itself interess'd in the Loss of him, who had made himself Master of it with his Sword, yet held it in so gentle a Subjection.

After *Cesar's* Death, the little *Coriolanus* (for so he was always called) wanted no Protection; for the Senate succeeding *Cesar* in his Patronage, took up that Care of him which his Death had let fall; and trained him up with the Sons of divers Kings, that were Friends and Allies to *Rome*, without making the least Difference in their Expence, or Equipage, though their Fathers had still their Crowns in Possession. Divers Children of noble Extraction, and an equal Age, descended from the Families of *Roman* Knights, were plac'd in his Service, of which Number I was appointed one, and as I was always brought up near his Person, so his Affection did me the Honour to take me nearest to his Heart. During those cruel and dismal Disorders of my Country, that bloody civil War, which Revenge kindled for *Cesar's* Murder, the prodigious Effects of that horrible *Triumvirat*, which overflow'd *Rome* with the Blood of her noblest Citizens, and that famous Contest betwixt *Anthony* and *Octavius Cesar*; the young Prince grew up with a Success Miraculous: Never did Eye behold a Youth of those Years, handle his Arms with so great a Grace, or perform any bodily Exercise his Tutors taught him, with a Dexterity comparable to his; his Propension led him with so much Advantage to the Study of Sciences, as he became so learnedly vers'd in Astrology and Philosophy, so critically skilled in all kind of History, as the World could scarce afford another to match him; and for Eloquence, that famous Orator that lost his Life in the Heat of the *Triumvirat*, by the cruel

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Command of *Anthony*, could hardly challenge Preheminence; nor had he Qualities disproportioned to these rare Endowments of Body and Mind; so that the old *Patricians* that took our Examples of high and sublime Virtue, from the ancient *Roman* Discipline, could find nothing recorded of the *Fabricii*, *Camilli*, and *Scipio's*, which they began not to remark, with Admiration, in the first Actions of young *Coriolanus*. Besides his prompt Inclination to great Attempts, he constantly shew'd such a natural Horror of Oppression and Injustice, as it was observed, he never cherish'd a greater Contempt of Danger, nor a more ardent Love of Glory, than Pity of another's Misfortune, and even slighting of his proper Interests, to give Relief and Comfort to the Miserable. A thousand Times I have heard him, though scarce arrived at his thirteenth Year, beg of his Governors in the Heat of a most pressing Importunity, to lead him to that famous War wag'd between those two great Competitors, *Anthony* and *Octavius Caesar*, since call'd *Augustus*; and sigh at the Recital of those great Actions, because he was not permitted to venture for some of the Glory. These right Marks of a perfect Greatness gave him the Hearts and Esteem of all that knew him, and with them purchas'd that of *Augustus*; for if his first Inclinations had not been crossed in their Progress by another's Interest, and by such Accidents as have since arriv'd, his Hopes need not have aim'd at less Advantage in his Patronage, than they might have done in the great *Julius*, his Uncle, that went before him; all the noblest *Romans* made Vows in his Favour for this excellent young Prince, who with a sweet, generous, and obliging Behaviour, which he maintained even at the Price of his dearest Interests,

a charm-

a charming Conversation link'd to the lovely Advantage of a most handsome Face and Feature, with that admirable Grace that shined in all his Actions, took into the Affections and Respect of all Persons that were Friends to Virtue: His gallant Deportment in publick Spectacles, drew Admiration both from Senate and People; and before he had fully reached his fourteenth Year, he won the Prize in all those Exercises, wherein Valour or Wit were called to try their Strength; besides other Disputes, wherein his Age might adventure for Repute.

He was scarce fifteen, when *Cesar*, after the Defeat, and disastrous Fate of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, return'd a triumphant Conqueror to *Rome*, where he made himself sole Monarch of the Empire, which that puissant Rival in Ambition had so dangerously disputed. Upon this Occasion, my Prince appeared among those that went out to meet the Emperor, in a gallant Garb; all those that beheld him clad in a Habit, whose Riches lent some Assistance to the Charms of his natural Beauty, mounted upon a brave Horse, which he managed with a matchless Grace and Dexterity, at the Head of a Troop of young Gentlemen much of his own Age, gave him a loud Applause, and cry'd he was not only worthy to be their Commander, but would deserve larger Fortunes, than those to which his Birth intitled him; and the Emperor himself, swoln as he was, at that grand Prosperity and glorious Estate to which he was newly mounted, staid his stately Progress to caress, embrace, and give him such Praises, as the young Prince's Modesty could not accept without Blushes.

The Triumph of *Augustus*, was the proudest that *Rome* ever saw, and it seemed that all the Pomp upon Earth was assembled to make a Master-piece

piece of Glory for one Man: I will not trouble you with the Description of what I believe you have often received from better Hands, but content myself only to tell you, that the greatest Beauty of the Triumph appeared at the third Day; in the two preceding, *Cesar* only shew'd the Spoils of some barbarous People, and represented his Victory at *Actium*; but at the last he triumphed over *Egypt* and *Cleopatra*. I shall forbear to describe that immense profusion of Riches, and prodigious number of Captives which helped to compose that Show; for my Eyes, as well as those of the people, let all the rest go, to stay themselves upon that stately Chariot, wherein was drawn the lively Portraiture of Queen *Cleopatra*, represented in that posture as she stretched out her arm to the *Asp*, expecting the fatal benefit from his poysonous Tooth; the visage of that Great Queen appeared so full of Majesty, as the pitiful spectacle drew Tears of compassion from the better part of the Spectators; but if the sight of her *Image* tenderly touch'd such hearts as were capable of pity, the living appearance of those Children she had by *Anthony*, which were seated at the feet of their Mother's Effigies, wrought effects no less moving.

The young *Alexander* and his Sister *Cleopatra*, then about ten years of Age, were plac'd upon a seat of an equal height, and their Brother *Ptolemy*, younger by one year than they, a degree under them: Never did mortal Eye converse with any thing so fair as these little Illustrious Captives, which almost unt'y'd the gaze of all *Rome* from other objects, to fasten them there with extraordinary attention. Their years were not so few to dispense with the apprehension of their own misfortune, which easily made itself known

known in the sad composure of their garb, and in making the Crimson Rose only keep the field in their Faces.

Alexander and *Cleopatra* were attir'd in the same habits of *Apollo* and *Diana*, which the unlucky vanity of their Parents, had formerly caused them to appear in ; and had not their present condition destroy'd that belief, they might have pass'd in the Spectators opinion for the *Divinities* they represented ; the Rays that environ'd the Head of the little *Cleopatra*, rather seem'd to proceed from her Eyes, than exterior Dress ; and if Shame and Modesty had not directed their beams downward, she would even have out-shin'd that *Goddeß* whose figure she had borrowed. *Anthony* had been a most beautiful Prince, and *Cleopatra* such as Nature would have bungl'd in their Off-spring, had she made their Features fall short of wonder ; and indeed, this young Princess had not only borrowed all that was excellent in both, but surpass'd them in most apparent Advantages ; she had the Queen her Mother's Mouth, with all the bewitching Features of her Face, but a Complexion beyond comparison more white and delicate ; in the shine of her blew Eyes Sweetness and Majesty plaid together ; her Hair was much brighter than her Mother's, and as much darker than *Anthony's* ; in fine, it would then have been a difficult task for the quaintest invention to find out praises for her Shape and Beauty, but time has since compleated them to such a height of perfection, as it would pose the skilfullest wish to follow any thing more accomplished. I would say more upon this subject, if your own Eyes had not taken too exact a perusal of these rarities, to need my coarse description. Oh what wonders did my young Prince

Prince take in at that View! How powerfully did it wake him out of some melancholly thoughts, into which he was plunged by that resemblance of his own Destiny? He had beheld the two first days Magnificence with an indifferent Eye; those glittering heaps of Gold and Jewels, the taking in of Cities, and description of Combats, represented both by Pencil and Sculpture in the third day's Triumph, could not wooe him to a share in the general Acclamation. But he could not behold the Image of Queen *Cleopatra*, without paying the tribute of Tears to a just compassion, accompany'd with some Sighs, which the conformity of that Family's downfal with his, forced from his Breast; and when he cast his Eyes upon those young Princes, in the same estate my relation has made them, he thought he had view'd the beginnings of his own Life, and abandon'd himself to the pity and interest he took in their condition.

From these first motions of compassion, he succeeded to the admiration of their beauty, and thence began to enter upon that passion, to which he has made an entire resignation of his Life; I was then (as I seldom fail'd to be) near his person, when turning to me, 'Oh, *Emilius*, said he, what have I seen! did Nature ever make an equal to this young Princess, and dost think she that is led this day in Triumph, ought not one day to Triumph over the most precious liberties? Oh Fortune! (*pursued he a while after*) how dost thou play with the destiny of Princes! What illustrious companions hast thou given me in my bondage!' At these Words he return'd his Eye, and fastned it with all his thoughts upon that object, keeping always near the Chariot's side, without the least removal, till the Ceremony was ended.

The Prince was not yet arriv'd to an age capable of strong and violent impressions; and the Princess, who was younger than he by at least four or five years, had not approached to that rare perfection of Beauty, which has since taken her so many Captives; yet *Coriolanus* felt himself struck with an abortive passion, and *Cleopatra's* Beauty, (though but then in the bloom) staid not for riper Excellencies to begin those Conquests, which she has since perfected with so much ease.

The young Prince began to grow melancholy, to sigh and seek out solitude; and, as he never admitted the caution of hiding his thoughts from me, I knew presently, though my years exceeded not his, where the blow pain'd him. *Emilius, said he, some days after the Triumph, didst ever see so goodly a creature as this young Cleopatra!* Or rather, can Man's imagination fashion an Idea that may pattern Hers! 'Tis true, *said I,* the Princess is very handsome. Handsome, *replied he, repulsing me with a little anger,* Say rather, that all things else, when they come in her presence, are ugly, and that the Gods employed all their power to render her the exactest piece that ever parted from their hands. Ah! how happy will the Man be whom Heaven shall think worthy to adore her, and who may be permitted to lay down his Life at her Feet, and entirely dedicate it to her service! That may possibly be yourself, *said I,* and I see you begin to aim at that mark, with so direct a disposition, that you are most likely to be the happy Man you speak of. Doubt not, *reply'd the Prince,* but my resolution has already devoted my Life to the service of that Princess, and that no other thought can stay in my breast, but such as may shew me how to merit her esteem,

esteem, and promote my design never to be other than hers.

My Lord, *said I*, in the condition your Fortunes are, resolutions of that nature will deserve the weighing; and methinks you should not dream of any Alliance, but such as may restore you to the estate from whence your Family is fallen, nor hatch a design of that importance, without *Cesar's* and the *Senate's* approbation, upon which apparently depends your destiny.

At these Words the Prince regarded me with an angry Eye: *I did not think, said he*, thou couldst have nursed such base thoughts, to advise me to do violence upon those beautiful inclinations, by any consideration of Fortune: If to scorn *Cleopatra* will cut off my pretence to the Crowns she has taken from me, it will requite me with a glory, upon which that blind *Deity* can exercise no power; nor can my desire get up to a nobler pitch, than by Courting the Daughter of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, that lately were Masters to so many Kings, and held the most considerable rank in the Universe. Neither *Cesar* nor *Senate* can justly disapprove the design: But should they refuse me their protection, if I have Virtue on my side, the Gods will never forsake me; and possibly my Sword may recover that, which my Hopes now tamely expect from their condescension. Such thoughts as these did this young Amorist already nourish; and if they were then so stout and generous, time hath since fortified them with such supplies of strength and vigour, as the whole World cannot urge a consideration capable to divert him.

In the mean time *Cleopatra's* Children were brought up at *Rome*, in an Equipage rather quadrate to their Birth than Fortunes; for the Prin-

cells *Octavia*, Sister of *Augustus*, Widow of *Anthony*, and the same which he repudiated for *Cleopatra*, instead of preserving an angry resentment against the memory of her ingrateful Husband; whose crime was big enough to excuse it; on the contrary, by the sole motion of her own generosity, she took home the Children to her House, resign'd up all that Estate for their maintenance which she held of *Anthony's*, and brought them up with such care and tenderness as if they had been the fruit of her own womb, without putting the least inequality betwixt them and those she had, as well by *Anthony*, which were two Daughters, as by *Marcellus* her first Husband, by whom she had likewise two Daughters and a Son, the brave *Marcellus*, whom doubtless you have known to be *Rome's* darling and delight. The Emperor much applauded his Sister's goodness, which he publickly confirm'd by witnessing a high esteem of that Act; and his Empress *Livia*, to second his intentions, took the Princess *Cleopatra* to Court, made her be very carefully educated in the Palace, while the young Princess remained still with the vertuous *Octavia*. In the mean, time my Prince's passion did daily rise to a greater height in his Soul; and as Nature had given him a hardy confidence, which helped him to enterprize and perform every thing with a successful grace; so Love had then left him neither power nor will to keep it longer undiscovered; he had often seen and entertained the young Princess, in whom, besides an unparallel'd Beauty, he encountred a wit so vivacious, temper'd with a judgment so solid, as the World could not boast the like of another person of no greater years; to this charming sweetness he had now yielded up his liberty, and cashier'd all thoughts but such as were serviceable
to

to his amorous Devotion ; he had not yet declar'd his passion while she lived with *Ostavia* : though the accostable innocence of her youth seem'd to offer him that liberty : But after the removal to the Court, the increase of hazard hasten'd the attempt, and one Evening meeting with her in the Empress's Chamber, where the Emperor, with divers of the noblest *Romans*, were likewise present, he aborded her in a gallant fashion, and a graceful garb, only peculiar to himself. 'Fair Princess, *said he aloud*, our Destinies carry a neat resemblance ; would to Heaven our thoughts did so, and that you could as freely own the design I have to make myself yours, as I have hugg'd the passion that compels me to adore you.' These Words were pronounced with an air so hardy, and yet so agreeable, as they got a plausible admiration of all the overhearers ; the young Princess was not then instructed by experience how she ought to receive such language ; yet Innocence did not so blind Apprehension, but that she perceiv'd something in it extraordinary, which made her only blush him an answer ; but the Empress, who had over-heard this Courtship, repeated it aloud to the Emperor, and they both gave it an approbation that augmented the Prince's confidence.

This quickly became the Discourse of the whole Court, and the general opinion voted, that there could not be a pair more fitly coupled than the Son of *Juba*, and the Daughter of *Cleopatra* ; that their Hopes were matches, their Birth and Fortunes equal, and that none could come nearer the graces of young *Cleopatra's* Wit and Beauty, than the noble shape and accomplished qualities of young *Coriolanus*. This discourse, which quickly flew through all *Rome*, marvel-

lously favour'd the beginnings of my Prince's passions, and imbarcking himself as it were with an universal consent, his hopes were encourag'd to aspire at a happier success, than at first they durst propose.

Thus he openly list'd himself in the Service of that Princess, and employ'd those Advantages which her youth allowed him, freely to insinuate his affection, and leave impressions upon her spirit, which in a riper age would not easily have enter'd it; his endeavours wrought so happily, as, if he had not yet perfectly taught her how to love, at least he had us'd her to endure the protestations of his, and oblig'd her to a liking and esteem of his qualities, that made her to prefer him before all those that came near her. Indeed the sole merit of my Prince, by those rare endowments that garnish'd his Body and Mind, might well have wrought that effect; but to these he added an assiduity of respect and complacence, which mightily assisted his desert; and prudently considering that his condition would not always last in that estate, and perceiving by some marks his observation had shew'd him, that the Princess, with an accrescent of years, would raise her behaviour to a more haughty severity, than her youth could yet apprehend requisite, he resolv'd to prepossess her heart as much as possible, to level those difficulties while time invited, and strive to weaken that Enemy which he knew would one day combat him.

This conduct is not ordinary in a Person of sixteen years; but at that green Age he had a grey Discretion, which brought all Men to their wonder that remark'd it.

In the mean time, he endeavour'd to delight her with a thousand actions of gallantry; and as
he

he had a most inventive wit, and an active body in all sorts of Exercises, he daily made Matches with young *Romans* of his own Age, either for Courses on Horse-back, or Combats in the List, besides divers other agreeable spectacles which were ordinarily presented in the *Cirque*, in all which the young Prince behaved himself with such a winning bravery, as it sensibly gained the hearts of all that knew him: But he was not the only Man destiny'd to serve that fair Princess; for young as she was, that rising Sun in her Beauty was already ador'd by the most illustrious *Romans*; two young Princes were struck at once with her Beauty, and Fortune could not raise him up two mightier Rivals upon Earth; they were *Marcellus* and *Tiberius*; the former (as I have told you) Son of the virtuous Princess *Octavia*, (Wife to *Anthony*, and Sister to *Augustus*) and of *Marcellus*, whose Widow she was when *Antonius* epoused her; and the other Son to the Empress *Livia*, and her first Husband *Drusus*. They were bred up with equal hopes and favour, but of conditions very different; *Marcellus* had a spirit replete with sweetness, freedom, and generosity, a courage noble and propense to great undertakings, and a person compleat and becoming in every Action.

Tiberius with a handsome shape indeed, had a grand courage, but withal, a spirit so maliciously subtle, and known even at that age so skill'd in dissimulation, as the oldest Courtiers were scarce capable of the like. My Master was link'd to *Marcellus* in the bonds of a strict amity, and the conformity of their inclinations easily taught them how to love one another; but with *Tiberius* he liv'd in a fashion very different, and only content-

ed himself to consider him as the *Emperor's* Son-in-Law, without the tye of any particular affection.

One day young *Cleopatra* walking in that stately Garden that belonged to the Palace, with the Princess *Julia*, Daughter to the Emperor, a Lady of a florid Beauty, and a lively flowing Wit, whom the Emperor had design'd for his Nephew young *Marcellus*, to pull the knot of his Alliance streighter, and confirm the People (to whom *Marcellus* was infinitely dear) in their hopes, to see him one day placed upon his Uncle's Throne; these two Princesses had walk'd a while in the great Alley that verg'd upon the River *Tyber*, when they saw my Prince and young *Marcellus*, who had been seeking them, appear at one end of it; though *Marcellus* did but slightly mask his love to *Cleopatra* from his Friends, yet his knowledge of the *Emperour's* intention made him tender in publick a Courtly respect to *Julia*, though all the sympathy and inclination he had for her, were only personated in a bare compliance, which then oblig'd him to proffer his addresses. The Prince of *Mauritania* was ravish'd to see him thus engag'd, because it lent him the liberty of breathing his amorous thoughts to *Cleopatra*; and that fair Princess, whose esteem was as just to his worth, as her age would allow, gave him a glad reception, and lending him her hand, they walk'd at a fit distance from *Julia* and *Marcellus*: She began but then to enter her twelfth year, and my Prince was something more than sixteen; but indeed their knowledge had much out-run their age: He entertain'd her a-while with some discourses of divertisement, and in sequel, (hinted by the presence of the other couple) succeeded thus to his purpose: 'Would to Heaven, my Princess, said he, I could promise myself as much
'inte-

‘ interest in your breast, as *Marcellus* has in *Julia*’s. I know not, *answer’d the Princess*,
‘ what you desire of me, but I believe *Julia* cannot
‘ think better of *Marcellus*, than I do of you.
‘ ‘Tis a greater kindness of my Fortune, *reply’d*
‘ *Coriolanus*, than Reason could encourage me to
‘ hope; I cannot be unsatisfied at this Declaration
‘ without injustice: But, would you permit me
‘ to unlock my heart with a little more freedom,
‘ ‘tis possible I might bring you to a knowledge,
‘ that the esteem you speak of will not suffice for
‘ my Felicity.

‘ I thought, *said the Princess*, you might have
‘ been contented with it, and that I could not
‘ mention this esteem, without informing your
‘ understanding, how highly I value your good
‘ Qualities. This favour places me in a conditi-
‘ on which I ought to be proud of, *said the Prince*,
‘ yet let me have leave to tell you, ‘tis not enough
‘ to establish repose in a spirit that is dedicated
‘ yours; for admit the *Gods* had stored me with
‘ some deserving Qualities, by the right of those
‘ I might credibly purchase a high opinion among
‘ the *Romans*, and yet not engage them to one
‘ single motion of good will; the busie noise of
‘ some Vertue might rake me up repute in remo-
‘ test Nations; nay, ‘tis possible to gain an esteem
‘ among our Enemies, without changing their in-
‘ clinations: Thus was *Hannibal*’s Vertue as highly
‘ priz’d at *Rome* as at *Carthage*, though in the
‘ former he was mortally hated; thus the *Gauls*
‘ and *Pompey*’s Partizans considered *Julius Ce-*
‘ *sar* as the greatest of Men, and yet he was their
‘ greatest Enemy. From thence you infer, *said*
‘ *Cleopatra*, that we may esteem what we do not
‘ love. So my reason says, *said the Prince*, yet
‘ I will not deny, but esteem is very advantageous

' to persons that desire to be loved; nor that affection can hardly enter a well-composed spirit, if
 ' esteem does not lead the way: I will therefore
 ' receive that esteem with which you reward my
 ' ardent affection as the beginning of a more accomplished Fortune; and expect that of time,
 ' my services and your bounty, to which indeed
 ' my poor stock of merit can yet plead no claim.
 ' I am not unwilling, *replied the innocent Princess,* to accept your services, and I know not
 ' a person whose carriage and converse are more agreeable than yours. I cannot be so rude with
 ' my *Princess* (*said Coriolanus, with an action that express'd a respective acknowledgment*)
 ' to demand more at her hands; I have only this
 ' to beg of her bounty, that she will not suffer
 ' time, (which shall never have power to weaken
 ' my adoration) to wear out these favourable impressions, nor the knowledge (that will approach
 ' with increase of years) of your own admirable
 ' Beauties, and Divine Qualities, persuade you to
 ' regard him with disdain, whom you now judge
 ' worthy of so many favours; nor the encounter
 ' of researches, more advantageous for your establishment, prevail with you to prefer persons
 ' more happy; or better propt by those which
 ' Fortune has made our Masters, before such as
 ' she has despoil'd of *Crowns and Dignities.* *Cleopatra* young, and as much Infant as she was,
 ' was yet sensibly touched with this discourse, and
 ' regarding my Master with an Eye full of sweetness, return'd him an answer, that proved her
 ' reason had much got above her age.

' If the malice of Fortune, and the loss of
 ' Crowns could render persons contemptible, the
 ' Children of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* would find
 ' little respect and consideration among Men;
 ' you

‘ you know our House is fallen as low as yours,
‘ and were it reared again to its former height,
‘ neither that age nor knowledge whose approach-
‘ es you dread, should hinder me from consid-
‘ ering that in you, which neither Fortune can
‘ rob you of, nor the support of our Masters be-
‘ stow on those, which you excel as well by
‘ Birth and Virtue, as personal endowments.’ The
Prince listned to this well-fram’d language (which
indeed his hopes little expected from so young
an intellect) with transport and wonder, and,
not able to stop the Career of his Joy, with
the consideration of those that were present, he
put one knee to the ground, and fastening his lips
with a little violence to *Cleopatra’s* hand: ‘ The
‘ Gods can witness, *said he*, that I never appre-
‘ hended worth enough in myself to measure
‘ with this grace my *Divine Princess* has given
‘ me; but I do here protest in their presence,
‘ that I will strive to merit it, both by services
‘ of worth, and such actions as shall either repair
‘ the ruines of my House, or at least hinder my
‘ *Princess* from repenting her bounty.

He had enlarg’d his Discourse, if *Marcellus*
(who then preferr’d *Cleopatra’s* converse far before
Julia’s) had not oblig’d the *Princess* to break off
the parley, by joining company. If my Prince
had not truly loved *Marcellus*, he would not have
taken that interruption so gently; but his friend-
ship, joined with the late satisfaction his spirit
had taken, helped him to dissemble the displea-
sure he received, and accost the *Princess Julia*,
with a visage that betray’d not the least mark of
any alteration.

After that day, he oft repeated his passion to
Cleopatra, and confirmed his own hopes by a thou-
sand proofs of her innocent affection. These be-
ginnings

ginnings presag'd a happy progress, but they met with checks by the way, for the rivalship of *Marcellus* did much trouble the stream of his design. *Marcellus* was (as I have told you) of a very amiable person, and little short of my Prince in any becoming quality, by his advantage in the Emperor's favour, and People's affection, who gave him the name of *Rome's Darling* and *Delight*; his face, person, and excellent parts, with that clear discretion that compos'd his Courtship to *Cleopatra*, kindled a just jealousy in *Coriolanus*: Besides, *Marcellus*, as he was *Octavia's* Son; enjoy'd the same liberty with *Cleopatra* and *Anthony's* other Children, as if the same womb had disclosed them; and by that appellation of Brother and Sister, both *Octavia's* Command, and *Cesar's* Will enjoin'd them to call one another. And which most preferred this young Prince's hopes, he possess'd an unrestrained familiarity with the Princess, which was not accorded to any other: But that which stung my Prince deepest, was, that *Marcellus* (being as well the dearest of his Friends, as the greatest of his Rivals) all the impediments and fears he gave him, were so incapable of blotting out his amity, as he could not prosecute his research of *Cleopatra* without regret, since he could reap no advantage by it, that would not disturb the repose, and affront the Fortune of his Friend. A reflection of this nature in such a Soul as my Master's, could produce none but uncommon effects, and the sequel will tell you, how strongly it wrought too in that of *Marcellus*, whose sentiments, (not to abridge Truth of her due) were not less noble than my Master's. In divers Encounters these two Princes mutually apprehended the displeasures they gave one another, by a competition which in Souls less generous,

rous, would oft have strangled Friendship; yet in theirs she stood so firm and entire, as my Prince never glanc'd at *Marcellus*, when he pleaded in his own Love-suit; nor did *Marcellus* (when he laid his amorous Vows at *Cleopatra's* Feet) ever let fall a Word in Disapprovement of *Coriolanus*. My Master (by what might be judged from Appearance) had more Favour than his Rival, which would have rendered his Joy more perfect, had he carry'd that Advantage from any but *Marcellus*; and he had hugg'd his Happiness with a clearer Delight, if it had not stood bent to his Friend's Prejudice. But if *Coriolanus* thus moderated the Resentment of his own Felicity, because it oppos'd his Friends, *Marcellus* indur'd his Advantage with Patience, since *Coriolanus* reap'd the Profit, nor could his own Misfortune afflict him, without the mixture of some Comfort, because it conduc'd to his Friend's Success.

' I desire not (*would Coriolanus say to Cleopatra*) you should hate *Marcellus*; for, if a Man can merit it, he is worthy of your Affections: But if it be destin'd for any Mortal, I demand it wholly and entire for *Coriolanus*.' *Marcellus* would almost say the same Things, only he durst not let his Passion come abroad so openly as my Master's, for fear to displease the Emperor his Uncle, who did him the Honour to design him his Daughter, helped him to cut out a Disguise for his Affection, and make the borrowed Name of Brother (injoin'd by *Octavia*) serve to mask that of Lover.

Thus had they wasted almost a Year, during which my Prince, doubtless more deep struck than *Marcellus*, daily gather'd such fresh Causes of Displeasure from his Friend's Encroachment, as the Melancholly it produced began to settle itself in his Face and Behaviour, though the Cause was concealed from all the World but myself, whom;
by

by a peculiar Preference to the rest, he always honoured with the Knowledge of his Secrets :
' And why, *said he, one day to me,* should mischievous Fortune raise me up a Rival of my
' dearest Friend, and such a Friend, whose Repose I cannot combat, without wounding my
' own ? Ah ! had it pleased the Gods to inspire
' any other but *Marcellus*, with the Design of
' serving *Cleopatra*, our Swords should decide
' our Titles, and sure I should kill any but *Marcellus* in so just a Quarrel.' In fine, his Sadness grew to such an Height, as *Marcellus*, who perceiv'd it with the first, began to be much troubled at it ; and indeed (as one that went a deep Share in all the Resentments of so dear a Friend) he often demanded the Cause, though his own Suspicion did partly answer him : But *Coriolanus* still took care to cover the Truth, till all his Friend's Reasons growing too weak to satisfy *Marcellus's* Care, at last he was constrained to discharge his Heart ; and one Night, as they lay together, which they often did, *Marcellus* having often press'd him upon that Subject, and a thousand times sworn he could never be capable of any Pleasure, so long as he saw him drown'd in so deep a Sorrow, and himself ignorant of its Fortune. The Prince sending one or two Sighs before the Discourse he was to make, ' Brother, *said he, (for so they always called one another)* the Gods
' can attest, you do force that from me by your
' Friendship, which I ever resolv'd to wrap in
' silence, though you might easily have read it by
' your own Observation, and so have spared your
' Constraint of a bad Relation : Did you believe
' I could see myself travers'd in a Passion that is
' twined with my vital Thread, by a Friend as
' dear to me as myself, without a mortal Displea-
' sure ?

‘ sure? Do you think I could design the Ruin
‘ of your Content, or abandon the Care of mine
‘ own Repose, without a cruel Violence? You
‘ know I was *Cleopatra’s* eldest Prisoner, before
‘ your Eye had marked her out for a Mistress;
‘ and had my dear *Marcellus* prevented my De-
‘ sign of serving her, I should sooner have ran-
‘ upon my Death than his Pretences, or expos’d
‘ him to the Anguish he has made me resent;
‘ nor did I perceive he was my Rival, before I
‘ was engaged too deep to render what was due
‘ to our Amity, which (if I may say it) he him-
‘ self has forgotten to pay. Ah! would to Hea-
‘ vens our Contest had been for Crowns, or any
‘ thing else of higher Value, you should quickly
‘ have seen with what a free Heart I would have
‘ given up my Interest. But for *Cleopatra*, my
‘ dear Brother, ’tis that cannot be obtain’d of an
‘ enslaved Spirit, that will never recover Strength
‘ enough to get out of the Abyss wherein my
‘ spiteful Fortune has plunged me; I say, my
‘ spiteful Fortune, for whatever Glory I acquire
‘ by *Cleopatra’s* Service, and however my Hopes
‘ may feed high upon Success, I shall never think
‘ that Fortune propitious, that must be establish’d
‘ at the Price of your Repose; nor have I the
‘ liberty to court it so much as with a single Wish,
‘ since it can no where be raised but upon the
‘ Ruins of your’s.

Coriolanus accompany’d these Words with many
others of the same nature, which sunk so sensibly
to *Marcellus’s* Heart, as it was long before he
could recover Strength enough to shape a Reply;
at last, his Words broke their way through his
Resentments, and, embracing my Master with an
ardent Affection, ‘ My dear Brother, *said he*,
‘ Heaven is my Witness, that when my Eye first
‘ told

' told me *Cleopatra* was lovely, I did not believe
' your Youth could have been capable of forming
' a Design to serve her; and if I have since let
' myself slip into the Snare, I render'd my Liberty
' to that invincible Puissance, which no Heart
' can resist; yet, I confess, I have sinned against
' our Amity, and should prove myself unworthy
' of a Place in *Coriolanus's* Heart, if I do not
' strive with my Soul to render the Reparation I
' owe you; I know my Intentions are good, but
' do a little distrust my Power: But, however,
' this Night, to clear all Scores, and possibly before
' we part, I shall make it appear how dearly
' I prize our Friendship.

Coriolanus would have reply'd to this Discourse,
but *Marcellus* opposed it; and press'd him so earnestly
to give him the Remainder of that Night,
as he was constrain'd to obey him: They both
passed it over, without so much as closing their
Eyes; my Master often over-hearing the Sighs that
broke away from *Marcellus*, though he strove to
imprison them with all his Power, and still cut
them off in the middle, lest their Noise should
convey them to my Master's Ear. The Hour that
he was wont to call them up, was not yet arrived,
when *Marcellus*, turning himself to my Prince's
Side, with a vivacious and resolute Action, ' Brother,
' said he, I have combated and conquered
' for you, or rather for myself, since by this
' Victory I am directed in part, how to expiate
' the Crime I have committed: *Cleopatra* now
' is your's, and I ask your Pardon for having so
' unjustly disputed her; our Friendship, with the
' Aid of Reason, has almost driven her from my
' Heart; and all that remains unfinish'd of the
' Cure, I think may safely be referred to the Surgery
' of Time, my Youth, and a short Absence,
' which

' which is already designed: I am now enter'd
 ' an Age that alarms me to the Trade of my
 ' Ancestors, and tells me, 'tis time to go seek out
 ' Reputation with my Sword in my Hand. I
 ' will therefore beg the Emperor's Permission to
 ' go serve my Apprenticeship under the Consul
 ' *Vinicius*, who marches, within a few Days,
 ' with a puissant Army into *Germany*, where I
 ' hope to perfect my Recovery; not only by the
 ' help of a large Distance, and a different Em-
 ' ployment, but a strong Resolution more exact-
 ' ly to ballance the Emperor's Favour, and turn
 ' all my Thoughts upon the Princess *Julia*, who
 ' has already honoured me with more Affection
 ' than I have merited. At my return, I dare pro-
 ' mise, you shall find me so perfectly chang'd, as
 ' I shall conserve no other Thoughts for *Cleopa-*
 ' *tra*, but to prize her as a Princess that deserves
 ' my Friend's Affection; and both to confirm
 ' and assist her Designs in your Favour, against
 ' all such Persons as may plead Pretences to the
 ' Right you have in her.

Thus the noble *Marcellus* character'd his victo-
 rious Friendship, and at the close of his Discourse,
 left my Prince so ravish'd at his Freedom and Ge-
 nerosity, as it cost him some time to put a Shape
 to his Resentments: Yet at last he reply'd, but in
 such Language, as did rather combat than gratu-
 late his Friend's Intention; he was very loath to
 be out-done in Generosity, or put his Desires upon
 a gentler Rack for his Friend, than he had al-
 ready done for him. This begat a kind Contest
 betwixt them, which lasted a great Part of the
 Day; and it was fought on both sides against
 themselves, with so much Obstinacy, as the Re-
 petition of Particulars would but tire your Atten-
 tion: At last, it was but fit that *Marcellus* (whose
 Passi-

Passion was of a later Date, and less ardent than my Master's), should keep the Lists, and that my Prince's Consent should quadrate to the Emperor's Intentions, and People's Desires, by placing his Friend's Heart in the Princess *Julia's* Service; but he could not quit him to his *German* Expedition, without a Resolution to bear him Company. And besides the Consideration of their Amity, not being less tickled than he with desire of Glory, he concluded to carry his Arms with him under *Vinicius*, and disposed himself for his Departure with such lively Hopes, as helped to charm a part of his Grievs for leaving *Cleopatra*.

Some Provinces in *Germany*, newly risen in Rebellion, had cut in pieces the *Roman* Garrisons; and with two mighty Armies, levy'd upon the Banks of *Danubius*, not only struck a Terror into all the neighbouring Nations; but, swoln with Success, began to menace the Empire itself. For this Expedition, *Cesar* made choice of *Vinicius*, a sage and experienced Captain, to go in the Head of the valiantest Legions; and he was ready to begin to march, when our two young Princes demanded Leave of the Emperor to go gather the first Flowers of their Reputation in the Field. I doubt not but you know this has been a *Roman* Custom; and all those famous Commanders the World has talk'd so much of, whose Virtue gave *Rome* so vast a Dominion, did first learn their Alphabet of War under the ancient Captains.

The two young Princes, confirmed in this Design, threw themselves at the Emperor's Feet, representing, that now the arrival of their seventeen Year had brought them Strength to charge through the Incommodities of War, it was time to begin with such Actions, as might instruct them to deserve his Affection, and copy the Glory
of

of their Ancestors. This Request was easily obtained of the Emperor, whose generous Spirit highly applauded their brave Resolution.

They presently put Things in order for their parting; but my Master's grand Preparation, was to divide himself from *Cleopatra*; his Passion was already grown to its full Stature, and the Princess still preserv'd him in her Favour, with particular Improvements of Good-will: Yet she began to draw herself within the Guard of a greater Reservation than formerly; and her Increase of Years taught her the Severity to cut off those Liberties by degrees, which her flexible Youth had allow'd him.

The Prince's Fore-sight of this prepared him to endure it with Patience, instructing all his Actions to express a Respect to her so submissive, as pleaded a true Title to what he had gotten in her Heart; yet he could not defend himself from the Stings of Discontent at this Separation, and had not a greedy Desire of Glory been too strong for his Grief, every Eye would have read it too plainly in his Visage.

The parting Day being arrived, he felt a Necessity of all his Courage, to pronounce an untroubled Farewel to his Princess; but he gather'd no slight Satisfaction from his Discovery, by some infallible Tokens, that she was sensibly touched at this Separation, and betray'd a timorous Jealousy of those Dangers to which he was going to expose his Safety.

There are too many Passages challenge a mention in my Recital; to allow me the Leisure of enlarging myself upon the several Discourses they exchanged at this parting; and therefore I shall only content myself to tell you, that my Prince, after he had made fresh Protestations of an eternal Fidelity to the Princess, obtained a Promise from
her

her fair mouth, to preserve him in her Thoughts with so vigorous a Care, as should weaken all the Attempts of Absence against her Resolution, to prefer him before all Men: But the parting Words of *Marcellus* were very remarkable; and after he had vowed at *Cleopatra's* Feet, that he despoiled himself (for his Friend's sake) of all those Pretences, that his Love and Services might have given him; he spoke such Things in my Prince's behalf, as (though they did Truth no Injury) could spring from no other Fountain but a strong and perfect Amity; yet the sweetest of my Master's Comforts at that parting, was a Permission, by the Command of *Octavia*, and Consent of the Empress herself, to write to his Princess.

But I will hold you no longer: The two Princes marched away with a proud Equipage, and I followed my Master in this Expedition, (as I did in all the rest that succeeded it) (and joining the Troops that attended them, with the Consul's gross Body; we left *Italy* behind us, and by large Marches quickly gained the *Danubius*; we met no Adventures by the Way that will deserve to be dwelt upon; and indeed my Relation ought but slightly to pass away the Morning of my Master's Youth, that it may more speedily arrive at those weightier Actions of which his Life has been composed; I will only tell you, that his beginnings were Miraculous, that at his first Encounters he did such Things as ravished the Consul, amazed the Soldiery; and scarce found Credit at *Rome*, though several Letters reported it.

Marcellus also, at the first Essay of his young Valour, bravely signalized it by Actions worthy of an eternal Memory; and these two Princes (instead of Envy and Emulation) did mutually interest themselves in each other's Glory; *Marcel-*

lus

Ius tasted no truer Delight in his own, than in the Reputation *Coriolanus* had gotten; and *Coriolanus* could not listen to his proper Praises, with clearer Satisfaction, than to those that cry'd up *Marcellus's* Credit: Indeed, 'tis true, my Master had the Luck to perform some Acts, that made his Fame sound higher than his Friend's; and in the several Encounters were made upon the Banks of *Danubius*, before the grand Battle, he rendered himself remarkable by the Effects of a Valour, which the *Romans* published beyond all Example; at an Encounter which one of our Legions had with some Troops of *Barbarians*, he rescued the *Roman* Eagles from a throng of Enemies that had newly seiz'd them, and brought them back to *Vinicius*, with their Wings bathed in the Blood of his Enemies, who cry'd up that Action with such loud Praises, as could not be accepted by the Prince's Modesty: At the Assault of some revolted Places that opposed our Passage, and were carried by Storm, he was ever the first that enter'd the Breach; and by the Confession of the *Romans*, their taking it was due to the glorious Example he gave those that fought near him; nor was his Valour (of which he had given them so many Precedents) his only Virtue, for in all those Disorders that Victory uses to drag along with it, he gave Proofs of a most unparallel'd Moderation; treated those that fell into his Hands more like Friends and Allies than Enemies; and at the taking of such Places as were won by Assault, he often obtained many Lives of his Enemies by his earnest Intercession, which *Vinicius* had design'd for an exemplary Terror to be cut in Pieces. By such Actions as these, with the rest of his brave Demeanour among the Officers and Soldiers, he had so gained the Hearts of the whole Army, that they

they all petition'd *Vinicius* to give him some considerable Command; though it was unheard of in the *Roman* Discipline, to commit any Charge to Persons of his Age: And when *Vinicius* at their Solicitation, assisted by his own Esteem of their worth, had given him and *Marcellus* a joint Commission to command the Cavalry, all the Officers submitted to them, with a Joy that wanted no Proofs to express itself.

But the *Germans* were not the only Enemies they had to combat; for *Cleopatra's* Remembrance kindled a crueller War, than the *Barbarians* could menace; indeed my Prince had no greater Task than daily to feed and confirm those Thoughts that entirely laid his Life at his Princess's Feet; every Idea that his Fancy could shape, had the Face of Delight, and left a pleasing Impression upon his Spirit; but *Marcellus* fought with a ruder Combatant, and found his Design to banish her his Breast, was not like to gain an easy Conquest; however, he stretched all his Forces to struggle for it, and at last his continued Care carried the Victory: My Master (who in Part perceived the silent Torments that Prince's Generosity inflicted upon himself) did often endeavour to stagger his Resolution, and daily protested, that he had rather have him for a Rival all his Life; nay, would sooner chuse (if necessity required, and possibility consented) to release all his own Pretences, than approve the Violence suffered for his sake.

But the generous *Marcellus* stuck to his Promise with an unshaken Constancy; and then being very young, and daily diverted by his warlike Employment, which he ever followed with a marvellous Ardour, he obtained in Part of himself what he desired; and striving to prefer *Julia* to his

his Thoughts by the Memory of her Beauty (which indeed might be ranked with the most delicate in the World) by the Favour she had shewn him, and the Emperor's Will, upon whom his Fortunes totally depended, he quickly made a considerable Progress.

In the mean time my Prince wrote often to the Princess *Cleopatra*; it would pose my Memory to repeat all his Letters, I have only in Part retained the Sense and Words of some of the shortest; and I believe the first he wrote little differed from these Terms.

Prince *Coriolanus* to the Princess *Cleopatra*.

IT is not to tell you (my divine Princess) that you are always present in my Memory; for with greater Truth I may protest you have the entire Possession of my Soul, where, in the sternest Dangers, you ever keep your Command, and combat *Rome's* Enemies with Arms that are invincible. Ha! my Princess, who can oppose a Heart animated with so bright an Image! What Enemy will be able to dispute the Glory with me that may shew me the Way to deserve you? This high Design will doubtless teach me to do something more great, than Fortune can promise, and my Destiny is too fair to fear a Defeat by other Enemies, after being conquer'd by the divine *Cleopatra*.

This first in a short Time was succeeded by another, and I think the Words were these.

Prince *Coriolanus* to the Princess *Cleopatra*.

I Would say Fortune smil'd upon me, if the Success I have gotten by her Favour, were not moderated by an Absence; to resist which,
I have

‘ I have scarce any Courage left me; yet I would
 ‘ strive to support it, might I hope a Place in the
 ‘ Memory of my adorable Princess; I confess I
 ‘ cannot ask it without Rashness, and yet nor
 ‘ forbear the demand, without neglecting what
 ‘ I owe to the Conservation of a Life I have
 ‘ given her.

These were the two first he wrote, of which
 he received no answer; but a while after, having
 done Wonders in another Encounter, which Re-
 port quickly carried to *Rome*, the Princess *Octa-
 via* and the Emperor himself enjoin’d her to
 write to him, which to satisfy them she did in
 these Words.

The Princess *Cleopatra* to Prince *Coriolanus*.

‘ I Obey the Commands impos’d upon me, to
 ‘ write to you without Repugnance; and I
 ‘ follow my proper Inclinations, when I assure you
 ‘ of the Interest I take in the glorious Success of
 ‘ your Arms; the whole World publishes your
 ‘ beautiful Actions; *Rome* is an entire Admirer,
 ‘ and I a particular Rejoicer at them: The Gods
 ‘ grant that Fortune may never forsake you, and
 ‘ that you may not so blindly resign your Safety
 ‘ to your Courage, as not to be careful of pre-
 ‘ serving a Life, that can never be indifferent to those
 ‘ you judge worthy of your Remembrance.

My Prince received this Letter from the Prin-
 cess, with an Excess of Joy, and kissed it a thou-
 sand Times, in an amorous Rapture at these pre-
 cious Marks of her Affection. The Knowledge
 it gave him how much she concern’d herself in
 his Glory, spurr’d him on to greater Enterprizes,
 and carried him to such a sublime Pitch in the
 whole Army’s Esteem, as it talk’d of nothing
 more

more than the Effects of his Valour, nor was he less known (by the Havock he made) in the Enemy's Camp than ours.

After divers Fights in Parties, the two Armies came to a general Battle, and it was fought so bravely on both Sides, upon the Banks of *Danubius*, that the Streams took Increase and Complexion from the Blood that was spilt: Young *Coriolanus* and his Friend *Marcellus* at the Head of the Cavalry they commanded, did there disclose such prodigies of Valour, as till then were not known among the *Romans*, and gave Proofs of their Prudence and good Conduct, which no Hopes could rationally expect from so immature an Age: Twice or thrice they rallied, and re-inforc'd their Troops, which the first Fury of the *Barbarians* had put into Disorder, and led them on again so courageously, as after they had forced their Resistance by a Valour more than human, they totally routed the Enemy, and obliged the *Roman* Consul to publish at the End of the Day, that the Palm of Victory was only gather'd by their Virtue.

Marcellus saved the Life of *Vinicius*, mounted him again, and bravely cut him out a Path to Safety, through a Throng of his Enemies, in the middle of which he was fighting on Foot, in manifest Peril of his Life; and my Master, among other Actions, by which he signaliz'd himself in that memorable Day, having broken the stoutest Squadron that environ'd them, gave death with his own Hands to the two chief Commanders of the Enemy's Army; and, by that Action, depriv'd all the rest of their Courage, which they took from the Presence of their Generals.

The Battle did not period the War, for there yet remained some scatter'd Troops to be defeated, and revolted Places that made some Resistance.

Two whole Years were spent in this Expedition; at the End of which, the two Princes, having now no more Work for their Swords in *Germany*, bent their Course with the Consul to *Rome*, laden with Praises that were never due before to such young Beginners. My Master daily shorten'd his way, with all the Joy that could be given him, by the hope of restoring his Eyes to the sight of *Cleopatra*, whom two Years Absence (instead of effacing) had more lively engraven in his Memory; and, which helped to compleat his Satisfaction, he perceiv'd his dear *Marcellus* was perfectly cured; and that he had now no further Cause to fear to be travers'd by such Persons, whose Repose he was obliged to value.

The Exploits *Vinicius* had done in *Germany* were so great, that the Senate decreed him the Honour of Triumph; but he refusing it with a remarkable Modesty, the grandeur of his Services was acknowledg'd by other Recompences that were very glorious, and by the Command of the Emperor and Senate, there was made him a most magnifick Entry, where every thing appeared in a pompous Dressing; but the greatest Part of the *Romans* found nothing so beautiful as our two young Princes, that marched on both Sides the Consul, clad in Arms, that were hid in the Splendor of Gold and Jewels, their Head and Shoulders were shaded with white Feathers, and themselves mounted on two white Horses, whose beautiful Pride did marvellously aid the Grace wherewith their Masters managed them. All those that saw them pass in that Equipage, and had taken the Account of the gallant Actions they performed in War, from the Mouth of Fame, strew'd their Passages with loud Acclamations of Joy, and their Praises throng'd, like themselves, to welcome them.

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The Emperor receiv'd them with abundance of Carresses; and the Privilege *Marcellus* borrow'd from his Alliance, gave him no Advantage of my Master in that Reception. They were likewise saluted by the Empress and Princess *Octavia*, with kind Aspects; but when they approached *Cleopatra*, the sight of her made my Master's Eye release all other objects, and his memory efface them; in this two years absence he found her marvellously chang'd, her stature (though she was then but fifteen) already reached the common height of Women, her neck almost formed to its perfect proportion, and her Beauty mounted near to that Meridian in which you have view'd her; but with this advantageous change, a Royal Majesty sat inthron'd in her face, and armed her looks with a greater severity than appear'd in her precedent years; and my Prince could not behold her visage without gathering the effects of a fear from her flowered Excellencies, which grew not there before in her budding youth; yet she received him with her obliging Civilities. He had no sooner accosted her, but without regard to the illustrious Spectators, he bent a knee to the Earth, and ravished a kiss from her fair hand, before she could enforce him to rise; by this extraordinary respect publicly stripping part of his amorous designs to those that had not yet discovered them. In the presence of so many witnesses and persons that waited to succeed one another in his embraces, he then had not the freedom of a particular converse with her; but his Eyes were the Deputies of his Tongue, and elegantly translated most of those amorous thoughts into passionate looks, which his mouth should have put into accents. The whole Court spoke highly to his advantage; the general vote published his brave beginning beyond parallel, and the Emperor him-

self commended him to such a height, as might have topp'd the most irregular ambition; the honours that were rendered him had the approbation of all but *Tiberius*, the only Man that envy'd his Fortune, who (prepossessed by a mortal jealousy against him) was stung to the heart at the praises were given him; *Marcellus* had a great share in the glory, which indeed he justly merited, and the affection which the *Romans* naturally bore him, was marvellously augmented, by that clear proof of his Virtue.

My Master being return'd to his lodging, was visited by a throng of his Friends, and the first news he received, was, that *Tiberius* was enamoured of the Princess *Cleopatra*; my Prince had begun to suspect it before his departure, but during his absence, *Tiberius* had made his re-search so publick, as *Rome* had few persons that ignor'd it: *Coriolanus* resented this intelligence with a sensible displeasure, yet dissembled it to his Friends, with all the power and skill he could use; but when they had left him the liberty to entertain me in private, he passionately declared himself fearful of so puissant a Rival; not that the valour or merit of his Person had any place in his fears, for while those were only in question, he knew himself able to dispute *Cleopatra*; but he dreaded his Mother, the Empress *Livia*, well knowing, the credit she had with the Emperor, had power to cross his designs, if she once approved of her Son's affection: However, he resolv'd to assault all obstacles that encountred him, and openly to dispute that at the price of his Life, which his reason judg'd to be no Man's due but his own.

He patiently waiteth an occasion to entertain the Princess upon that subject, and (if possible) learn from her mouth the sentiments she had for his Rival;

Rival; the following day offered him the liberty to make that trial, and obtaining the permission to give her a visit in her own lodgings, he enjoyed a large opportunity of exchanging his thoughts with her without interruption.

Their first discourse may better be imagined than related, and you may easily judge my Master spent it upon the torments he suffered for her absence, while the Princess expressed the glad content she took in his return, with the happy and glorious success of his voyage; yet she contracted her language and looks with so much moderation and strict reserve, received the discourse with so serious a face, as it startled some of his forwardest hopes, which though he had foreseen, yet he was not so well fortified against it, as not to read over her visage with a timorous Eye; yet he met something there that hinted the occasion he desired; and mingling the respect with his Words, which that new Majesty imprinted: ‘*Madam, said he, if I may be permitted, without offending the veneration I owe you, to undisguise a part of my Sentiments, I must take the liberty to say, that the severity that sits upon your brow, does promise no happy Augury to my hopes; indeed, if it only springs from a right understanding of what you ate, I have no reason left me to complain, and mine shall agree with the judgments of persons most disinterested, that it is but a fit companion of that bright Majesty, which we all acknowledge in you, as the Princess of the World, in whom it is most justly spher’d; but if it parts from another cause, I do there behold my condemnation, and read my irreparable ruine.*

‘*I did not perceive, said the Princess, interrupting him, that my behaviour to you had put*

“ on any other fashion than it has formerly worn ;
“ and if a small access of years, has a little check-
“ ed the freedom of my carriage, I cannot think
“ the change can either disadvantage your hopes,
“ or disquiet your repose. I did always judge,
“ *replied the Prince*, that the childhood of my
“ Fortune was too forward to be long-liv’d ; nor
“ can I frame a just complaint, because you cut
“ off a part of those favours which I never me-
“ rited ; but since all Men are as unworthy as I,
“ with your permission I will believe, that *Tiberius*
“ has not more right to demand them than myself.

By these Words *Cleopatra* perceived the kind-
lings of my Master’s jealousy, and now not doubt-
ing but he had heard of the pursuits *Tiberius* had
made in his absence, she resolv’d to keep on the
mask no longer ; and preventing his discourse with
a smile : “ Indeed, I thought, *said she*, you would
“ meet with the notice of what has passed since
“ your departure, and if you still owned an in-
“ terest in my affairs, you would not stay long
“ for the knowledge, that *Tiberius* has offered me
“ affection. I did believe it necessary to dissemble
“ what I knew of it, nor shall I make any scru-
“ ple to avow (if my apprehension scap’d mis-
“ take) that the resentments *Tiberius* has for me
“ are the same with yours. With mine, *said Co-*
“ *riolanus, with a hasty interruption*, Ah ! *Ma-*
“ *dam*, do not wound me with so deep a displea-
“ sure, to think mine can suffer comparison, with-
“ out a mortal offence ; I will easily believe *Tibe-*
“ *rius* doth love you, for there is nothing upon
“ Earth deserves less incredulity ; but that his Pas-
“ sion can measure with mine, is a belief that all
“ the strength of my submission and obedience is
“ too weak to bow me to. *Tiberius* has excellent
“ Qualities, and possibly a Person more consider-
“ able

' able than mine, but our dispositions are very
 ' different, and I know our Souls are incapable of
 ' cherishing an equal flame; if all the requisites
 ' of Love were comprized in offering Protestati-
 ' ons of fidelity at your feet, or sprusing up the
 ' Passion in artificial language, perhaps I might
 ' justly claim no advantage; but if to misprize
 ' and abandon all those things, wherewith am-
 ' bitious persons build their felicity, to sacrifice
 ' my Life at your feet; nay, and if possible, to
 ' dye it a thousand times over in your sacrifice,
 ' be to love aright, methinks you should find some
 ' difference 'twixt the Passion of *Tiberius*, and that
 ' of *Coriolanus*.

' Then I will tell you, *said the Princess*, to re-
 ' pair the displeasure I have given you; that I do
 ' distinguish betwixt you; and if I thought you
 ' would not take too much advantage of my Words,
 ' I would add, that you are better placed in my
 ' opinion than *Tiberius*; not that his affection
 ' has not put on as fair and specious proofs, not
 ' that it has almost spoke the same language that
 ' yours have utter'd; yet with truth I dare assure
 ' you, that neither his discourse nor actions have
 ' got any hold in my heart; and if I change not
 ' my humour, I think it will ask a long time
 ' to make my inclinations look that way.

This free and unreserv'd Declaration of the Prin-
 cess gave my Master a satisfaction that drove away
 all his fears, and calm'd his displeasures; which
 not being able to dissemble one moment, recover-
 ing that gaiety that usually sparkled in his lively
 looks: ' I am made too glorious, *said he*, by the
 ' honour you have done me, in thus unmasking
 ' your propensions; and since they are not dis-
 ' pos'd of to my Rival, but I am permitted to try
 ' my title with him by my services, I will learn

' to hope from your bounty, and the Divine Fa-
 ' vour, that he shall not carry the advantage. And
 ' now, *Madam*, I will freely confess, that I take
 ' not my greatest fears from his Person, for I do
 ' much more redoubt the credit of the *Empress*,
 ' than either the Services or good Qualities of *Ti-*
 ' *berius*. 'Tis true, *replied Cleopatra*, the Em-
 ' press did a while since speak in his Favour, but
 ' she had not as yet much pressed it; for as her
 ' thoughts are busier in building up the fortunes
 ' and greatness of her Son, than soothing his af-
 ' fection; so I think her studies are more direct-
 ' ly levelled at a power in the *Emperor's Spirit*,
 ' than in mine. May she have the Gods consent,
 ' *replied Coriolanus*, to the success of that design,
 ' for they all know I will neither grudge him the
 ' Favour of *Augustus*, nor the possession of the *Em-*
 ' *press*, provided he lets fall his *Title* to my *Prin-*
 ' *cess's* Affections.

Cleopatra was going to reply, but was hinder-
 ed by the arrival of the Princess *Julia* and *Mar-*
cellus; who, with a great train of other Persons,
 then enter'd the Chamber; but the following days
 they resumed opportunities of reviving this dis-
 course, which gave my Master a clear discovery,
 that he was not only preferred to *Tiberius* in his
Princess's thoughts, but was almost as well seated
 there, as his own reason could desire from such a
 Person as *Cleopatra*, whose courage was already
 mounted to that pitch, that there was not a hu-
 man consideration capable to abase her Spirit so
 much as to one single thought, unworthy of her
 former Fortunes.

In the mean time, the two Princes her Brothers
 were brought up at *Octavia's* House, with as much
 care as was due to their extractions, and equal to
 the Hopes they promised: *Alexander* was of the
 same

same Age with his Sister, *Ptolomy* one year younger; and both endow'd with a Beauty so excellent, such an amiable gentleness was stamp'd in their behaviour, performing all the Exercises were taught them, with such a graceful dexterity, and disclosing so much grandeur of Courage in all such encounters, as gave them opportunities to shew the marks of it. As all the *Roman* People regarded them with admiration, the *Emperor* highly esteem'd, and the Court considered them as the deserving Children of so great a Father, and worthy to inherit a better Destiny: They no sooner reach'd fifteen, but they appeared at all the great Meetings, and despising the childish employments, that commonly busied Persons of their Age, they mingled with those of riper years that addicted themselves to such as were more serious and important.

My Prince who both regarded them as *Cleopatra's* Brothers, and as Princes that needed no other assistance than their own desert to purchase his esteem, strove to indear them with much affection, and equally engaged himself to their interests and his own; but he particularly observed something so great and noble in the Mind and Spirit of *Alexander*, as invited him to a perfect amity; and that Prince (young as he was) so well understood my Master's admirable Qualities, that his affection to him scarce gave *Marcellus* the precedency.

At that time, the inclinations of *Marcellus* began to bend their course to another Centre, and as he still drove on the design of drawing off his thoughts from *Cleopatra*, so he turned his Eyes with less reluctance upon the Beauties of the Princess *Julia*, which he found so full of charms, as it was impossible, after his resolve intirely to put off the other Passion, to regard her long with an indifferent Eye. In effect, that Lady is Mistress of

so delicate a Beauty, as it may scarce give place to any of Nature's choicest Favourites; and she makes use of those Advantages with so nimble an Ingenuity, as few Persons in the World come near her; she has a Spirit, hardy, supple, and pliant to all sorts of Encounters, but very wavering and dangerous to the Repose of such Persons as are taken with her Baits, which had *Marcellus* known before, I think he would not easily have engaged upon those Rocks, against which her inconstant and artificial Humours have often dash'd him.

Though doubtless you have taken this in bulk from the Mouth of Report, yet I may learn you some particulars in the Recital of my Master's Life, which never yet came at your Ear; and indeed their Adventures are so entangled one with another, as it would be a very difficult Task to single them in my Relation. When *Marcellus* first undertook to serve *Julia* in earnest, he found her Disposition so ready to receive his Addresses, as (though himself had valued his Desert at the highest) he could not have gotten such large Hopes in so little Time, without the Assistance of a powerful Anticipation; but this dexterous Wit, no sooner perceived he had swallowed the Bait, but she began by degrees to put a Cover upon her former Kindness, as much as to say, she was willing he should openly buy that with some Pain, which indeed she had already liberally given him, before he was willing to ask it.

Marcellus was not the only Prisoner to *Julia's* Beauty; for some of the principal *Romans*, with divers Kings Sons that were brought up at *Rome*, and many Kings themselves, which the necessity of their Affairs detained near *Augustus's* Person, did all sigh for her in Secret.

In the mean time, my Master and *Tiberius* daily met in *Cleopatra's* Chamber, both openly professing

feeling their re-search; but the Knowledge they both had of this mutual Competition, would not have been pocketed on either Side, if some powerful Considerations had not held their Hands. *Tiberius* was well acquainted with my Master's Courage, and my Prince forgot not *Livia's* Authority and Credit with the Emperor. One Evening they met at her Lodgings, which immediately preceded a Day that *Augustus* had appointed for publick Spectacles, wherein, besides Gladiators and Combats with wild Beasts in the Amphitheatre, the noblest *Romans* were to shew their Address in Courses on Horse-back, and divers other Exercises that suited their Condition; for these my Master, *Tiberius*, and *Marcellus*, made their Preparations, and formed Parties to signalize themselves before their Princesses, thus tacitly instructing the whole City, to expect Things from them worthy of their Magnificence and Gentleness.

A Part of the fore-going Night was past away in the Princess *Cleopatra's* Chamber, who had been let Blood that Day, and carried her Arm in a rich Scarf tiss'd with Gold and Silk, and wrought with admirable Artifice, which the rival Princes had no sooner seen, but they were both struck with an equal Ardour, to wear that precious Favour in the next Day's Solemnity. My Prince's Respect and Moderation imprison'd his Desires; but *Tiberius* being more hardy, or (to express it better) less respectful, was willing to make use of that Confidence, which he knew how to practise in the rest of his Actions, and addressing his Words to my Master: 'Think you not, *Coriolanus*, said he, that the Person which could gain the Princess's Consent, to let him wear this precious Scarf in the Lists to morrow, would not have a grand Advantage of his Companions,

panions, and, by a Favour's Encouragement of
so high a Price, infallibly carry that which the
Emperor has designed for the best deserver?
That will be easily granted, *reply'd my Prince*
coldly; but as I think it a Grace which few
Men's Hopes are worthy to aspire at, so I doubt
the Princess will not find out any that are fit for
so much Happiness. 'And why not, *said Tiberius*,
whatever Price her Favours can amount
to, can any Reason forbid Hopes to those Cou-
rages that are hardy enough to enterprize all
Things for her Service?' 'Her goodness allows
us to hope for what she is pleased to grant, *re-*
ply'd my Master, but Rash is a fitter Epithet
than Hardy, for him that will raise a title to it,
as a Thing that may be merited, when he only
ought to wait for it from her pure Condescension.

Tiberius was going to reply, when the Princess,
who had all this Time been silent, regarding him
with a disdainful Look: 'Do not put yourself to
the Trouble, *said she*, of disputing these Pre-
tences any further; my Favours do but weakly
deserve your Services, and you should do well to
level them at Objects of higher Value, which
possibly you may obtain with greater Ease.

'If ever I took care (*said Tiberius*) to aim at
any Thing but you only, let me wear out my
Life without a Recompence: Yet I cannot de-
spair, *continued he with a Smile*, to obtain
Part of my Desire, and I am now going to ask
the Gods good Will, that I may have yours to
accord it.' When he had utter'd these Words,
making a low Reverence to the Princess, he left
her Presence, with a Face apparently full of Sa-
tisfaction.

My Master, who had listen'd to this Discourse,
not without the use of his Patience, staid some
Time

Time with the Princess after his Departure, whom he then entertained with a larger Liberty, and expressed an ardent Desire to appear next Day in the Field, under her Colours; but he found her indisposed to grant that Request; and as she ever temper'd all her Actions with an admirable Circumspection, she contented herself to afford him a verbal Assurance, that she gave him the Preference above all the Persons that served her, without consenting to allow him Advantages, which she thought would bely that haughty and rigorous Virtue, of which she had made a severe Profession.

The next Day all things were made ready in the Amphitheatre that the Pomp requir'd, but I think you do not desire my Relation should range on either Side from what concerns my Master's Life; I will therefore contract the Particulars, and only tell you, that every thing was disposed for the Celebration of these Sports; the People were ranked according to the customary Order, the Emperor placed on one Side, with the most considerable Persons of the Senate, and the Empress on the other with all the Princesses and noblest *Roman* Ladies, when my Prince enter'd the Cirque armed and mounted very gallantly; all his Armour offer'd the Eye a mingled Splendor of Gold and Jewels, and the Hand of Art had so curiously embellished the Materials, as it would long have kept the Assistants gazing, if the Grace of him that bore them had not becken'd their Looks to a more delightful Attention; his Casque was shaded with twenty white Feathers, and through his Vizor, which was then half up, there appeared a Face so noble and so amiably fierce, as all the Spectators beheld it with Respect, and almost all their Hearts voted in his Favour; but the Acclamations of the People could take but little Hold
of

of his Thoughts, and despising all sorts of other Objects, he sent his Eyes in search of the Princess, whom they found seated at the Empress's Feet, by the Princess *Octavia's* Side, where she shined like some great Star, whose Master-Light had half obscur'd the rest of the celestial Spangles, attracted the Eyes of *Rome*, and busied all Mens Thoughts with a just Wonder at her Beauty; when I saw her in that Estate, I confess I was dazzled as well as the rest, and pos'd to find any thing strange in the Effects, which that marvel of Beauty produc'd in my Master's Spirit.

After he had spent some Time in gazing upon her, with all the Affections of a Man that had lost his Heart, he was obliged to retire to another Side, and put himself in the Head of his Troops after the Example of *Tiberius*, *Marcellus*, *Agrippa*, young *Alexander*, and his Brother, who already began to mingle themselves in those Exercises, with the other Captains, which were then preparing to begin the Sports: Never was any Thing seen more Pompous than *Marcellus*, and his brave Mine had the Help of all the Ornaments and Advantages that the *Roman* Curiosity could invent; nor was *Tiberius* behind him in the Pride of Garb and Equipage; he was jewel'd all over with a marvellous Profusion; his Habit, Casque, and Armour, were starr'd with a thousand Flames, which dazzled all the Spectators Opticks; but, for his most precious and remarkable Ornament, his Shoulders were covered with that fair Scarf, which my Prince had seen *Cleopatra* wear the Night before, and the same which gave Occasion to the Discourse recited. My Master no sooner saw, but he knew it, and that Knowledge suddenly stabb'd itself through his Heart with a mortal Surprizal, an universal Shivering presently ran through all his

his Members, and in one Moment overthrew the Force of his Reason; he stood and gaz'd a while, holding his Arms a-croſs in the Poſture of a Man that was Planet-ſtruck, upon that cruel Object, when the Sound of the Trumpets, which made the Amphitheatre echo, call'd him back to himſelf, and made him demand a Reſolution of his Spirit. The firſt that preſented itſelf to his incenſed Thoughts, was to fly upon *Tiberius*, and ſnatch away his Life in the Sight of the Emperor and all the *Romans*, and change the Combat which was only deſign'd to wear the harmleſs Livery of delight into a crimſon Complexion; but theſe tempeſtuous Thoughts to which the firſt Motions of his Fury hurried him, began already to over-blow in his Mind; they were oppos'd with ſome remains of Reaſon, but more over-power'd with the Fear of offending *Cleopatra*, than any other Conſideration; he had ſome Thoughts publickly to reproach that Princeſs, with the Injuſtice ſhe had done him, but Reſpect had ſtill Strength enough left to defer the Effect of that Reſolution; the laſt which he clos'd with, was, to retire from thoſe Sports, where he had now neither Force nor Courage to appear like himſelf, and take freſh Advice of his Thoughts, without the Interruption of ſo many Spectators.

Theſe deep Cogitations that ſuſpended his Senſe and Motion, had ſwallow'd ſo much Time, as all the Troops had already chang'd their Places, and begun to join in the Exerciſe, only he ſtood ſtill in its Place, attending his Order and Example to move. The young *Alexander*, who was of his Side, had often call'd to him, when taking him gently by the Arm: 'My Lord, ſaid I, do you not perceive that ours is the only Troop that is not march'd?' This brought him to himſelf, and regarding him with a Viſage wholly chang'd: 'Let us go; *Emilius*, ſaid he,

'*be*, I can do no more.' At these Words, after he had intreated *Alexander* to take his Place, he crouded through his own Squadron, and leaning upon my Shoulder, retir'd towards one of the Gates.

Tiberius, whose Interest still kept an Eye upon my Master's Actions, perceiv'd him when he parted; and taking Commission from his haughty Pride, newly swoln with this present Prosperity: 'What, '*Coriolanus*, cry'd *be*, do you retreat? do you quit the Lifts?' These Words had like to have put my Master past all Consideration, and provok'd him to a precipitate Assault of that Rival with his Sword in his Hand, who had taken so much Insolence from that Advantage; but a Reserve of Judgment did then hold the Hands of his Passion, and only turning towards him with a furious Look, and a pair of Eyes that flam'd with Rage: 'Tis not to thee, said *be*, 'that I quit the Lifts, but to those Marks of thy Fortune, which thou art not worthy to bear; and 'which I shall possibly find a Time to make thee 'resign with thy Life to boot.

I believe *Tiberius* (who had turn'd his Head another Way) did not well understand these last Words, but they were clearly over-heard by divers Persons of his own Party, that might easily carry them to his Ear, and to that Purpose my Master spoke them.

'Tis not unlikely, interrupted *Tyridates*, that 'they might be conceal'd by the Discretion of those 'that heard them, lest they should incense the Emperor, with fomenting a Quarrel betwixt Persons 'so considerable as your Master and *Tiberius*.

'I am of the same Belief, reply'd *Emilius*; in the 'mean time, Sir, let me intreat you would not think 'it strange, if I a little amplify some Particulars, 'that are not the most important in my Master's 'Life, tho' not altogether so trivial, but you may 'possibly judge them worthy of your Attention.

Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

OR,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART VI. BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Coriolanus, by an Improvement of his jealous Mistake, and the receipt of an angry Answer from Cleopatra, falls into a desperate Fever. Marcellus unriddles Tiberius's Plot, cures the Lady, and reconciles the Lovers. Julia loosely deserts Marcellus, and displaces her Affection upon Coriolanus; her Levity divides the Friends, till Coriolanus clears the Suspicion. The Enquiry of their Fate from Thrasillus, begets an open Quarrel betwixt him and Tiberius. The Emperor interposes, and Cleopatra is propos'd as a Prize to him of the two that deserved best in their Military Employments.

THUS



HUS my Master left the Amphitheatre, excusing his Departure with some Indisposition to those that demanded the Reason: Myself was as ignorant as the rest, of the true Cause of it; but when we were arrived at his Chamber, as I was taking off his Arms, I remarked an extreme Paleness, and an extraordinary Change in his Visage, which made me timorously demand the Cause of so great and sudden an Alteration. He stood a good while without returning an Answer, over-whelm'd with so black a Sadness, as it scarce left him the use of Speech; but after I had often redoubled my Sollicitations to know the reason, ' Didst thou not see, *said he, with two or three Sighs*, didst thou not see that Scarf which *Tiberius* wore to-day upon his Arms, and couldst not perceive it was the same that *Cleopatra* carried her Arm in Yesterday, when thou wert with me at her Lodgings? To me she refused the slightest and most trivial Favours, though I begged them with abundance of Submission; and to that Insolent has granted what he proudly pretended to in my Presence, on purpose to dress him up a Triumph over me, while mine own Eyes, with all the People's, must stand gazing at my Shame. That inconstant Woman has forgot the Promises she repeated a thousand times over, to place me ever in her Esteem before him; has forgot herself, on purpose to publish her Legerity to the Empire. That *Cleopatra*, that Spirit which I believed incapable of the Weakness and Imperfections of the Sex, has ruin'd me with the Fall from Virtue, and makes nothing to give up a Prince as a Prey to Despair, that can shew more Desert for her Affection,

on,

' on, than he that her Ingratitude and Injustice
 ' prefer'd before him.' In the Sequel of this
 passionate Discourse, he let loose a Torrent of other
 Reproaches; but within one Moment retracted all,
 with a sudden Motion of Repentance gets the Ma-
 stery of his Resentments, and demands Pardon of
 the Princess for the rash Words his Rage had ut-
 ter'd: Then he turns the Tide of his Choler up-
 on *Tiberius*; and addressing his Speech to him,
 with an Action full of Fury, ' Think not, *said*
 ' *he*, think not, thou insolent Rival, to prevail by
 ' these Advantages that Fortune has blindly given
 ' thee; thou dost hold nothing of me, but of
 ' her; and if, by the Fall of my Empires, I am
 ' fallen to a lower Esteem with *Cleopatra*, than
 ' the Son of *Livia*, at least, by a Courage more
 ' noble, a Birth more illustrious, and the Testi-
 ' monies of a Love more perfect than his, I may
 ' repair the Defects of that, which giddy Chance
 ' has only given thee above me: Thou art now
 ' grown gay with the Spoils of my Repose and
 ' Glory, and hast proudly deck'd thyself with an
 ' Ornament due to me only: But fear, *Tiberius*,
 ' (if thy Fortune will let thee apprehend it) fear,
 ' that this Present may prove fatal; thou mayest
 ' yet be put to buy it at the Price of thy Blood;
 ' nor canst thou give dear enough for it, though
 ' all thy Veins were empty'd for the Payment.
 His Passion brought forth a thousand other Com-
 plaints, full of the Marks of Transport and De-
 spair. In this manner he tormented himself the
 rest of the Day, till the Evening arriv'd, and about
 the Hour they return'd from the Spectacles, he re-
 solved to write to the Princess: When, after he
 had try'd all the Strength of his Reason to rane
 the Rage that possess'd him, and reduce himself
 to a Condition, employing of the same Respect
 which

which he usually express'd in his other Letters, at last he made the Paper speak in these Terms.

Prince Coriolanus to the Princess Cleopatra.

IT is not for the unfortunate *Coriolanus* to complain of *Cleopatra*: He owes her all, and has merited nothing of her; but, if he might have leave to assume the Liberty, he would make it appear, that, though he be unworthy of her Favours, *Tiberius* has no better deserved them. The Grant of so publick an Advantage, has openly destroy'd the Promise you made me, never to prefer the Son of *Livia* before the Prince of *Mauritania*: But since it is not permitted me to demand of my Sovereign the Effects of her Promises, I will try the Courtesy of Death, for a Comfort which I can receive from none but her, and for which I am willing to owe her the entire Obligation.

He had no sooner finished these Words, when (without consulting further with Respect or Reason) he commanded me to carry them to the Princess. I found some Precipitation in this Proceeding; but, as I ever paid him a blind Obedience, I took the Letter and carried it to *Cleopatra's* Lodgings. She was newly returned from the Amphitheatre, and retir'd alone into her Cabinet much troubled; but when she knew I was there to speak with her, she commanded I should enter: I presently read a part of her Discontent in her Visage, yet she forced it (before I had time to speak) to demand how my Master did. In a very sad Estate, Madam, said I; part of which you will learn from the Letter he commanded me to give you.

The Princess, without returning an Answer, took the Letter and read it; but before she had

got

got to the End, I easily perceiv'd that Choler had drowned the Lilies of her Face in a Flood of Blushes. That haughty Courage could not suffer the Liberty he took to reproach her; and feeling her own Innocence, she repented her Design to give him Comfort and Satisfaction, if his Patience could have waited it: And now Despight began to grow active in her; but she commanded herself with a Power so irresistible, as hinder'd the Heat of it from breaking out in my Presence, tho' she knew my Master honoured me with the Knowledge of his Secrets; and letting fall the Letter upon the Table, with an Action full of cold Neglect, *Coriolanus* has reason, said she, to believe, that it is not for him to complain of *Cleopatra*, nor demand the Effects of her Promises; for my part, I never made any to him, that could engage me so deep as he has unjustly pretended. My Favours are neither for *Tiberius* nor him, nor shall ever be granted to any Person that usurps the Liberty to upbraid me: I could possibly justify myself against his Reproaches, and perhaps would have done it too, had he given me time; but since he has prevented the Intention I might have had, with an Act so unsuitable to the Knowledge he should have of my Humour, bid him go seek his Comforts where he can find them, and let me be quiet.

At these Words, (after she had made me a Sign to retire) she took up a Book, and began to read in it, without turning her Head any more towards me. I went away in a deep Sadness, and a grand Confusion, at the bad Success of my Message; and was no sooner returned to my Master, but my Face told him part of the Truth before my Tongue could begin it; yet I had some design to sweeten it as much as possible, but his Impatience would
neither

neither allow me the Time, nor leave me Assurance, forbidding me to disguise any Thing, with a Look so severe and terrible, as I durst not adventure it. Then I punctually recounted to him the Action, and repeated the Language, Word for Word, of *Cleopatra*, which brought him to the saddest Condition that Misfortune could make: I did believe the Unkindness he took at her pretended Change, would have fortified him against the Fear of her Anger, but his Soul found room enough for both the Passions; and if he were afflicted with a Belief of *Cleopatra's* Discretion, he trembled at the thought of her Anger; and the very Intelligence of so hasty an Indignation in so moderate a Spirit, confirmed his Opinion of her Inconstancy; for he could not believe that petty Offence could pass her so suddenly to a cold Indifferency touching his Repose and his Life, unless she had lost that which formerly nourished the Care of it, and receiv'd a new Impression that had effaced the old one; then did he let fly such Language, and Behaviour, that it was but little conform'd to his ordinary Moderation; all his Thoughts tended to the Death of *Tiberius*: But he was soon put past the Power of acting those Resolutions; and whether caused by the Jealousy of his Rival's Fortune, or Apprehension of *Cleopatra's* Anger, he fell that very Evening into a most violent Fever.

He was scarce laid in his Bed, when *Marcellus* (who had been anxious for his Welfare ever since he saw him depart the Cirque so unexpectedly) enter'd the Chamber. I was very glad of his Presence, hoping the Power he had in his Spirit would prove the best Medicine to remit his Disease. Before he approached my Master's Bed, (who yet knew not of his coming) he demanded

of

of me the Account of his Health ; and I (know-
ing my Master never used to hide any thing from
him) was willing to give him the naked Truth
concerning it, requisite to save the sick Man the
Labour, who could not enter upon that Recital,
without the Danger of a passionate Transport.
Marcellus was astonished at the Discourse which I
made him touching *Cleopatra's* Scarf, and the Rage
she was in at my Master's Letter ; and being in-
deed his real Friend, he did tenderly interests him-
self in his Affection ; but he was Master of a
grand Courage, and that rather disposed him to
assist than bewail his Friend : With this Design,
approaching his Bed's Side, ' What, *Coriolanus*,
' *said he*, is your Courage fled, as soon as you
' feel the first Blow of Misfortune ? Cannot you
' call to mind how bravely it has served you in
' more dangerous Encounters ? ' Ah ! my dear
' *Marcellus*, *reply'd the Prince with a deep Sigh*,
' as my Unhappiness is stated, how vainly would
' my Courage struggle to relieve me ? and how
' much more easy is it to brave Death with my
' Sword in my Hand, than thus to support the
' Choler and Inconstancy of *Cleopatra* ? ' ' I
' know, *said Marcellus*, *Cleopatra's* Choler will
' not be long-liv'd ; and for her Inconstancy, let
' me tell you, your suspicion is built but upon
' slight Appearances. ' Call you these slight Ap-
' pearances, *reply'd my Prince*, that I saw with
' my proper Eyes ? and could *Tiberius* obtain a
' more considerable Advantage over me, than that
' which glitter'd in the sight of the whole City ?
' *Emilius* has told me all, *said Marcellus*, and I
' confess you have some cause of Discontent ; but
' thus to throw yourself down so weakly, is that
' which I cannot pardon, since I can see no solid
' Foundation to prop the Opinion of your Un-
' happiness.

'happiness.' 'Ah! *Marcellus*, cry'd my Master,
 'how easy is it for those that swim in a Tide of Pro-
 'sperity to sentence a Weakness, which doubtless
 'themselves would fall into, if their Fortune once
 'grew angry! Do you believe, *pursu'd he, lean-*
 '*ing upon his Elbow, and regarding Marcellus*
 '*with a passionate Look*; do you believe, that af-
 'ter such visible Marks of *Tiberius's* fortune, and
 'my disgrace, I can keep the current of my grief
 'within the banks of moderation? And would you
 'esteem that a true courage, as you alledge, if it
 'should defend me from the sensibility I owe to
 'the utter shipwreck of my hopes? No, no, my
 'dear *Marcellus*, since I have fastned my Life to
 '*Cleopatra's* affection, 'tis but fit it should die
 'with it, and I ask no more of the Gods, but
 'only to give way to my revenge upon *Tiberius*;
 'I saw that insolent Man deck'd with a precious
 'Favour, that I durst not raise my Hopes to; and
 'I remember, after he had proudly demanded it
 'in my presence, his Discourse and Action wit-
 'nessed that he was sure to obtain it; that Prin-
 'cess, which I believ'd incapable of so black a dis-
 'simulation, cunningly cover'd her design to fa-
 'vour him; and since made no difficulty to belye
 'the appearances that deceiv'd me, and display to
 'every *Roman* Eye the advantages she gave him
 'to the prejudice of my Hopes: After so cruel a
 'disgrace, one slight complaint, and that too sweet-
 'ned with respect, a complaint which the Gods
 'never forbade us in our least afflictions, has drawn
 'upon me the indignation of that Spirit, which
 '(had it not been chang'd) would easily have par-
 'don'd the effect of so just a resentment: Nor
 'would she have put so much Gall of contempt and
 'cruelty in her Words, if she had not design'd
 'this Life (which I have intirely given her) for

' a Sacrifice to despair; And oh that herself would
 ' offer it! or at least behold the deplorable end of
 ' a Life which I will preserve no longer, since it
 ' has displeased, and is grown indifferent to her.
 ' At afflictions of this stamp, my dearest Friend,
 ' you do but throw away the fruit of your Ge-
 ' nerosity; and this effect of Friendship which
 ' your admirable Virtue has forc'd from you in my
 ' favour, is now lavish'd in vain, since my pre-
 ' sent condition will neither permit me to receive
 ' nor requite it.

The Prince (who thus let himself be carried
 down the impetuous stream of his passion, would
 doubtless have enlarged his complaint, if *Marcel-
 lus*, who judg'd a discourse so vehement, might
 prove a dangerous foe to his health had not in-
 terrupted him.

' I do not seek to oppose your resentment, *said*
 ' *he*, and I am well enough acquainted with the
 ' cause that afflicts you, to excuse the effects; but
 ' I could have wish'd you had made a clearer dis-
 ' covery before you leap'd the precipice to these ex-
 ' tremities. I know I can quickly learn the truth,
 ' and when you have no further cause to doubt
 ' of your good or ill Fortune, we shall see what
 ' behaviour will best become you: 'Tis too late
 ' this Night to see the Princess *Cleopatra*, but to-
 ' morrow I will not fail to visit her, and as cun-
 ' ning as she is, I dare pawn my promise she
 ' shall find a hard task to hide her Inclinations
 ' from my knowledge; in the mean time for my
 ' sake dispose yourself to rest, and oblige my en-
 ' deavours to redeem you from this sad condition,
 ' with the auspicious Hope of a happy success.

My Master was so deeply buried in grief, as
 he slighted the officious cares of his Friend, and
 earnestly oppos'd his design to labour his repose,

protesting, If his Life were indifferent to *Cleopatra*, he would never try the strength of his own, nor others industry to preserve it. But *Marcellus*, having staid some time with him, made a discreet use of it, insinuating such pressing reasons as, if he did not pacify his Spirit, at least he disposed it, to expect the event of his intended discourse with *Cleopatra*. When *Marcellus* was gone, my Master wasted the rest of the Night with nothing but sighs and sobs, accompanied with disjointed speeches: And though his Fever was very intense, he would not suffer us to call a *Physician*, nor employ any remedies to rescue his health, which himself had abandon'd.

The next day, so soon as the Princess *Cleopatra* might civilly be seen, the officious *Marcellus* went to her lodging, and found her in the same angry mood that posselt her the day before, nevertheless she received him with all the civility was due to his condition, to the merit of his Person, and the particular esteem she had always borne him; she had then no other company with her but one Maid, whom she peculiarly trusted, which offer'd him opportunity to entertain her with liberty enough, and taking a hint from the sadness that over-spread her visage, to fall upon his design: 'If I did not highly value your quiet, *said he*, I would borrow some comfort from the encounter of a Person, that appears as malecontent as myself; but I will always importune the Gods to preserve you from such afflictions as I endure.'

Though the Princess suspected his drift, yet she was not willing to cross it, and feigning some amazement at his Words: 'If I knew you had a just cause for any inward anguish, *said she*, I ever esteem'd you at the price of taking my share in your afflictions; but I cannot think you have
now

now any reason to find fault with your Fortune.
Yes, I have great cause to complain of her, *re-*
ply'd Marcellus, and if respect would permit me,
would say, of you too, since you have both
join'd to destroy me the most generous, and per-
fectest Friend that ever breath'd: The unfortu-
nate *Coriolanus* dies, and I cannot comprehend
for what offence you have doom'd him; sure
you can neither doubt the grandeur of his love
nor respect, and for the qualities of his Person,
they are so known to all the World, that 'tis
not likely you alone should ignore them. I
would say more, (and if you please, you may
safely give me leave) that you have formerly
esteem'd him, and time is not two days older,
since he had cause to be proud of his Fortune;
but the space of one night has ruined him; and
then, when he was least prepared for so cruel a
revolution, he hath seen with his own Eyes the
indubitable marks of his disaster, and received
from another's mouth, that brought him your
intentions, the fatal sentence you pronounced
against him; yet he does not murmur at you,
nor complain of his Destiny, since he always
laid it at your Feet; but if an innocent may have
leave----

Marcellus would have gone on, when the Prin-
cess (who had listened with impatience) hastily
interrupted him: 'Tis enough, *Marcellus*, said she,
I apprehend all you would say for your Friend,
and possibly I should not so long have suffered
the same discourse from another Person: I am
neither ignorant of his birth, nor the qualities
of his Person; and till now I wanted cause to
complain of his affection or respect; but since
he has begun to quit it, and believes he may
lawfully take commission from my softness, for

his pretence to the command of my actions, he ought not to think it strange, if I desire to dis-
 abuse him, and let him know, that I will never
 resign that power either to him or any Person
 living. See what a Letter he hath sent me, (*con-
 tinued she, taking up my Master's Letter, which
 lay open upon the Table*) consider the terms, and
 judge if you please, whether it holds a proportion
 with that respect, for which you would fain re-
 commend him.

When he wrote the Letter, *reply'd the dis-
 creet Marcellus*, he deemed himself already lost
 to your thoughts; for he had seen *Tiberius* va-
 pour it with the badge of a happiness, which
 could never be built but upon his ruine: And at the
 knowledge of so visible and so publick an infe-
 licity, would you have him do less than put in
 his complaint; which methinks he has done too
 with moderation enough. Had he made use,
reply'd the Princess, of that moderation and re-
 spect you talk of, he should doubtless have re-
 ceived a full satisfaction; for as his misfortunes
 had no other foundation but his own opinion,
 so that once confuted, he would have been re-
 stored to the Estate, of which he believed him-
 self unjustly deprived: But, instead of repairing
 to me, with a due respect for my construction
 of the truth, he writes to me in an imperious
 stile; upbraids me with promises made him,
 and favours given to *Tiberius*, in terms full of
 pride and insolence. Do you think he did not
 owe me the deference, at least to inform him-
 self calmly of the truth, before he flew into re-
 proaches so audaciously against a Princess, to
 whom by his own confession, he had given some
 power in his breast, and to whom his choler
 would have been very indifferent, if she had not
 for-

‘ formerly allowed him some Favours, which he
‘ has unworthily abused ?

‘ I confess, *answered Marcellus*, he was a little
‘ inconsiderate ; yet, it is true too, that those pas-
‘ sions are faint and feeble, that in such a trial
‘ are compatible with that cold discretion you ex-
‘ pected from him : And I should not have be-
‘ lieved *Coriolanus* had loved with ardour, if
‘ after the knowledge of this disaster, founded up-
‘ on so clear an appearance, he had still kept his
‘ Reason in her Throne. He ought to have un-
‘ derstood me better, *said Cleopatra hastily*, and
‘ rather have given his own Eyes the lye, than
‘ admitted an opinion, and taken the boldness to
‘ declare it too, that has mortally offended me :
‘ he should have left me the liberty of my own
‘ actions, if it be true that he has given me the
‘ command of his ; and had he called to mind how
‘ I have led my Life, it would have check’d his
‘ hasty belief, that I had any right to these re-
‘ proaches. I should not, then, have refused to
‘ justify myself to him, as I will now to you ;
‘ not for the satisfaction of *Coriolanus*, but *Cleo-
‘ patra* ; and to stop the course of your opinion,
‘ lest it should condemn me of more kindness
‘ to *Tiberius* than I am guilty of. Know then,
‘ he had not that Scarf of me, that helped to deck
‘ his *Parade* at the publick Sports, but received
‘ it from the Empress his Mother, who yester-
‘ day came into my Chamber when I was dressing,
‘ and finding it lay upon the Table, she fell a
‘ commending the Work, and begged it of me ;
‘ I could not tell how to refuse such a Toy, to a
‘ Person of whose bounty I held all that I had ;
‘ and I should not have denied it, though my
‘ suspicion had foreseen the request was design’d
‘ with so little Decorum to her Dignity : But con-

‘ cealing her intention, she carried it herself out
 ‘ of my Chamber, and doubtless gave it to her
 ‘ Son, who I am confident had obliged her to ask
 ‘ it. But when I saw it at the Solemnities appear
 ‘ upon his shoulder, I wanted not much of being
 ‘ as mad as *Coriolanus* himself; nor could I since
 ‘ recover such a temper, as I durst trust myself
 ‘ withal, to visit the Empress, for fear the couze-
 ‘ nage would have urged my resentments to some
 ‘ unbecoming Language. Thus, *Marcellus*, have
 ‘ I given you the naked truth, and should not have
 ‘ scrupled the same to *Coriolanus*, had he not
 ‘ forgot to give me my due, and by his indiscreet
 ‘ behaviour redoubled my vexation.

While *Cleopatra* spoke in this manner, and
Marcellus (ravished with joy in his Friend’s be-
 half) heard her with a greedy attention, *Tibe-
 rius* entered the Chamber; and as if the Gods had
 then voted the conclusion of this adventure, he
 still wore the same Scarf upon his Arm, that
 had caused so much disorder, which he was re-
 solved to carry there, as long as it would hold the
 fastening.

The Princess no sooner spied him, but the ob-
 ject awaked her anger, which *Marcellus* easily
 constru’d by the comment of a blush, that hasti-
 ly over-flowed her Cheeks; nor could his impa-
 tience do less than change his colour at the sight
 of those spoils, in a Rival’s possession, which had
 cost his Friend so much anguish.

Tiberius had no sooner taken a seat, and dis-
 posed himself to enter into discourse, when the
 impatient Princess (no longer able to keep her
 Passion under hatches) regarding him with Eyes
 that expressed the contents of her meaning: ‘ *Ti-
 berius*, said she, intercepting the first Word he
 ‘ uttered, I take it very ill you should carry that
 ‘ about

‘ about you, by the Artifice and Authority of a
 ‘ Person who has power over me, which you could
 ‘ not obtain by your own credit; and it was with
 ‘ a most sensible displeasure that I saw you make
 ‘ your publick *Parade*, with a thing, which
 ‘ no consideration should ever have bent me to
 ‘ grant you.

Tiberius was deeply surprized at this discourse,
 and much ashamed it should happen in the pre-
 sence of *Marcellus*, whose affection, he knew, had
 knit him to *Coriolanus's* interest; yet his natural
 confidence quickly re-assured him, and endeavour-
 ing to chain up his resentment, that his respect
 to the Princess might still be at liberty: ‘ I did
 ‘ not believe, *said he*, we could have sinn’d in fol-
 ‘ lowing the stream of our Fortune and Glory,
 ‘ even the same way you have condemned; but
 ‘ my desires should have chosen another path,
 ‘ had I thought this would have led me to your
 ‘ displeasure; but since my unhappiness hath con-
 ‘ ducted me hither, I am ready to render as
 ‘ great a reparation of the fault as you can claim
 ‘ of my obedience. All I demand, *replied Cleo-*
 ‘ *patra*, is, you would presently restore my
 ‘ Scarf, and suffer me no longer to languish in
 ‘ displeasure, when it is in your power to free me.
 ‘ You gave it to a Person, *answer’d Tiberius*,
 ‘ from whom I thought you would not have re-
 ‘ sumed it in this manner; and since you know
 ‘ I had it of the Empress, I hope you will not
 ‘ ordain me to put it into any other Hands than
 ‘ her’s.’ ‘ When I gave it the Empress, *added*
 ‘ *Cleopatra*, I believ’d it was intended for herself,
 ‘ and not you; and when she shall desire it again
 ‘ for her Service, I will be ready to render it with
 ‘ all the Respect I owe her.’ ‘ Methinks you
 ‘ should not place it among my Offences, *said*

‘ *Tiberius*, if I strive to preserve what came from
‘ so blessed a Place, and so good a Hand; nor
‘ think it strange, that I rather chuse to abandon
‘ my Life, than a Gem that I prize above it, of
‘ which you have no right to deprive me, since I
‘ hold it not of your Bounty.

‘ You had never received it of the Empress,
‘ *answer'd the Princess*, had you given her the
‘ least Hint how I was like to relish the Disposal;
‘ for I know she has too much Nobleness to pre-
‘ judice a Princess for your Satisfaction, that ho-
‘ nours her as she ought: But since you have de-
‘ ceived her, as well as me, if you please you
‘ may render it, or take it ill, if I entreat you to
‘ see me no more.

Tiberius was struck with a deep Astonishment
at these last Words, and at the Inflexibility of the
Princess, of which his Hopes had promis'd him
the Victory: But, dissembling his Trouble as well
as he was able, ‘ You treat me extremely ill, *said*
‘ *be*, in reducing my Choice to two Evils, the
‘ least of which is as cruel as Death itself; but
‘ if your Resolves stand firm, to enforce my Elec-
‘ tion, I had rather resign what the Empress has
‘ given me, than forfeit your sight for ever.’ ‘ You
‘ will do me a Pleasure, *reply'd the Princess*;
‘ and, whether you call it a Present or a Restitu-
‘ tion, I shall receive it at your Hands as a sove-
‘ reign Remedy for my Repose.’ ‘ ’Tis possibly
‘ another's Interest, as well as your's, *said Tibe-*
‘ *rius in Choler*, that thus carries you against your
‘ Disposition to do me Violence: But I obey you,
‘ *continued he*, (*taking off the Scarf, and throw-*
‘ *ing it upon the Table*) because I know no Law
‘ to dispense with my Repugnance; yet you may
‘ please to remember, that I am the only Man
‘ interested in this harsh Usage, and I have right
‘ to

to complain to the Empress of the Injustice is done me.

At these Words he flung out of the Chamber, so transported with Choler, as it scarce left him Reason enough to guide his Foot-steps. Never did Discourse please *Marcellus* better than this last, at which he was present; he could only have wished, for the more entire Satisfaction of his Friend, that he had been ambush'd in some secret Place, to have discover'd the Confusion of *Tiberius*, and seen himself reveng'd for the Tortures he had made him suffer. He could not conceal his Joy from the Princess; and as soon as *Tiberius* was gone, he prepared to express it; when turning herself towards him, and preventing his Words, 'Think not, *said she*, I have taken back my Scarf to please *Coriolanus*, for I could do no less in behalf of mine own Reputation; and your Friend has not managed that Credit so well, which he presumed he had with me, that I could strain my Cares to Complaisance for his Content. Ah! Madam, *reply'd my Master's excellent Friend*, what a vast Difference is there (if I may adventure to say so) betwixt your Words and Thoughts, and how easily your own Knowledge may save me the labour of representing the Innocence of poor *Coriolanus*? He has committed an Over-sight, which (if rightly examin'd) few Men can boast they have not fallen into the same Failing, and for it received a Punishment which has reduced him to the Extremes of his Life. I have left him in an Estate which, doubtless, will plead Pity enough to overthrow all the Resentments your Passion can arm against him; but in such an Estate, as bids me fear that the Assistance which my Hopes promise from your Goodness, will arrive too late for his Recovery.

Cleopatra, who truly lov'd my Master, grew tender at this Discourse, which *Marcellus* understood from her Aspect; yet, desirous to dissemble it, 'Come, I know your Friend, *said she*, with a forced Smile, cannot be so sick as you would make him.' 'He is fallen so low, *(answered Marcellus, with a sadder Gravity than his Looks had yet express'd)* as I fear his Life is in the Hands of a merciless Danger: And though I know it is in your Power to apply the Remedy, yet I doubt it will not come time enough to heal the Wounds you have given.

He brought forth these Words with so serious an Emphasis, as the Princess, convinced of the Truth, and knowing by divers Marks to what Extremes my Master's Passion was capable to carry him, she suffer'd his Dangers to soften her Heart; and turning towards *Marcellus* with a gentle Look, 'My Quarrel to *Coriolanus*, *said she*, is of no such Nature to call his Life in question, or provoke me to refuse him a Remedy, if it may be found within my power, and apply'd with the Safety of my Honour.

At these Words, *Marcellus* fell upon his Knees before the Princess; and redoubling the Force of his Reasons, the length of which persuades me to leave them out, at last he vanquish'd her, and wrought so powerfully, as he disposed her to write him a Letter, which, if I mistake not, spoke in these Terms.

The Princess Cleopatra to Prince Coriolanus.

'**M***arcellus*, who has endeavour'd to excuse you, will justify me to you, and witness there is more Innocence on my side than your's; yet I do not cherish such implacable
Re-

‘ Resentments against you, as not to desire the
‘ return of your Health: Make haste to be well
‘ then as soon as possible, and your Recovery
‘ shall give me as much Joy, as your Impatience
‘ did Displeasure.

Marcellus having obtain’d this Letter for my Master, was desirous to take yet a greater Strain for his Satisfaction, and assay’d by the most pressing Arguments his Reason could urge, to gain him the Scarf which the Princess had taken from *Tiberius*; but he found it impossible to prevail, as well upon the Aversion that high Spirit cherished to the Grant of such Favours, as the Fears she had wisely entertain’d of giving cause of Complaint to *Tiberius*, which might kindle a Quarrel betwixt the two Princes.

In the mean time it fell out, that *Marcellus* had spoken truer of my Master’s Malady than he believed; for the Torments that he inflicted upon himself that Night, had enrag’d his Fever to such a height, as the next Day it manifestly threatned his Life; yet he persevered (notwithstanding the earnest Intreaty of his Friends) in a Resolution to refuse all Remedies; and the Opinion he had of *Cleopatra*’s Inconstancy, had made so cruel an Impression in his Spirit, as he sought after nothing but Death; and certainly had soon found it, if *Marcellus* had not seasonably arrived with the Remedies that were requisite for his Cure. So soon as he approached his Bed, whence the other Visitants were then withdrawn, ‘ Rise, *Coriolanus*, said
‘ he, you must be no longer sick, after I have told
‘ the News I bring you.’ At these Words of *Marcellus*, *Coriolanus* turned his Head that way, and regarding him with a languishing Look,
‘ Ah! *Marcellus*, said he, what Pleasure do you
‘ take to sport with Misery?’ ‘ If you call it
‘ Sport,

‘ Sport, (*reply’d Marcellus, sitting down upon his Bed*) I believe you will not think the Game unpleasant; and, before we part, I hope to have better Entertainment of your Face than it now affords me: All you have to do, is to get up as fast as you can, and go and ask *Cleopatra’s* Pardon for the Offence you committed, or rather to pay your Thanks to her Goodness, that has so easily remitted an Injury that merited a longer Penance.

My Master listen’d to this Language in a Suspence betwixt Joy and Diffidence; but *Marcellus*, no longer willing to detain his Happiness wrapt in Uncertainty, after he had prepared his Attention, began to relate what befel him with *Cleopatra*, and repeated Word for Word all the Discourse he had with her. My Master abandon’d himself to a painful Joy, when he learned that *Tiberius* received not the Favour from *Cleopatra*; but when the Sequel told him of his unlucky Adventure, with the rigorous Treatment he received from the Princess, it seized his Soul with a Raviishment too deep to be put into Words. But suddenly returning from these Transports, to converse with some distrustful Thoughts that insinuated there was more Design than Truth in *Marcellus’s* Words, on purpose to reconcile him to the Care of his own Health, he entreated him, with a serious Look, not to abuse his Credulity, nor raise him with romantick Hopes to an Estate, from whence a Relapse would threaten more Danger than the former Malady. ‘What Proofs would you ask, *said Marcellus*, to avouch this Truth?’ ‘I would have a Confirmation under *Cleopatra’s* own Hand.’ ‘You shall have it then, *said Marcellus*.’ And, no longer willing to defer his Contentment, he delivered him *Cleopatra’s* Letter;

Letter; at the sight of which, with the knowledge of the Character, and the reading of the Words, my Master had like to have lost his Senses; and by an Excess of Joy, which he was not able to contain, he staid a long time motionless and mute, as if he had been dazzled with his Happiness.

When he came again to himself, he first stretched out his Arms, and greedily seiz'd upon *Marcellus*, elegantly expressing his Resentments in the humble Language of Embraces. From these his Joy succeeds to Words, wherewith he confirmed it, in a Discourse so passionate, as it drew Tears from *Marcellus's* Eyes. It would make my Story tedious, to repeat the whole Dialogue of Kindness betwixt them. In fine, by the vertue of this delicious Remedy, his Mind was perfectly cured; but his Body was not so; and the Physicians that were called presently after, judged that the Extremity of his Joy had redoubled his Fever: Yet we were encouraged to hope the best, by my Master's ready Disposition to suffer the Medicines were prescribed for him. In effect, he resigned himself up to their Disposal that took care of his Recovery; but his Body could not take example by his Mind, for his Malady visibly encreasing, in a short time it menaced much Danger. The Prince having now no farther Cause to hate his Life, did all that he was able to gain a Recovery, and restore himself to a Condition of visiting his Princess: But his Will found little Obedience in his Body, for the Violence of his Grief, to which he had given himself up a willing Prey, had contaminated all his Blood, and his Fever grew at last to such a height, as the Physicians, with a common Consent, expressed more Fear than Hope of his Recovery.

All the Persons of Quality in *Rome* interested themselves in this Prince's Disaster; the Emperor him-

himself came often to see him; and, of the principal Courtiers, there was not a Man but *Tiberius* (who had the Sting of his last Affront still sticking in his Memory) that did not render him a Visit. *Marcellus* (who never stirred from his Pillow, and did him all the Offices could be hoped from a most affectionate Brother) was excessively afflicted at it; and the Princess *Cleopatra* (whatever Violence she did upon herself to keep her Griefs at home) could not totally hide the Displeasure she resented. This was first betray'd to my Master by a Letter she sent him two Days after the former; in which, (after he had open'd it with a trembling feeble Hand) with much Pain, he read these Words.

The Princess Cleopatra to Prince Coriolanus.

‘ **I** Would not have hoped so little Obedience
 ‘ from you, and I thought I had well enough
 ‘ express’d my Desires of your Care to engage
 ‘ your’s upon the same score: If you have any
 ‘ Design to please me, endeavour your Recovery;
 ‘ ’tis the greatest Proof I demand of your Affec-
 ‘ tion, and the most agreeable News I can receive
 ‘ for my own Repose.

These Words had alone been capable to restore his Health, if the clear Contentment of his Spirit could have advanced it. A thousand times did he kiss that agreeable Command, and obey’d it with all the Industry our Wishes could ask; but the Disease had taken too deep a Root, and from thence Force enough to go on in its Course, in spite of all the Care we took to arrest it.

The poor Prince desired nothing with so much Ardour, as the sight of *Cleopatra*; and the Princess made no scruple, in that Extremity, to avow, before *Marcellus* and myself, the Affection she bore him,

him, profess'd an equal Desire to see him, and waited for nothing but the Means to do it with decorum.

She durst not adventure to make the Visit by herself, and the Empress (whom she would have accompanied, had she done him that Favour) preserving some Resentment against him, in behalf of *Tiberius*, was contented to understand his Condition by the Return of her Messages. At last *Marcellus* advis'd her to go with the Princess *Ostavia*, who had been once already with him, and he knew would not be sorry to meet an Occasion of rendering that Test of her Amity to *Coriolanus*: The Children of *Anthony* respected *Ostavia* as their Mother, and she them with such a Tenderness, as fell not short of a Parent's Indulgence: And though the Princess *Cleopatra* liv'd at Court with the Empress, yet even by her Injunction she daily visited *Ostavia*, ever remembering to pay a submissive Reverence to her Person.

Ostavia was acquainted with my Master's Passion, which she did not disapprove, and her Son *Marcellus* no sooner mention'd his Desire of her tendering that Office to his Friend, but she readily undertook it, and the next Visit *Cleopatra* made, she entreated her Company to go see the Prince of *Mauritania*. The Princess, who knew she might go any Way with her, as her Mother, without the least Fear of Blame, since the high Reputation of her Virtue, and the Rank she held as the Sister of *Cesar*, and Widow of *Anthony*, might authorize all the Visits she made in her Company, obey'd her without Repugnance. *Marcellus* by a Pre-intelligence, dispos'd my Master to expect this Happiness, for fear the Surprizal of an immoderate Joy should work the same Effects it had formerly done, to the Prejudice of his Health;
yet

yet my Master had a hard Task with all the Effects he could make to contain himself, and he no sooner saw the Princess enter the Chamber, but the Sight had like to have made a Rape upon his Sense. *Octavia* came first to the Bed-side, after some Words full of Sweetness, and Majesty, which was as natural to her as Beams to the Sun, protesting the Displeasure she took at the Continuance of his Malady; she was contented her Son, who had feigned a Pretence to speak with her, shou'd lead her to the Window, leaving the Princess alone with him by the Bed-side, and the Maids of her Train at the other End of the Chamber. Tho' *Cleopatra* had prepared herself to see him in that Estate, yet she could not see him there, and hide her Blushes, and she had much ado to make herself Mistress of that scrupulous Nicety, that taught her to criticize too severely upon that Action. However, she sat her down upon the Chair *Octavia* had quitted, while the Prince, whose Confusion had robb'd him of the Strength and Confidence to open his Mouth, strove to express himself at the Eyes, with Regards though wholly languishing, yet full of Fire; *Cleopatra* advancing her Head towards his, that she might not be heard by those on the other Side the Chamber: ' *Coriolanus*, said she, I have reason to complain
' of you, and if you truly lov'd me, you would
' cherish more Care to improve the Interest I take
' in your Recovery: You were told of this by my
' Letters, and I have vanquish'd some Scruples,
' which I would not have combated upon a feeble
' Consideration, to come and confirm it to you
' with my own Mouth; yet I find you still in
' a Condition that shews me no Proofs of the
' Power I have in you.' The Prince, daunted as he was, took Courage from these sweet Words, and
sending

sending some Looks before his Language that spoke more Passion than the former: ' You have Reason
' Madam, *said he*, to condemn the Estate where-
' in you find me, since instead of seeing me in
' this unbecoming Posture, so disproportioned to
' the Respect I owe you, I should be prostrate at
' your Feet, asking Pardon for the Offence I com-
' mitted; this repugnant Body to your Commands,
' has suffered for its disobedience, nor has my
' Soul 'scaped with a milder Punishment; but nei-
' ther one nor the other would ever have been ca-
' pable of expiating the Crime, if your excellent
' Nature had not assisted their Impuissance.' ' Speak
' no more, *reply'd the Princess*, (*not willing he*
' *should strain his Spirits with too long a Dis-*
' *course*) speak no more of an Error which I have
' remitted; indeed your easy Belief engaged you
' to some Precipitation, but you have suffered
' more for it than I should have doom'd you to;
' and if I still retain any pique against you, 'tis
' because you struggle too faintly for your Health,
' which is very dear to me, and which I recom-
' mend to your Care. For my sake exile all Thoughts
' that may afflict you, and believe it, I shall ne-
' ver be satisfy'd till your Mind and Body are both
' recover'd: ' I am so confounded, Madam, *an-*
' *swered my Master*, with the Favours you heap
' upon me; receiving from your Mouth the Con-
' firmation of your Goodness, in a Place so un-
' worthy to receive you, and where I have so lit-
' tle cause to expect the Grace you have done me,
' as I cannot regret the Loss of that Life which is
' now about to abandon me, but for fear it shou'd
' fail me before-----Stay, *said the Princess inter-*
' *rupting him*, you must not now think of dying,
' while I hold your Life at the same Price with
' mine own. I will have you vanquish your Ma-
' lady,

‘ lady, I say I will, by the Authority I have over
 ‘ you, and the Intelligence I give you, that you
 ‘ cannot neglect your Life, without endangering
 ‘ mine.

The Princess put her Hand before her Face to cover a Blush, which got up thither at the first Alarm of these Words; nevertheless, to confirm them to *Coriolanus* by Favours that yet she had not granted, she let the other fall upon his Cheek, which the Prince taking in his feeble Hand, carry’d to his Mouth, and with all the Strength was left him, prest it with an incredible Ravishment.

The Princess, who felt it extremely hot, and therefore feared the Countenance of this passionate Discourse might do him harm, grew willing to withdraw, and after she had gently retir’d her Hand: ‘ I leave you, *said she, rising from her Seat,* for fear of doing myself any Injury in what I demand; remember to obey me, if you desire I should love you.’ At this last Word more confused than before, she had not the Confidence to behold him longer, but turning to *Octavia* and *Marcellus*, she told them a farther Stay might do *Coriolanus* an Injury, and so presently obliged them to quit the Chamber.

I know not whether I may ascribe my Master’s Cure to that Visit, or whether the Disease was then come to a Crisis; whatever it was, the next Morning his Fever was much abated, not many Days after it wholly left him, and in a few others, he had gotten Strength enough to quit his Chamber, visit *Cleopatra*, and render his Thanks as he ought for the Favours she had done him. I have doubtless given you this Relation in too large a Stamp, there being still so many great Things that deserve a Mention in my Master’s Story, as I ought to have passed by those with a slighter touch
 that

that were of less Importance; but I staid upon this Discourse the rather, because I knew it wou'd draw you *Cleopatra's* Disposition more lively, than a Recital of greater Adventures; and by these petty Marks I have given, you may easily judge that her Spirit is Lofty and Imperious, but her Nature Generous and full of Nobleness.

In the mean Time the Empress, by the Complaints *Tiberius* had made of an unkindness in which herself appeared interested, grew highly incens'd at *Cleopatra*; and probably that Act might have cost her her Lodgings at Court, if *Marcellus* (who above the rest of Mankind was dear unto the Emperor) had not employ'd all the Credit he had with him in her Favour.

Cesar, to oblige his Nephew, and serve the Princess, whom he highly esteem'd, would needs have the Empress turn that pretended Affront into Raillery; and so the Princess escaped with enduring a petty Reproof, and some sullen Looks, that lasted but a while from the Empress, who is very dexterous, cunning, and complaisant in her Compliance with the Emperor's Humours: But she could not so easily disguise her Resentments against my Master; and those of *Tiberius*, much more violent than hers, did then give a Root to that Hatred, which has since produc'd such grand Effects; but as he was the greatest Dissembler among Men, the Knowledge he had of my Master's Courage, and *Marcellus's* Credit, who had openly espous'd his Party, taught him to cloud the greatest Part of it, and attend till Fortune offered him an Occasion, to let it break out at the best Advantage.

For a while he forbore the Princess, protesting he would never see her more; and the Empress herself, who studied harder for the Establishment
of

of his Fortune, than the Success of his Love, laboured to confirm him in that Resolution; but it could not long hold out against his Passion; and the Choler he conceiv'd against *Cleopatra* being dissipated, or at least over-power'd by a stronger Passion, he returned to her more submissive than formerly, and flex'd himself to her Service with greater Assiduity than ever. 'Tis true, he did a little change his Fashion of Life with her, and discovering by the last Encounter, that her Spirit was too high and absolute to be easily managed, he resolv'd to seek his Advantages no more by so haughty a Carriage, and diligently endeavouring to bring himself in Credit by an artificial Humility, there was never any Part of subtle and supple Insinuation acted, that he did not personate before her.

The Princess, to whom besides these Submissions, the Greatness of his Birth, and the Power of his Mother, strove to render him considerable, was constrained to suffer his Research, and re-admit him with a smooth Brow, as she had done formerly; in the mean Time, she managed both his and my Master's Spirit so discreetly, and so judiciously sway'd the Authority she had over them, as the Fear to displease her, daily inforc'd them to shut their Eyes upon several Passages, that else would soon have kindled a Quarrel, that being the only bridle that often kept their hatred from coming to Extremes, repressing their Resentments with so absolute an Empire, as they neither durst make any Shew or Noise. My Master had less Cause than *Tiberius*, upon whom he had then a great Advantage; but it was known to none but himself and *Marcellus*; for before the rest of the World, the Princess governed herself so prudently, as it would have pos'd the clearest Eye to pene-
trate.

trate her Intentions: Then began Fortune to raise her Storms against my Master, which my Relation must interweave with *Marcellus's* Adventures; for there is so much Connexion betwixt his and my Prince's, as one of their Lives cannot be faithfully recounted without reciting a Part of the other's.

Marcellus, whose Policy first chain'd him to the Service of *Julia*, grew insensibly fastened by Inclinations; and indeed that Princess was arm'd with an Ability strong enough to subdue the most disobedient Spirits to Love's Dominion; the Disposition of *Marcellus* was sweet, ingenious, and susceptible of Impressions; and he no sooner got the Consent of his own Heart to love *Julia*, but he began to find out such Charms about her, as were not only capable to confirm his Resolution, but impose a Necessity of Progress, in his first undertook Design; he loved, but he lov'd sincerely, and his Affection insensibly increasing, grew at last to that Height, as never Heart was deeper struck than his. My Master, to whom that Prince's Secrets were always naked, understood it with a marvellous Satisfaction, as well for Joy that this new Passion had clear'd his Fears of the old, as Desire to see the Fortunes of his Friend established, by the Conformity of his Will with the Emperor's, who had design'd him his Daughter, and daily observed the Proofs he gave of his Affections, with unspeakable Contentment. Nor were they unwelcome to *Julia*; and that Princess who had been before-hand with *Marcellus* in Affection, could not now receive those unfeigned Oblations of his Vows, without a large increase of her own; yet in a while she dissembled them as well as she was able, and desirous to indear the purchase to *Marcellus*, with a little difficulty, she plac'd the politick Tyrant, and made him suffer.

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Marcellus complain'd and sigh'd away some time for these feigned rigours of *Julia*; but at last she unmask'd her sentiments; and after she had received some months tribute of sufferings and services, she shewed him her acknowledgment and affection at as full a magnitude as he could virtuously desire; nothing was refus'd him that might justly be demanded of *Augustus's* Daughter, and her confessions were the freer, because she knew the *Emperor* not only approved them, but that she could not more dearly oblige him than in the person of his *Nephew*. He almost spent his whole day in her company, and his Life wheel'd away with as much delight as his wishes could fathom; for though some of the chiefest *Romans*, with divers Kings Sons that were brought up at *Rome* were his *Rivals*; yet they all submitted to his Fortune, and paid so deep a respect both to him and the *Emperor*, as they durst not shock his intentions with the least appearance; the *Senate* and *People*, to whom as I have already told you, *Marcellus* was the *Darling* and *Delight*, were tenderly concern'd in his happiness, and joyfully hop'd to see the *Daughter*, and *Throne* of their *Emperor* one day possess'd by the Person of the World that was dearest to them; their hopes were founded upon their likelyhoods, and doubtless might arrive at their aim, there being but few Persons under Heaven, whose Fortunes would shew Envy so fair a mark as those of *Marcellus*; if *Julia*, with one of the rarest Beauties, and the most vivacious and subtile Wits, had not the most wavering and inconstant Heart upon Earth; of this she has given the World so much experience, as while you resid'd there, you could not chuse but meet it in many a *Roman* mouth. She began with a person, who of all the stock of Mankind, was farthest
from

from cause and consent to wrong *Marcellus*. I confess he is Master of so many bewitching qualities, as might well produce the same effects upon a constant Heart; and by this reason I might possibly excuse a part of *Julia's* first revolvings; but they have since been followed by so many others without ground or reason, as all that can be alledged in her defence, is too weak to justify her.

My Master, as the dearest Friend *Marcellus* had, was he, that had the easiest access to her of all the Court; and rendering her greater respects for *Marcellus's* sake, than were due from him to the Daughter of *Augustus*; it oblig'd her to require him with an esteem beyond all the other Princes that were educated in the *Emperor's* Court: He daily exchange'd long discourses with her, but talked of no other subject but his Friend; and because he was acquainted with most of his thoughts, they still furnished him with matter to entertain the Princess. The love she bare *Marcellus*, made her treat my *Prince* for a time in terms that were reasonable; but at last she ty'd her thoughts too fast to the consideration of his incomparable qualities; and by little and little, from a particular esteem, she proceeded to good will, and from thence was insensibly conducted into *Love's Territories*. Had not any other Spirit but hers thus suffered it self to be taken, her whole Life would have kept it a secret; and she might have borrowed reasons from the grandeur of her Birth, the *Emperor's* Command, and *Marcellus* his Services, puissant enough to do violence upon herself, and shut it up in her breast for ever. But her Soul was of another temper, and ever impatient of Constraint and Tyranny; nevertheless, she had yet modesty enough to dissemble it, though not so covertly but if she betray'd not her infidelity to a publick notice,

notice, she could not so couzen the Advertency of interess'd Persons. *Marcellus* was the first that perceiv'd it; for my Master's regards were so fixt to *Cleopatra*, as he had much ado to allow the lightest reflection to any thing else; and finding *Julia's* behaviour much colder towards him than it was accustomed, he often demanded the cause; but the promptitude and artifice of her wit never fail'd in finding pretences to paint the truth; she was loath to break with him, knowing how highly it would displease *Cesar*, and what she was to expect from his anger; besides, it's possible her breast might still keep some sparks unquenched, that were of his kindling: But the impression of this new image had so alter'd her, as if she had not finish'd the ruine of all those thoughts that once held him dear, yet she took no delight to see him, and only tasted content in the company of *Coriolanus*.

One Evening *Marcellus* discoursing with her by her Bed-side, (a liberty which the higher Powers had allowed him) and perceiving her thoughtful and melancholly: 'Madam, *said he*, has your goodness given me no right to the knowledge of those inquietudes that have lately disturb'd you? have not I share enough in your pains and pleasures, to be led unto their Fountains? I perceive you muse, I hear your sighs, and your Face characters an unquiet mind: Is it just, my *Divine Princess*, if I have any title to your thoughts, I should be longer kept a stranger to them? and if any thing perplexes you, where will you find a comfort so readily, as in that Person of the *World*, that does most participate of your Passion?

The earnest sollicitation of *Marcellus* awak'd *Julia* from her dumps, and regarding him with

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an Air something more affable: ' Do not you
' know, *said she briskly*, that we cannot always
' be of the same humour? and this alteration you
' remark in mine, may it not as well proceed
' from my present *temperament*, as any cause of
' affliction? I will believe what you will have
' me, *reply'd Marcellus*, but either all conjectures
' shoot very wide, or else your *temperament* can-
' not so suddenly bring forth effects so contrary
' to your ordinary humour. Your belief is at li-
' berty, *said Julia*, without so much as turning
' her Face to Marcellus, and since you repose so little
' in me, you may seek for that in your own con-
' jectures, which you cannot find in my Discourse.

This cold answer froze the very Soul of poor
Marcellus, and beholding the Princess with an Eye
that sent out part of his thoughts before-hand:

' Ah! *Madam, said he*, what have I done? by
' which of my actions have I merited your anger?
' You have done nothing to me, *reply'd the Prin-*
' *cess*, but at present I find you a little too pres-
' sing; and since you are melancholly as well as
' I, pray take it not ill if I change your company
' for a person's whose mirth may divert my sadness.

She spake these Words just as she saw my Ma-
ster enter the Chamber, where he had not trod
many steps, when rising from *Marcellus*, with a
Face that had changed in a moment the Scene of
Sadness into Gaiety, she advanced towards *Corio-*
lanus, and offering her hand with a free kind of
action, she led him to the other end of the Cham-
ber, and there discours'd away the Evening with
him, without so much as a single reflection upon
the estate wherein she left the griev'd *Marcellus*.

That Prince was sensibly afflicted at her Words,
but cruelly galled with that he observed in the Se-
quel of her carriage; and though he was not yet

poysoned with a suspicion of my Master, yet this unkind usage stung him to the heart, and distrust-
ing his own strength to keep a Mask upon his
grief, after he had staid some time alone by the
Princess Bed-side, he went out of the Chamber,
without engaging in any further Discourse. After
this, *Julia* plaide him divers tricks of the same na-
ture, which shew'd *Marcellus*, and my Master him-
self, how to level their thoughts at the truth: Yet the
suspicion was nothing so strong on my *Prince's* side,
and whatever cause he had to think well of himself,
he knew not how to imagine she would abandon
such a person as *Marcellus*, for a Man that loved
her not, nor could he easily admit this belief, and
it would long have been getting credit with him,
if *Julia*, after she had a thousand times brought
her thoughts into her actions, had not shewed them
naked in the following Discourse.

One Evening, my Master having wasted a part
of the Night in her Chamber with *Agrippa*, *Ma-
cenas*, and divers other persons of both Sexes;
after the *Princess* had bid good Night to the com-
pany, and all were gone, *Julia* caus'd *Coriolanus*,
who was got as far as the Anti-chamber, to be
called back again; telling him she had forgot to
acquaint him with an affair that deserv'd his no-
tice. *Coriolanus* received this command with a
due respect, and coming back into the Chamber,
Julia, who was already retired to her Bed's-side,
beckened him thither, and caus'd him to sit down
by her, which when he had obeyed, after she
had darted some glances at my Master, capable
to enflame the most frozen heart: 'I know very
' well, said she, I do now offer you violence,
' and that all the moments are tedious to you, that
' you waste in my company, when the *Princess*
' *Cleopatra* is not there. I acknowledge, reply'd
my

' my Master, that my Heart lies at that Princess's
 ' feet, whete the power of Love has placed and
 ' fasten'd it; yet that entire prepossession of my
 ' Soul cannot shut up my Eyes upon what I owe
 ' to the Princess *Julia*, and the most pressing and
 ' passionate thoughts shall suspend their violence,
 ' while I have the honour to be near her person.
 ' This is a flattery, *answer'd Julia*, that I cannot
 ' pardon, and I only desire you would answer my
 ' question without Artifice: Does Report speak
 ' truth, that you are so enslaved to passion for
 ' *Cleopatra*, as it has struck you blind to all other
 ' objects and considerations, and centered your
 ' thoughts in her so strongly, as nothing else has
 ' power to remove them? Whoever spread that
 ' rumour, *said Coriolanus*, spoke my thoughts
 ' as clearly as if he had been in my breast to copy
 ' them; for it is most certain, the World has not
 ' a person so free, that is more absolutely his own,
 ' than I am the Princess *Cleopatra's*.

' I expected this confession from you, *reply'd Ju-*
 ' *lia*, since it is but the same you have publicly
 ' avowed, and hitherto you have done it with reason;
 ' but, as I demand a little better share in your secrets
 ' than another, so I expect you should tell me truly,
 ' whether you be so strongly chained to *Cleopatra*,
 ' as no consideration can untie or divert you: I
 ' know well your condition is glorious in serving so
 ' fair a Princess, but should the will of the Gods of-
 ' fer you a right to greater advantages, would you
 ' so doat upon your former Passion, as not to open
 ' your Eyes upon a fairer of Fortune.

' I cannot tell how to frame belief, *reply'd Co-*
 ' *riolanus*, that there can be a nobler Fortune found,
 ' than what results from the glory of serving *Cleo-*
 ' *patra*; and could others (by the help of a greater
 ' blindness than mine) acknowledge such a pos-
 ' sibility,

‘ sibility, I should never be drawn to own their
 ‘ thoughts, nor hatch one single desire in my whole
 ‘ life for a more happy condition, than to pass
 ‘ it entirely at the feet of my adorable Princess.
 ‘ Imagine, *said Julia*, you were beloved by a
 ‘ Princess equal in Beauty to *Cleopatra*, and infi-
 ‘ nitely before her in all things else, whose high
 ‘ birth might give her precedency of the whole
 ‘ Sex, and restore you to the same estate which
 ‘ your Parents lost, or perhaps raise you to another
 ‘ more sublime, would you despise her for *Cleo-*
 ‘ *patra*? I should have little reason, *answer’d*
 ‘ *my Master*, to misprize such a person as you
 ‘ have represented, nor could my insensibility of
 ‘ that favour be strained to a contempt; but might
 ‘ she tempt me yet with fairer offers, they could
 ‘ never make me halt in my fidelity to my *Cleo-*
 ‘ *patra*. What if *Julia*, *added the Princess*, (*vam-*
 ‘ *quishing the shame that oppos’d the liberty of*
 ‘ *her language*) What if *Julia* herself should love
 ‘ you, would you disdain her for *Cleopatra*?

These Words at the same time almost wrought
 the same effect upon the Prince and Princess, and
 if the confusion she took from her own Words,
 made *Julia* bend her looks downward, *Coriola-*
nus was so abash’d at a discourse, which indeed he
 had little reason to expect from such a Person as
Julia, as it was long before he durst raise his to
 her Face. In fine, that he might not increase his
 Confusion by his silence, ‘ Madam, *said he*, there
 ‘ is no need of an Answer to this Discourse, no
 ‘ necessity of declaring my Sentiments, in a Reply
 ‘ to Raillery.’ ‘ But admit, *said Julia*, what you
 ‘ call Raillery should prove Reality, how would
 ‘ you take it? and what Entertainment would
 ‘ your Breast give to *Cesar’s* Daughter, had she
 ‘ a mind to banish *Anthony’s* from thence?

Corio-

Coriolanus, seeing himself press'd in that manner, was resolv'd rather to take Advice of his Conscience and Virtue, than lean to a Complaisance which he could not approve; and after he had taken some Moments to contrive a fit Answer,

“Madam, *said he at last*, though I have little reason to explain myself, or exchange my serious Thoughts for Mockery, yet I must tell you, since you have commanded me, that should that Fortune befall me you mentioned, I were the most unfortunate of all Men; since I am forbidden to enjoy it, not only by the Fidelity I owe *Cleopatra*, but the Amity I preserve for *Marcellus*, who only merits the entire Affection of the Princess *Julia*, and from whom I would not take it, though it were offered me in the pompous Dress of all the Grandeur and Felicity the Gods can bestow.

Thus did my Master unlock his Thoughts, which touch'd *Julia* so sensibly, as it was long before she could recover her Speech; but at last her Anger forc'd a Passage for Words; and regarding my Master with a scornful Air, ‘You construed my Discourse aright, *said she*, when you apprehended it Raillery; it was so, *Coriolanus*, and believe it; and the Affections of *Julia* shall never oblige you to crack your Amity to *Marcellus*, nor your Love to *Cleopatra*: I was only desirous to try the Temper of your Heart, and now I have seen how well it guards the Fidelity you owe your Friend and Mistress, it shall heighten my Esteem of your Merits.

She brought forth these Words with a Constraint, that my Master easily observed; and tho' she strove to hide it, by entering a Discourse upon other Subjects, yet she followed it in so much Disorder and Confusion, as perceiving it would

ask some time to undistemper her Reason, the bad *Coriolanus* good-night.

My Master went away better instructed than he desired in *Julia's* Inclinations; and though by her last Words, which Despight had utter'd, she seem'd to retract what before she had too easily offer'd, yet he was not so ignorant as not to discover the Truth. He since did me the Honour to tell me, that he never resent'd any thing in his Life with so much Anxiety, sadly reflecting upon his own Impuissance to satisfy the Princess's Desires; but much more upon *Marcellus's* Interests, whom he now perceived so lightly forsaken, and foresaw how cruelly he was used by *Julia's* Levity; Nevertheless, he was unwilling to acquaint his Friend with this unwelcome News, and there resolv'd to stay till *Julia's* Humour should change, or *Marcellus* learn it from some other Mouth; nor would his Discretion give him leave to let *Cleopatra* know of it, as well to conceal the Shame of *Cesar's* Daughter, and his Friend's Mistress, as to forbear a Discourse that might betray the least Appearance of Vanity.

In the mean time, he carefully fled all Occasions of meeting *Julia* alone; and that Princess perceiv'd it, with a Despight that might well have banish'd him her Breast, had her Power been proportion'd to her Anger; but she had Force enough to hide her Flames for a time, and treat my Master with a more reserv'd Carriage than was usual. However, he abated her no Respect, but still paid her his Civilities in as specious a manner as her Quality could challenge, only he was careful to escape both her Entertainment and her Sight, when the Place was void of Witnesses.

Julia for a time feign'd herself very well satisfied; and meeting him one Day in a Gallery that
be-

belonged to *Livia's* Lodgings, notwithstanding he was accompany'd with two or three of his Friends; *Coriolanus, said she, passing by him, there is seldom Safety in Presumption; you lately pass'd a serious Construction upon what was meant in jest; pray disabuse yourself, and be not so lightly seduced by an erroneous Opinion.* My Master would have replied, had she given him time; but she passed by him so swiftly, as he had not the leisure to shape an Answer; and he was a little troubled at the manner of these Words, tho' he found some Cause of Satisfaction in them.

Thus *Julia* persevered in her Behaviour for some Days, still treating my Master with a cold Indifference; and her Spirit wanting Resolution to endure too much Violence, her Inclinations got the Victory of her Anger, and she began to speak at the Eyes in such Accents, as soon gave *Coriolanus* Intelligence her Resentments were dissipated: but as before he stopp'd his Ears at her Words, so now he shut his Eyes at her Glances, and compos'd all his Actions with so much Caution towards her, as, if her Spirit were not hardy beyond Example, she could never have had the Confidence to bring her Affection again into the Scene. She repented of all she had said to revoke the first Declaration; and, desirous to repair that Breach, meeting him one Day at Court, she drew him to a Window; and when Respect had drawn those that stood near to a greater Distance, advancing her Head towards him in a languishing manner, speaking so low as none could over-hear her, *Coriolanus, said she, think it no more a Mockery, when you are told that Julia loves you; for, believe it, 'tis a perfect Truth.*

My Master was surpriz'd at these Words, yet not so deeply, as to be unfurnished of a ready Answer:

swer: ' Madam, *said he*, I am now grown so
' well acquainted with your Intentions, as I can-
' not be any more mistaken; and since this Sport
' does divert you, I should be loath to oppose
' the Pleasure you take in pursuing it.

Julia was sorry she had lent my Master Weapons to defend himself against her; and having now no time to explain herself further, she only try'd to persuade him with a fiery Blush, that her Words were serious, and that she had display'd her naked Thoughts, but with too much Truth. However, the Prince concludes to personate an Ignorance, arms her own Discourse against herself, and still feigns an Interpretation of her Words and Actions as the Effects of Raillery. In the mean time, (as it became him, as well in reference to her Birth, as *Marcellus's* Affection) he still treated her with his usual Deference; and because in that Point he deemed it not fit to disoblige her, he could not so cunningly evade her Company; but she often engaged him in long Discourses, and then used so little skill in concealing her Affection, as few Persons frequented their Company that had not already discovered it.

Marcellus, as the most interested, took the Impression deeper than all the rest; and receiving daily Symptoms from *Julia's* Deportment, that no longer permitted him to doubt her Inconstancy, the Blindness of his Passion made him stumble upon a Jealousy, that *Julia* not only loved *Coriolanus*, but was again beloved by him. This Belief had no sooner got Credit with him, but it produced Effects that had like to have dragged him to his Tomb: And when he called to mind those rare Proofs he had given *Coriolanus* of his Amity, he could not reflect upon the Ingratitude (of which his Thoughts had now pronounced him guilty)

guilty) without falling into a mortal Agony. His cruel Jealousy, for some Days, made him fly the sight of that unfaithful Friend, and seek out Solitude in the most untrodden Places, discoursing his Woes to himself, in the saddest Fashion that Grief could invent.

My Master, who could never endure to be long out of his sight, sought him on all sides; and understanding one Day that he was retired alone, into those Alleys of the Palace Garden that verge upon the *Tiber*, he follow'd him thither without a Companion, and at last found him laid upon one of the Seats of an Arbour, in the most unfrequented Part of the Garden. At my Master's Approach, he suddenly started up, and discovered such a wild troubled Look, as my Prince, no longer able to suffer him in that Condition, 'Marcellus, *said he*, what strange Change is this? What Sadness is it that sits lowring on your Brow? And why do you fly from the Person of the World that loves you dearest?' At these Words, *Marcellus* only nodded his Head twice, without returning an Answer, keeping his Eyes still fixed upon the Earth in so sad a Posture, as it put my Master into a grand Confusion. *Coriolanus*, deeply touched at his Behaviour, took him in his Arms, and earnestly press'd him no longer to hide the Cause of his Affliction: But *Marcellus*, after he had staid a while in his first Posture, gave a sudden Leap out of his Arms; and when he was gotten some five or six Paces from him, he drew his Sword; and presenting the Point to my Master, 'Coriolanus, *said he*, since thou art proved the most disloyal Friend that ever infected the World, and hast so cruelly belie'd my Opinion of thy Virtue, here finish thy Crime by my Death, and pierce the Heart of

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thy

thy unfortunate Friend, that so unluckily trusted
 thy disssembled Amity; thou hast done that al-
 ready that may clear all thy Scruples of consent-
 ing to this; and believe it, this last Piece of
 Cruelty will merit a gentler Censure than the
 former.' *Marcellus* spake in this manner, and
 my Master (however his Discourse and Action
 surpriz'd him) yet recover'd himself so readily,
 as his Face scarce confessed the least Astonishment;
 and, regarding *Marcellus* with a cold and com-
 posed Look, 'Since I am that base and faithless
 Friend, said he, that has so perfidiously be-
 tray'd your Confidence and Amity, why do you
 offer me the wrong End of your Sword, and
 not rather sheathe it in my Breast? 'Tis the
 Heart of a Traytor that ought to feel the Point,
 and not of a deceived and guiltless Friend.

While the Prince of *Mauritania* spoke this, he
 held his Arms a-cross upon his Breast, and beheld
Marcellus with a mind so assured, as it would
 have been easy for a Person less dimm'd with Pas-
 sion, to have read in his Looks the Contents of
 his Innocence: But *Marcellus*, distracted with
 cruel Jealousy, could not be so soon disabused; yet
 he grew so tender at the Discourse and Counte-
 nance of his Friend, as instead of pursuing his
 passionate Obstinacy, he set some Tears (the Marks
 of Weakness) at liberty, which presently over-
 flowed his Visage; and letting himself fall upon
 one of the Seats behind him, 'Ah! *Coriolanus*,
 cry'd he, was I to expect my Ruin of you? did
 I not offer fairly to our Friendship in quitting
Cleopatra, without releasing *Julia* too? I had
 never bent my Aims that way; but to abandon
 that to you, which I loved above myself; my
 Inclinations have since voted my Design to please
 you; and the Gods, to reward my good Inten-
 tions,

tions, have given an After-birth of Sweetness in that Affection, where my Hopes looked no farther than a Toil for your Repose: And when by the help of Time, and my Service, I had gained some Interest in the Heart of that inconstant Princess, you have carried her from me, with a Cruelty that suits not with yourself, and reduced me (with *Cleopatra* and *Julia*) to render up my Life, which must now become a sudden Sacrifice to Despair.

Marcellus had enlarged himself upon this Subject, if his Sighs had not cut off the Passage of his Words; and my Master, who had not heard him all this Time without letting in a Grief to his Soul, little short of his, after he had wiped away some Tears, which he had no Power to bridle, *Marcellus*, said he, the Estate you are in will scarce give me leave to upbraid you with the Injury you do me, and the unjust Opinion which has possess'd you, may speak your Excuse for the Outrage you have offered me; but I am comforted in this, that every thing pleads my Justification: Admit I could grow faint in my Friendship to *Marcellus*, yet still I love *Cleopatra* too well to change her for *Julia*; and, say my Heart could draw off from *Cleopatra*, yet my *Marcellus* is too powerful there for me to affront his Pretences; and now you force me to avow, what Respect and Discretion devoted to silence; if there be some Levity in *Julia's* Spirit, the Gods can witness, that instead of indulging it, I have still carefully render'd what Amity requir'd, even when Civility and good Manners forbid it: However, I perceive, my dear *Marcellus*, in two Things I am extremely unfortunate; first, that your Friendship was not strong enough to defend me from the Cruelty and Injustice of your Suspicion:

on: And then, that I wanted Occasion to evidence mine in such clear Proofs as yours was stamped in, for in quenching for my sake, the Affection that *Cleopatra* kindled, you inflicted Rigour upon yourself to strangle the Passion; but in flying the Sight of *Julia* for the Love of you, I do no more than quit a Person to whom ('bating your Interests) I scarce carry a single good Will; would to Heavens (could I do it without betraying my Fidelity to *Cleopatra*) that I had now as much Affection for the Daughter of *Augustus*, as you had for *Anthony's*, I would find out a better Way than I can now make use of, in quitting a Person that I do not love, to witness my Amity not inferior to yours; all that I can now do for your Quiet, and my Devoir, is to abandon not the Love, (for that would be impossible to me, and unprofitable to you) but the Sight of *Cleopatra*, and since I cannot be near her without hurting you, to remove myself beyond the Reach of *Julia's* Eye, I am content to leave that Princess whose absence will not be a milder Misery than what you offer'd.

While my Master spoke in this Manner, tho' *Marcellus* could not be cur'd of the Grief that tormented him, yet he felt some Ease by the dissipation of his Jealousy, and reflecting at the same Time upon the free and faithful Disposition of his Friend, the cold Composure of his late Actions to *Julia*, much short of the wonted Deference he usually paid her, and the strong Passion he kept for *Cleopatra*, which daily broke into clearer Proofs, he entertained a Belief he might be innocent, and suffering himself by these Appearances, with the Help of that Affection he bare him, to be insensibly perswaded, he repented his Suspicion, and throwing his Arms about his Neck, with a passio-

passionate and tender Action: ' Pardon, dear Brother, *said he*, forgive the Offence you have received from a Spirit discompos'd with its own Misfortune, and reduced by Despair, to interpret all Things in the worst Sense: Indeed I ought to have understood you better, but you see, that with the Knowledge of my Friends I have lost mine own, and as my Condition is now stated, I am scarce Master of a reasonable Motion: I doubt not but your Friendship is able to give Proofs of a greater Difficulty, but I will never consent to accept those you offer, and will rather suffer all Things than condescend, that you should absent yourself from *Cleopatra*, because you fly *Julia*; no, let the Gods keep my Repose, if nothing will redeem it but yours, and let me rather be an eternal Mark of *Julia's* Disdain, than recover her Affection by your Displeasure.

' I shall never be displeased, *reply'd the Son of Julia*, by suffering any Thing for my Friend, nor will my Misery be so great as your Imagination shapes it, since in leaving *Cleopatra*, I shall travel at the same Time, for your Happiness and mine own Glory; besides, 'tis not fit that a Prince descended from so long a Succession of Kings, should waste the Beauty of his Age at *Rome*, in the Employment of simple Citizens; and since, of all I should have heir'd from my Ancestors, there is nothing left but a Sword, 'tis but fit it should shew me the Way to overtake that departed Glory, and those Dignities that once dwelt in our Family. I know well, that I ought not to hope a Recovery by Force, of those Crowns that the *Roman Arms* have ravished from us, they are possessed by a Puissance that others are too feeble to encounter, and

' and by a Puissance mote to me by Obligation
 ' than Grandeur: Yet I may have the Hap to
 ' oblige great *Cesar* with my Services to make
 ' good the Intentions of his Predecessor, and by
 ' lavishing my Blood and Life for his Interests,
 ' possibly merit those Crowns from his Bounty,
 ' that Fortune took away before Nature shewed
 ' me to the World. In the mean Time, the Prin-
 ' cess *Julia*, whose Spirit indeed is a little waver-
 ' ing, will lose that Impression in my Absence,
 ' which she received for my Misfortune as well
 ' as yours, and your Presence assisted by her own
 ' Reason, and the Force of her Judgment, which
 ' will ripen with her Age, no doubt will scatter
 ' those young Idea's, which are yet scarce grown
 ' to a perfect Form, and may therefore be easily
 ' chased away by your Affection, and those grand
 ' Qualities the Gods have put into your Person.

To these Words the Prince added divers others
 to the same Purpose, which *Marcellus* having
 peaceably heard: ' For that which touches me,
 ' said he, I will never agree you should forsake a
 ' Place to which you are ty'd by so just and so
 ' noble a Passion; to the other that regards your
 ' Glory and the Re-establishment of your Digni-
 ' ty; give me leave to join Interest with you, and
 ' for yours, believe it, I will never stick to hazard
 ' my Life, nor refuse to pay down my Blood to
 ' the last Drop, if the total Expence of it may be
 ' fruitful to your Repose or Glory.

Doubtless the two Princes had enlarged their
 Dialogue, if they had not spy'd a great Troop of
 Ladies enter the Alley, which presently they knew
 to be the Princesses *Ostavia*, *Cleopatra*, *Emilia*,
Sulpitia, and divers others of the greatest among
 the *Romans*: The Ladies no sooner drew near the
 Arbour, but they saw the two Princes come out to
 meet

meet them, and after the Princess *Octavia* had chid their sullen and melancholly Humour that misted them to the search of Solitude, she ask'd if they had any mind to increase the Company. There were but few Men in it, and those that were, respectively resigned their Places to the two Princes. *Marcellus*, to oblige his Friend, entertained the Princess *Octavia* his Mother, and *Coriolanus* led *Cleopatra*, the whole Company walk'd in Couples through the several Alleys, still keeping such a Distance as lent them Liberty to exchange their Thoughts without any Fear of overhearers. *Cleopatra* eying an unusual Trouble, and an extraordinary Emotion in the Aspect of the African Prince: 'How is it, *Coriolanus*, said she, that I find so sad an inquietude upon your Brow? has Fortune hatch'd you any fresh Displeasure? If the Desire does not disoblige you, I would willingly know the Cause of your Trouble.' 'Tis too hard a Task, Madam, reply'd the Prince, for my Face not to tell Tales of my Sorrow, too difficult for him to personate content, that is going to the Rack of a cruel Affection: Madam, my Fate enjoins me to leave you, which is the same as to say, I must be torn from myself, and who can carry such a Torture within him, and not betray some exterior Symptoms? Madam, it is my Shame that I have liv'd so long in your Service unbusied with Glory or Ambition, and since I had the Daring to raise my Eyes to you, 'tis fit I should think of other Employments, to render myself worthy of the Honour to serve you. To be barely the Son of a King, can assert no sufficient Merit, and if Fortune robbed me of the Dignity, 'tis requir'd of my Virtue to recover it; for to live in the Con-

dition

' dition of a private Man at *Rome*, and yet love
' *Cleopatra*, are Things incompatible.

' I do not wholly oppose your Design, *reply'd*
' *the Princess*, to pursue that Path of Glory to
' your Establishment which you have already be-
' gun to tread so hopefully; and though your Pre-
' sence be as dear to me as you ought to desire,
' yet I can resolve to lose it for a Time, in Hope
' to see your Virtue remount the Throne of your
' Ancestors; not that the Loss of your Crowns can
' render your Person less considerable than if they
' encircled your Brow; that blind Deity has handled
' us as rudely as you, and humbled our Family
' too low, to leave us any Cause of misprizing
' those Princes that she has plunder'd; but since
' nothing can look big enough to daunt your
' Courage, and that inspires you to trace the Steps
' of your Predecessors; the Knowledge I have that
' you are born to great Undertakings, shall van-
' quish that Repugnance, which indeed dissuades
' my Consent to this Separation; and if the De-
' stinies do not oppose you, you ought to expect
' all from your Valour; but *Coriolanus*, though
' this Reason be strong enough to take you from
' us, you must confess it is not the Cause that
' drives you away, and that some other Conside-
' ration precipitates your Departure.

' The Respect which I have always chain'd to
' your Will, *answered the Prince*, does not per-
' mit me to disguise the Truth, and though Dis-
' cretion and Modesty dispute against it, they are
' too weak to confute my Obedience. It is true,
' Madam, since you are pleased I should avow it,
' I do owe a little Voyage to my Friend's Repose,
' and being infortunate enough to injure him, I
' am going for a Time to fly those Occasions,
' and seek others, that may render me worthy

' to

‘ to be own’d by you.’ ‘ I apprehend enough,
‘ *added the Princess with a Smile*, and I think I
‘ shall not make you blush, when I tell you, you
‘ are loved by *Julia*.’ ‘ I cannot believe it Love,
‘ *modestly answered the Prince*, but rather the
‘ Malice of mine and *Marcellus’s* Fortune, that
‘ was willing to conduct the Addresses of that wa-
‘ vering Spirit, while she sought Occasions of In-
‘ constancy, rather to me than any other.’ ‘ I
‘ suspected it before, *reply’d the Princess*, by di-
‘ vers remarkable Conjectures, but was loath to let
‘ you know so much, for fear of disturbing the
‘ Satisfaction you receive in the Affection and Re-
‘ search of so fair a Princess.’ Indeed it is so great,
‘ *coldly answer’d Coriolanus*, as I am too weak
‘ to support the Weight of it, and for that Rea-
‘ son will fly as far as the Earth has Limits, if it
‘ be otherwise impossible to defend myself from it.

‘ You are cruel, *Coriolanus*, *reply’d the Prin-
‘ cess with a graceful and majestic Action*, and
‘ if you thus contemptuously treat fair Ladies, and
‘ such as are of *Julia’s* lofty Quality, what may
‘ those hope from you to whom Nature and For-
‘ tune have been penurious?’ ‘ She that I adore,
‘ *reply’d my Prince*, has received of Nature all
‘ that she was capable of giving, nor can Fortune
‘ subtract any thing from that, which still keeps
‘ her placed in the first Rank of Mortals.

‘ I am well pleas’d, *said the fair Princess*, that
‘ your Blindness has betray’d you to this Opini-
‘ on, and though I am not the same you speak
‘ me, I am very willing to appear so in your Eyes
‘ and Judgment.

She pronounc’d these Words with an Air so
sweet, and a Fashion so obliging, as the Prince
was lost in a delightful Ravishment, and pressing
her Hand, which he held with an Action full of
Ardour

Ardour and Transport: 'Oh Friendship! *said he*,
 ' Oh Honour! What Enemies are you grown to
 ' my Repose? How sweetly might I pass my en-
 ' tire Life at the Feet of my adorable Princess, if
 ' you would consent to it.

He had said more, and their Discourse had lasted longer, if the Arrival of the two young Princes, *Alexander* and *Ptolomy* had not interrupted it, who, after they had saluted the rest of the Company, they approach'd the Princess their Sister, and *Coriolanus*, whom they loved exceedingly; divers noble *Romans*, which came thither in their Company, also mingled themselves in the Troop, and the Walk continued and ended, without offering my Master an Occasion of reviving his Discourse with *Cleopatra*.

The next Day there befel him an Accident, that gave a Report loud enough through *Rome*, to arrive at your Ears, when you resided there, which as it hastened his Voyage some Days sooner than he intended, so it gave him the Means to undertake it, with more Glory than he expected. There was then at *Rome* a Mathematician call'd *Thrasillus*, who by his sublime Skill in judicial Astrology, had acquir'd a Reputation that highly advanced his Credit, and made his Acquaintance be courted by the principal *Romans*. 'Alas! cry'd
 ' *Tyridates*, *interrupting* *Emilius*, that Name is
 ' but too well known unto me, and I have hither-
 ' to found his Prediction of my Fortune so credi-
 ' ted by a Succession of Accidents, and have now
 ' so little Reason to expect an End unsuitable to
 ' the former Events, as it must ever have a Place
 ' in my Memory." This *Thrasillus*, reply'd *Emi-
 ' lius*, whose Science you experimented, had a
 ' particular Access to *Tiberius*, whose Thoughts,
 ' (eternally ty'd to his Love and Ambition) made
 ' him

‘ him ransack this Man’s Knowledge for a Flattery of his future Hopes.

That Day I spoke of, he being in the Palace Gallery, where the noblest *Romans* usually walk’d; attending the Emperor’s Rising, my Master and *Tiberius* met there together, followed by a Throng of the most considerable Persons in the Empire; though their mutual Jealousy had extinguish’d all the Sparks of Friendship, which might otherwise have been kindled betwixt them, especially in the malicious Spirit of *Tiberius*: Their Enmity was not yet come to a Declaration, and if the respect which my Prince carried in *Livia*, kept a part of his under hatches, *Tiberius*, who is a perfect Master in the Art of Dissimulation, conceal’d his hatred for other considerations, often spoke to *Coriolanus*, and treated him with as affable looks as his cunning could put on; but at that encounter, approaching to him: ‘ Come, said he, shall we know our Destinies, from the mouth of *Tbrassillus*?’ Then beckening the *Artist* to come nearer, and presenting my Prince unto him: ‘ What think you *Tbrassillus*, said he, of the Prince of *Mauritania*’s Fortune and mine? Shall our inclinations thrive in the design they are levell’d at?’ *Tbrassillus* had often seen my Prince, knew his Age, the Constellation that ruled at his Nativity, and had consulted all other circumstances from whence he usually rais’d his conjectures; but he had studied *Tiberius*’s with more circumspection, and often told him many things that concern’d his Destiny; to my Master he had never spoken, having receiv’d but little encouragement from his curiosity; but then after he had spent some time in perusing the two Princes: ‘ If my Science deceives me not, said he, you shall both be great, and both satisfied, the one in his Love, and the other

‘ other in his *Ambition*: And because you desire
 ‘ not a more particular knowledge, I will assure
 ‘ you upon my Life, that one of you shall one
 ‘ day be possessor of the Person you both love;
 ‘ and the other shall see himself seated on the tal-
 ‘ lest Throne in the Universe.

This Discourse of *Thrasillus*, to whose presages
 the conformity of Events had acquired him a great
 deal of credit, was followed by a loud acclama-
 tion from the whole company; and the two
 Princes, to whom it was addressed, stood and
 gazed a while upon each other without uttering
 a Word; at last my Master, after he had seriously
 ballanc’d *Thrasillus*’s Words: ‘ For the enjoyment
 ‘ of what I love, *said he*, I should easily quit the
 ‘ Empire of the World; and on condition she
 ‘ may be mine, I shall bear no grudge to my com-
 ‘ petitor’s Fortunes.’ This language was amorous
 and modest, but the reply of *Tiberius* was not so;
 and though he had power enough upon himself
 not to be carried away with the Tide of a vain Pre-
 sumption: ‘ I pretend, *said he*, to the possession
 ‘ of *Cleopatra*, nor do I renounce my claim to
 ‘ the Empire, since the World has not another
 ‘ Man, that is born with a better Title to both.’
 This Discourse lighted up an indignation in my
 Master’s Spirit, as well for his own interest, which
 receiv’d an open affront in what referred to *Cleo-
 patra*, as *Marcellus*’s right, who by the universal
 Vote of the *Romans*, the intention of *Cesar*, and
 the suffering of Equity it self, might pretend with
 more justice to the *Imperial Diadem* than *Tiberius*,
 and by all these was placed before him: Besides,
 he could never study the Science of dissembling,
 though then for divers considerations, he struggled
 with himself to confine a part of his resentments,
 and darting a disdainful look at *Tiberius*: ‘ I
 ‘ know

‘ know not, *said he*, to what you may be born,
‘ but I hope that neither *Cleopatra* nor the Em-
‘ pire shall be any part of your Portion. And who
‘ shall dispute it? *reply’d Tiberius, fired with*
‘ *rage*, can juster pretences, and better supported
‘ than mine, be shewn by a despoiled *African*?
‘ For the Empire, *answered my Prince, Rome*
‘ has enough more worthy than thy self to com-
‘ mand it; and for *Cleopatra*, that *African* will
‘ dispute her with thee; who, wholly despoiled
‘ as he is, is yet the Son of a puissant King, and
‘ not of a paltry Citizen, as thou art, and from
‘ whom Fortune has taken nothing that could
‘ make him lose those advantages he had of thee
‘ both in Birth and Virtue.

At these Words they both laid hands upon the guards of their Swords; and though the respect that was due to the place might have restrained them to more moderation; yet that consideration had not then been capable to stop their hands, if the whole company had not suddenly thrown themselves betwixt them, and so cut off a farther passage to their fury.

The noise of this divided the whole Court in two factions; and if the authority of the Empress his Mother, added to the large Alliances he had in *Rome*, gain’d *Tiberius* a puissant Party, the credit of *Marcellus*, and the Friends which his Virtue had acquired, made my Master’s full as formidable; which may seem strange, if the glorious rank and garb be considered, which *Tiberius* did then, and doth still appear in: Yet, ’tis true, my Prince, as much a stranger and despoiled as he was, saw himself in a condition to hold up his head against the Son of *Livia*, the *Drusi*, *Sulpitii*, *Mestelli*, with divers other Families that ranged themselves on *Tiberius* Party: And with *Marcellus*, the
gene-

generous *Agrippa*, the Children of *Anthony*, the *Fabii*, *Caro's*, with all that were brave and honest among the *Romans*, had their Swords ready to strike in *Coriolanus's* quarrel. Yet this number of divided Friends served for no more than to make known the *Competitor's* Credit: For the same day the Emperor being advertis'd of the quarrel, and having learned the truth from the mouth of *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*, one of which was my Master's declared Friend, and the other had high thoughts of his Virtue, he sent them to try if he could make them Friends.

This favour was not ordinary; but besides that he was willing to do honour to the Son of his Wife, and a Prince of the Birth and Virtue of *Coriolanus*, he deemed his authority requisite to hinder the animosity of two such important men from proceeding to extremities; indeed, the solicitations of *Livia*, (who made the boldness of *Coriolanus*, and the little respect he express'd to the Wife of *Cesar*, sound high in his Ears) might have drawn his judgment away in *Tiberius's* behalf, if, besides the credit of *Marcellus* and *Agrippa*, who had much power with *Augustus*, the carriage of *Coriolanus*, that seemed to second the Emperor's intentions in repressing boldness, and condemning his lawless pretences to the Empire, had commended his cause to *Augustus*, and dispos'd him to treat them with an impartial equality.

They both presented themselves before him, each with a proud train at his heels; and the Emperor, after he had heard them apart, sharply reproved *Tiberius* for the knowledge he had given of his ambitious aspirings to the Empire, and my Prince, for the contemptuous mispraisal of his Birth, whose Mother himself had taken to his Bed; he commanded them to embrace each other.

My

My Master gracefully dispos'd himself to obey him. But before they interchang'd that Ceremony, bravely addressing to *Cesar*, with a boldness full of Majesty: 'Sir, said he, I accept your command with a due respect, and to witness my resignation to your Majesty's will, I will propose a means (if it may be allow'd) to cut up the root of any further quarrel betwixt *Tiberius* and myself: We both love *Cleopatra*, and so long as our competition lives, we shall find a task too difficult to keep Life in our amity: If Justice doth appoint that Princess, as a treasure to reward the services of one of us, decree it, my Lord, that by those she may only be disputed, and not by indirect courses, to which it would be injurious to stake such a prize as *Cleopatra*; I am going, Sir, as I did at my first acquaintance with the Camp, to carry my Life and my Sword into the *Roman* Army, and if it may please Grand *Cesar* to give me an employment, wherein I may signalize myself for the glory of his Empire, I may possibly make it known, that though I am born an *African* Prince, I have neither less Fidelity nor Valour than the Native *Romans*. Let *Tiberius* do the same, and since to the interest of his Love he may link the service of his Country, let him court some dangers for occasions to merit *Cleopatra*: Suffer not your favour, Great *Cesar*, to be partially sway'd, but let him have the glorious Prize that shews the most Valour for it; I am willing to resign her, with my Life to boot, if in this Warlike decision *Tiberius* carries the advantage; and I hope from your Justice, that what Fortune has already given, shall not be accounted in the purchase of a Jewel which he only ought to buy with his blood and services.

My

My Master had scarce ended these Words, when *Tiberius*, with as fierce a confidence in his looks as *Coriolanus* could shew, thus pursued his request :
‘ I gladly consent, *said he*, to the proposition *Coriolanus* has made, and if it pleases the Emperor, that our Valour shall only try our Titles to *Cleopatra*, I shall that way advance my claim by fairest pretences than ever ; I will go as well as he into the Armies that combat for the Empire, and if the Emperor judges me worthy of a Command, I hope my behaviour in his service shall render it apparent, that I want no courage to merit such a recompence as *Cleopatra*.

The Discourse of these two young Princes, which had attracted the attention of all the assistants, marvellously pleased *Augustus*, and at the same moment he openly protested his approbation of their brave design, and promised by his consent, that *Cleopatra* should never be given but to him of the two, that in *Rome’s* service could shew best proofs of their Military Virtue.

My Master receiv’d this Declaration of the Emperor with an access of joy ; and *Tiberius*, who really is very courageous, exprest as great a satisfaction.

From that very day the Emperor grew studious to find out employments for them both, and by good fortune an occasion offered it self as favourably as they both could wish.

Terentius Varro, and *Tilius Corisus*, with a puissant Army made War against the *Austrians* and *Cantabrians*, who were risen in Rebellion against the Empire in prodigious numbers. But the Soldiers, no longer able to endure the insupportable humour of *Varro*, the Emperor was constrain’d to call him home, and *Corisus* made incapable by his personal defects of the sole Command of that War, the Emperor was oblig’d to send a
Captain

Captain in *Varro's* place, who, till then, by means of *Corisus's* infirmities, had sustain'd the whole weight of Care in the conduct of that Expedition.

On the other side, War being kindled in *Pannonia* and *Dalmatia*, and the Captain that commanded the *Romans* Army having been kill'd in an encounter; the *Legions* had sent to demand a new General of *Cesar*, which yet he had not nominated.

These two employments, after the method of some deliberation, were given to the two *Rival Princes*, with hopes of success that were yet equally divided betwixt them.

My Master had Commission to march in *Varro's* place against the *Austrians* and *Cantabrians*; and *Tiberius*, who indeed, though very young, had already given many signals of his gallantry, was design'd to command the Army in *Pannonia*.

These two *Princes*, highly satisfied with their employments, equally prepar'd for their departure, and vanquish'd by the help of their mutual Emulation the grief they took to part with *Cleopatra*.

Marcellus, boiling as well as they with a desire of glory, took example by them to demand a Military employment; but the Emperor told him it was his absolute will he should stay near his Person, yet flattered him with the hope of an important expedition which he had in his thoughts; and my Master's earnest entreaty that he would stay a while with *Julia*, and endeavour to recover her sickened flames, wrought upon him so successfully, as at last he was contented that *Rome* should yet be his residence.

I need not speak of the preparations these two young Generals made for their Voyage, nor trouble you with *Julia's* discontent for my Master's separation, who in every place that he met her, and when he took his leave, still evaded particu-

cular Discourses with a grand Circumspection ; and the haste I make to pass to the Narrative of weightier Affairs, only permits me to tell you, that the day of their departure being arriv'd, after they had received the Emperor's Orders, the two Princesses took leave of *Cleopatra* apart ; I know not what Language was exchanged betwixt her and *Tiberius*, but my Master's shewed the marks of a most ardent passion, and *Cleopatra's* of an affection, which gave *Coriolanus* cause enough to be contented.

' It is not Madam, said he, after some preceding Discourses, it is not your affection that calls
' my courage to this dispute with *Tiberius* ; That
' keeps to a greater height of value for either to
' aspire at, at the charge of all our blood ; nor
' can it be bought but with such services as are peculiarly paid to yourself, and not those that are
' laid out for the Empire's interests ; no, 'tis the
' favour of *Augustus*, that by glorious actions I
' must pluck from *Tiberius*, if it be possible ; and
' since your fortune has submitted you in such a
' sort to his power, as after purchase of your consent, my hopes must still wait upon his to complete my happiness ; give me leave, if you please,
' by lavishing my Life for his interests, to oblige
' him to consider my services as well as *Livia's* solicitations. Yes, *Coriolanus*, reply'd the Princess, you have my consent, and to confirm you
' that you have it, know, you need not dispute
' my affection with your Rival in the rough argument of Arms ; be assured the advantage shall
' ever stay on your side ; and though fortune should crown the Crest of *Tiberius* with the Palmy wreaths of most glorious Victories, she shall
' never have a power to give him any part of my inclinations ; you have already too great a share
' in them to leave him the spark of any hope
' alive,

alive, and I cannot now assume the liberty of expressing that to you with any *Decorum*, which I did not fix in my breast before I had weigh'd it.

I will trace their amorous Dialogue no further, for fear the length of it should disoblige your patience; at last, after he had breath'd a thousand Vows, at her feet of an eternal Fidelity, and received a confirmation from her own mouth of those dear hopes she had given him; my Prince receiv'd her Adieu with a consolation that help'd to sweeten the regret of his absence; and about an hour after mounted on Horse-back, with a great number of Friends, who brought him many days journeys on the way; but at last, having parted from those that went not the Expedition, we march'd with the rest through *Gallia Narbonensis*, and those other Provinces that lay in our way to *Austria* and *Cantabria*.





Hymen's Prælude :

OR,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART VII. BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The gallant Acts, and gallant Victories of Coriolanus in the Austrian War. Tiberius luckily finishes that in Dalmatia, returns before his Rival, and by Livia's means gains the Emperor to a partial Arbitration. The news of this hastily calls home Coriolanus. His haughty Language to Cæsar procures his Banishment. The fantastick vicissitudes of Julia's kindness and inconstancy to Marcellus. Coriolanus challenges Tiberius in the Temple, and the next day runs him through in the Streets.

THUS



THUS *Emilius* recounted his Master's Life to Prince *Tyridates*, who heard him with a marvellous attention, when there came one and told him that *Coriolanus*, after some hours quiet repose, was newly awak-
ed. *Tyridates*, whose generosity was deeply concerned in the care of such a qualified Guest, though he flamed with desire to learn the Sequel of his Adventures, he then preferred *Society* before his Story; judging it time to dine, and enjoined by Civility to keep him company, he was willing for awhile to defer the continuation of *Emilius's* recital.

They went together to his Chamber, and the Son of *Juba* no sooner saw *Tyridates*, but receiving him with an obliging action, full of bewitching sweetness: 'You come, said he, from trifling some hours upon a mean divertisement, and you have had your desires, to be acquainted with things so little worthy of your Attention, as I fear you are justly displeased with my complacence to your Curiosity. I have yet understood no more, reply'd *Tyridates*, than the Morning Actions of your Life; and though those of the latter edition, which I confusedly took from the mouth of Rumour, be doubtless the greater and more important; those beautiful beginnings have so tied me to your Virtue, in the chains of love and wonder, as I can now no more regard you without the extraordinary motions of affection and respect. Your affection is too dangerous, answer'd the Moorish Prince, to be otherwise received than as the greatest bliss that Fortune can offer me, but I rather owe it your generous disposition, than the recital of a few trivial actions, incapable to merit it. That excessive modesty of
Q 3 yours,

‘ yours, *reply’d Tyridates*, has confirmed my design, to accept no part of the Story from your own mouth, for I see you will debase the Grandeur of your Actions, as I shall draw nothing from you but what will fall infinitely short of truth.

While thus they enlarg’d their Civilities, their Dinner came in, during which they entertain’d each other with Discourses as agreeable as their melancholly Hearts could allow.

The valiant unknown, was serv’d in his Chamber with other meats, for the depth of his wounds oblig’d him to another sort of nourishment; he was very hardly dispos’d to suffer the application of any remedy, and the reason he had to afflict himself, returning to his memory, left him so little regard of Life, as the care of his recovery was only act’d by *Tyridates* and his Squire.

Indeed, the Prince of *Parthia* omitted no endeavours that could have been contributed to his proper safety; and by the brave things he had seen him do, and that Majestick mind which was able to sink an impression of respect in all the Souls that beheld him, he had received an opinion of him as a Person wholly extraordinary.

Dinner was no sooner ended, but he was at his Chamber door to enquire of his health, and understanding from the Chirurgeons, he might now safely be spoken to, he enter’d the Chamber, and approaching the Bed, gave him the *Bon-jour*. The Stranger inforced his griefs to return what he thought was due to his Benefactor, and regarding him with Eyes that in spight of their sickly Eclipse sparkled something more fierce and martial than was to be found in the rest of mankind: ‘ You mis-employ your pity, *said he*, upon a man that has neither Fortune nor Life enough left to acknowledge it; but the Gods will pay you in my behalf,

' behalf, and supply by their bounty the impuissance
 ' of a wretch on whom you have so nobly, and
 ' yet so ineffectually placed yours.' This discourse
 (the pulse of a most violent grief) touched the Soul
 of *Tyridates* with a fresh compassion, and desirous
 to sweeten the sorrows of that valiant Man, as well
 as his own would permit him : ' I should be real-
 ' ly happy, *said he*, in a power as well to recon-
 ' cile your Spirit with repose, as your Body with
 ' health ; but the Gods, from whom you bid me
 ' expect a reward for such trivial Offices, will
 ' employ their puissance (to which nothing is
 ' difficult) in restoring what they have taken from
 ' you, and if you trust their Goodness, you will
 ' doubtless receive all the assistance requisite for
 ' your consolation.

In reason the Stranger ow'd a reply to this Lan-
 guage, and doubtless in another reason would have
 paid it, but his thoughts were then in pursuit of
 another subject, and after he had spent some mo-
 ments in a deep study : ' Have you yet learn'd no
 ' news, *said he*, of the cruel Pyrate that fled
 ' yesterday from my just pursuit? Know you not
 ' whether the persons that were in his power, were
 ' delivered by some Divine or Human assistance?
 ' We have heard nothing of that, *answer'd Ty-*
 ' *ridates*, and believe he saved himself with his
 ' Prey in those Vessels we saw last Night put off
 ' to Sea. Gods! *cry'd the Stranger*, with an
 ' action full of transport, Gods! who have suf-
 ' fered me to find nothing among Men but cruelty
 ' and ingratitude; shall I ever meet the refusal of
 ' succour at your hands, and must I be eternally
 ' expos'd to oppression and injustice? Have you
 ' favour'd me in those occasions that would con-
 ' tribute to my glory, to cross me in all those that
 ' should serve my repose? And in fine, shall these

' advantages you have given me, serve for nothing
 ' but to dress my Misfortune, and gag my ruine?
 He stopp'd at these Words, which he mingled with
 deep sighs, and after he had staid some time in the
 posture of a Man posselt with furious resolutions:
 ' Do, pitiless Fortune, *pursued he*, Do, cruel Ene-
 ' my, all the mischief that thy blind power can
 ' fasten upon my Destiny; I do here lay myself
 ' open to thy cruel persecution, and defy thy ma-
 ' lice to trample upon a Courage, which yet thou
 ' hast but vainly combated with.

He paus'd at these Words, and *Tyridates* percei-
 ving he had much ado to stop there, out of fear
 that his presence might put him to some con-
 straint, and the Chirurgeons opinion that a pur-
 suit of his passionate discourse might injure his
 health, after he had intreated him to take some
 repose, and follow their advice to whose care his
 health was committed, and seek, if possible, for
 comfort in that grand Courage, whereof he had
 given so many glorious proofs in so short a time,
 he took his leave for the rest of the day.

From that Chamber he return'd to *Coriolanus*,
 to whom he gave an account of his Visit, repeat-
 ed the Words, and described the passion of the
 Stranger: At this the Son of *Juba* shrugg'd up his
 shoulders, and lifted up his Eyes, when after he
 had been some moments silent: ' Oh valiant
 ' Stranger! *cry'd he*, if thy Soul be seized with
 ' a violent grief, how well has Fortune pattern'd
 ' our condition: Yet thy Calamities must swell to
 ' a strange bulk to measure thy Calamities with
 ' mine; when you shall know my last Adventures,
 ' *continued he, turning to Tyridates*, you will
 ' doubtless deplore my Misfortune, and possibly
 ' believe that the miseries of others are trifles in
 ' comparison of mine. To keep you no longer in
 ' doubt

'doubt of this, *Emilius* is ready to finish his Story,
 'since you had rather have it from his mouth
 'than mine. For that, *said Tyridates*, I shall
 'take a time when Civility forbids me to enjoy
 'your company, though 'tis confest I desire with
 'some violence to learn the succession of those
 'beautiful Actions, whereof the beginnings were
 'so charming, but I shall refer it to those hours
 'which will not permit me to see you without im-
 'portunity. I cannot suffer the constraint your
 'Courtesy offers, *said Coriolanus*, to a Person
 'who has no necessity to require it, do not disob-
 'lige yourself for my Divertisement, my thoughts
 'do furnish me with an ample entertainment, and
 'let me have leave to tell you, that in the sad
 'estate to which Love and Fortune has reduced
 'me, if your company was not marvellously be-
 'witching, it would not be supportable.

By these Words *Coriolanus* obliged *Tyridates* to
 leave him, and that Prince taking *Emilius* along
 to his Chamber, made him sit down in the same
 place where they pass'd away the morning, and
 the faithful Squire knowing his Intention, after he
 had prepared his Discourse with some Moments
 of Silence, he pursued the Story in this Manner.

*The Continuation of the History of Coriolanus
 and Cleopatra.*

WE marched out of *Rome* to *Austria*, with the
 Encouragement of many auspicious Presages
 for the War, and all those to whom the Frequen-
 tation of my Master's Company had given any
 Knowledge of his Virtue, entertain'd very preg-
 nant Hopes of his Success in that Expedition:
 Though he could take no Employment that over-
 topp'd his illustrious Birth, he had some Reason to

think it strange, that a Prince born of a barbarous King, Enemy to the People of *Rome*, not exceeding the Age of twenty one, should command a *Roman* Army, at a Time when *Rome* abounded with so many famous Captains of her own, that were capable of Conduct: I say to command; for indeed though *Tilius Corifus* remained with some Shadow of Authority in those Provinces, his want of Experience, with the Infirmities of his Person, had render'd him so inconsiderable to the Soldiers, as though my Prince still did him the Honour to receive his Advice in all Affairs, the absolute Power was solely in his Hands, and the entire Glory of all those memorable Events in that Expedition, by the general Vote was allotted to him only. He was receiv'd by the Legions with loud Acclamations; and besides that, the Opinion of his former Exploits, had gained him the Hearts of Part of the Captains; the bounteous Distribution of Nature's Favour, signally stamp'd in his Face, Language, and Actions, quickly procured him the Affection and Respect of all those to whom his Virtue was yet undiscover'd.

The Commission he receiv'd from the Emperor was generally approv'd; the Soldiers, Officers, and *Corifus* himself, (to whom *Varro's* violent Humour had been intolerable) accepted this young Companion in Command without a Murmur; and, though he was Lieutenant to a *Roman* Army, he held it an Honour, that the Son of a King, a thousand Times more considerable by his Merits than Birth, was apparently contented to share the Dignity with him, only reserving all the Trouble and Danger to himself. 'Tis then to my Prince alone you may please to attribute the Honour of all that was done in that War: And though the Orders were often subscribed with *Corifus's* Name

as well as his, I am able to affirm, as a constant Witness, that never forsook him, he had no more hand in any Part of the Action, than if he had then been at *Rome*, only amusing himself with political Maxims how to govern the Provinces, and preserve the Cities in Obedience, that we had reduc'd; while my Master, at the Head of his Army, did the Business of the War, making new Brooks of barbarous Blood run thro' *Campania*.

The Enemies had two renowned Captains among them; he that led the *Austrians* was call'd *Sillo*, and *Theopistus* commanded the *Cantabrians*: They had many flying Bodies besides, rang'd under several Lieutenants, which were placed as Necessity advis'd, in divers Parts of the Provinces, where they might best distress the *Romans*; their Cities were universally up in Arms, fortified with strong Garrisons, and furnish'd with abundance of Victuals; all their Streights and Passes upon Rivers defended with so much Strength and Caution, as it appear'd no petty Enterprize, no contemptible Task to tame this warlike People.

Yet the Threats of these Difficulties, instead of discouraging, enflam'd the Heart of the fierce young Prince, with an eager Desire of forcing from those fair Occasions an Improvement of his Glory; and joining to his admirable Valour an incredible Prudence, if compar'd with his Years, he began to act in that War, both by Conduct and Execution, like another *Hannibal*, or a *Julius Caesar*; never did any thing appear so beautiful, as my brave Prince in the Functions of his Charge, and when his Head was in a Casque, that noble and warlike Mind was so highly advantaged by the Grace he us'd in his Command, as his Enemies themselves had not Power to behold him without Affection. The first Time he presented himself

himself to their View was upon the Bank of a little River, where *Theopistus* appeared in Person at the Head of above 30,000 Combatants; the River was narrow, but scarce fordable, which kept the Armies from joining, and forc'd them for a long Time to fight at a Distance, with no other Weapons than Arrows, till my Master, knowing the Advantage of the *Romans* consisted in a closer Combat, and not in those wooden Showers, whereby the *Barbarians* might happily dispute the Victory with Danger to his Party, after he had sought the fittest Place, he spurred his Horse into the Water, and like another *Alexander*, at the Passage of *Granicus*, both by Words and Example encouraged a Part of his Cavalry to keep him Company in the Danger; and thus sometimes fording, sometimes swimming their Horses, they gained the opposite Bank.

The *Cantabrians* amazed at so prodigious a Daring, had not Courage enough left them to stand the Encounter; and my Master taking Advantage of the Disorder, wherein Fear and Wonder had shuffled them, gave his Enemies a hot Charge, and his own Soldiers Time to pass the River with greater Facility than before, which still came up with such fresh Supplies to his Succour, as at last he totally routed their Army, and carried so entire a Victory, as more than 15,000 *Barbarians* were left dead upon the Spot.

The first Loss struck such a Terrour into the Enemy, as made them manage their Quarrel with more Caution.

A few Days after, they thought they had gotten an Occasion to revenge the last Slaughter by our total Ruine; and indeed they put us in great Danger; for my Prince, sitting down with his Army before a Town called *Tilloe*, built upon a Marsh,

Marsh, and made by its Situation almost inaccessible, the Enemies two Generals having rallied and rais'd all the Forces they could make, came up with an admirable Diligence in two great Bodies, incamped themselves at our Backs, and shut us up between the City, the Marsh, and their two Armies, leaving no Passage free, unless we could cut out the Way through one of their gross Bodies.

My Master presently perceived what an Error his Ignorance in the Country had made him incur; but loath to give his Soldiers Time to perceive their Disadvantage, and receive a Terror that might give the Enemies the Victory; to save his Men, he resolv'd to raise the Siege: And judging the Design more fit for the Favourite of Darkness than Light, having caus'd the Troops and Legions to be ready to march about Midnight, and giving all necessary Orders to the Officers, he sent two or three hundred Men to give an Alarm at *Theopistus's* Quarters; and when the Enemies believ'd the Danger bent itself that Way, he suddenly broke with all his Forces upon *Sillo's* Army, threw down all that stood in his Way; and by his Example we charg'd so vigorously, assisted by our sudden Surprizal, and the Fire we threw about into all the Quarters of their Camp, and the Night's Darkness, which increased the Terror, we put them to such a general Rout, as after we had killed about 10,000 *Barbarians*, we pass'd through their Camp upon the Neck of the rest, which were left cover'd with Carcasses and Blood, and made good our Retreat scarce with the Loss of 600 Men, to the top of a Mountain, where we incamped before Day, whose new-born Light made us quickly understand ourselves in a Condition to present them Battle.

This

This brave Piece of Service pass'd for a Miracle among the *Barbarians*, and so fearfully astonish'd them, as instead of marching in Battle against us, they rose up with their Army, and directing their March through the City, they went and encamped on the other Side the Marsh.

A few Days after, my Master re-inforcing his Numbers with the Supplies of 8000 Foot, and 4000 Horse, which *Corisus* had sent him, he re-attack'd the City so vigorously, as in spite of the Enemy's Army that lay at the Gates on the other Side, and fortified it with Numbers necessary for Defence, within six Days time we carried it by Storm, and marched toward the Enemy with so much Courage and Confidence, as it took away their's, and obliged them to a timorous Retreat into such Places, whose Situation hinder'd us from forcing them to fight. I contract the Recital of these Things in as narrow a Volume as possible, for should I tie my Relation to every particular, it would cost more Time than I have now to lay out upon the whole Discourse.

While these Things pass'd at the Camp, Fame daily carried Intelligence of my Master's grand Actions to every *Roman* Ear, which brought as much Joy to *Marcellus* and the rest of his Friends, as Despight to *Livia*, and the whole Faction of *Tiberius*; the Princess *Cleopatra*, who claim'd a more peculiar Interest in his Glory than the rest, forgot not to acknowledge her particular Satisfaction, and to that Purpose she answer'd all his Letters; but my Memory, too weak to retain them, I only preserved some of the shortest, and especially that which she wrote upon Intelligence of his Victory I last related: I believe the Words differ'd not much from these.

The

The Princess *Cleopatra*, to the valiant *Juba*
Coriolanus Prince of *Mauritania*.

‘**T**O gain great Battles against the valiantest
 ‘ People in *Europe*, to force Cities defended
 ‘ by an Army that out-number’d your’s, and ren-
 ‘ der the Nights themselves famous by your Victo-
 ‘ ries, are Actions conform’d to my Wishes, and
 ‘ worthy of your Courage; but thus every Mo-
 ‘ ment to lavish such precious Blood; so oft to
 ‘ expose a Life so dear unto me, to the Mercies
 ‘ of Danger, when Necessity does not bind you,
 ‘ are Actions contrary to your Obedience, and
 ‘ the Care you ought to take of my Repose; yet
 ‘ I incline to pardon, when I remember you com-
 ‘ bat for my Conquest, as well as your own Glo-
 ‘ ry, and that you owe Part of those Advantages
 ‘ your Valour will give of your Rival, to the
 ‘ Thought that you fight for *Cleopatra*.

‘ These clear Proofs of *Cleopatra*’s Affection
 swelled my Master’s Courage to a greater Height,
 and daily carried him to the Enterprize of braver
 Exploits, for which Fortune offer’d him fair Op-
 portunities, and the Gods seem’d willing for his
 Glory, that our Enemies, by the Arrival of a great
 Recruit, should be once more able to face us in
 the Field, and trusting to the Number of their
 Men, which far exceeded our’s, they descended
 into the Plain of *Gangaris*, and presented us Battle.
 ‘ *Coriolanus*, though much the weaker in Num-
 ber, joyfully accepted the *Austrians* Defiance, and
 ranging his Army with a dexterous Prudence, he
 marched against the *Barbarians*, not as to a doubt-
 ful Combat, but a certain Victory.

‘ I remember he was that Day cover’d with a
 Coat of Steel, so exceedingly bright, as the Splen-
 dor of it mingled with the Rays of the Jewels that

enriched his Arms, and both receiv'd the Sun-Beams, formed a Flame which seemed to environ him; besides, there appeared another in several Flashes at his Eyes, that darted their fierce Glory with such extraordinary Ardour, as it was even difficult for his Friends to behold them without betraying some kind of Fear; he wore no Casque to cover his Face, but only a little *Morion* after the *Greek* Fashion, shaded with twenty white Feathers, under which his Visage appeared that whole Day naked to the View, and his long curl'd Hair which descended upon his Shoulders in gross Annulets, seemed to borrow Brightness from his warlike Ardour. He was mounted upon a white Horse, dappled with black Spots, which at once expressed both Pride and Beauty, and in his right Hand held two Darts, which he brandish'd against his Enemies in a menacing Fashion.

Thus, and more fair than I am able to describe him, after he had made an Harangue to his Troops, with an Eloquence that few alive could match, he led them on to the Combat; and at his first Blow, in the view of all his Army, gave Death to *Sillo*, General of the *Austrians*, a Man of an extraordinary Force and Stature; who, after my Prince's Example, marching at the Head of his Forces, was pierced through and through with one of his Javelins, and fell without a Soul at his Horse's Feet.

Coriolanus accompany'd that brave Act with a thousand others; which, in spite of the Throng into which he rush'd with a precipitate Fury, were remark'd by Thousands; and so courageously animated his Soldiers, both by his Voice and Example, as, after a well-disputed Combat, Victory declared for us, and remain'd so entirely our's, as more than 35,000 *Barbarians* died upon the Place, their

their whole Baggage was taken, and all those that escaped the Fury of our Soldiers, scarce found their Safety in the wild Shelter of the Forests and Mountains.

This Victory, which by the *Romans* Judgment, to whom the News was quickly carried, might have challenged a Comparison with the most memorable of those that helped to establish their Empire, gave a great Stagger to this War, but it was not capable to end it: And though it was long before the *Barbarians* could recover a Condition of fighting again, yet they had a great Number of strong Cities, not one of which would render without Resistance; so that it cost us no less than a whole Year's Time to reduce them. During which, we had divers Combats upon Parties with the Enemy's scatter'd Troops, which they sent to set upon us on all Sides. At last we received Intelligence, that they had made one great Effort for all; and having drawn all the Forces together they could make, they were marching towards us, for the last Decision of their Liberty.

But while my Master thus bravely buſied himself in the Service of the *Roman* Empire, (and besides the purchase of a Glory that carried his Name to the remotest Limits of it, with the Applause of the People, Senate, and Emperor) flew at a proud Height in *Cleopatra's* Favour, which he still received, confirmed by daily Proofs. The Malice of his Fortune would have it, that *Tiberius* should light upon no worse Success in *Germany*, than he had in *Spain*. 'Tis true, he had the Advantage to command the valiant Legions, and deal with Enemies of far less Strength and Courage than our's; whatever it was, (for my Master's Interests cannot bribe me to debate the just Value of his Enemy's Glory) he defeated the *Pan-*

nonians.

nonians and *Dalmatians* in two signal Battles, took five or six of their chief Cities, and reduced them to so feeble a Condition, as wanting those great Resources that so often crested the *Austrians* and *Cantabrians*, they were constrained to beg their Peace of *Tiberius*, and receive those Conditions it pleased the Conqueror to impose; which the cruel Disposition of *Tiberius* (ever inflexible to Pity or Pardon) render'd very rigorous; and though indeed he did signalize himself in that Expedition by divers Pieces of personal Valour, he was much censured for spilling of Blood, without a just Necessity, and breaking the Articles in his Capitulation. However, in eight Months time, with great Advantages to the Empire, he finished that War; and returned to *Rome*, cover'd with Laurels in so pompous an Estate, as the Triumphs of *Cesar*, *Pompey*, and *Paulus Emilius* did scarce shew more Magnificence.

His Actions, to mention them without Partiality, were certainly far short of my Master's, as the Story's Sequel will inform you; but the Success not less conducing to *Cesar's* Service, which the Empress, with her whole Party, cry'd up with loud Praises, and strew'd the Court with such a Noise of his Atchievements, as if all other Men's Glory ought to suffer an Eclipse when his was mentioned. *Cesar* made him a Reception, not unworthy of the Service he had render'd him, nor the Place that he held near his Person by his Mother's Authority; and the Princess *Cleopatra*, that she might not be construed an Enemy to the State, by betraying any Trouble for his Prosperity, by Advice of those whom her own discreet Choice had given Authority over her, received him with a smooth Brow.

Tiberius

Tiberius left out nothing in his Language or Behaviour, that might prove a Bait for her Affection, and try'd all the Strength of his Power with the Empress, in disposing her to sway *Cesar's* Judgment on his side.

Livia, as she had formerly done, did for a time resist his Intreaty, eagerly desirous to address his Aims at the Princess *Julia*, whose Possession would put him in a fair Path to the Empire, a Design that especially toil'd her working Thoughts. All the Persuasions she could urge, were employ'd upon her Son to change the Object of his Passion, endeavouring to make him feel the Stings of Emulation against *Marcellus*; who, by the Enjoyment of *Julia*, would strengthen his Pretences to the Sovereign Authority, and doubtless carry the Imperial Crown by the double Advantage of Nephew and Son-in-law to the Emperor.

Tiberius was the most aspiring Man upon Earth; yet then more amorous than ambitious, which arm'd him with an obstinate Defence against *Livia's* Importunities; and after he had assur'd her they were all in vain, he press'd so hard for her Assistance, protesting his Repose and his Life depended on it. As that indulgent Mother to the Passions of her Son, gave over her Persuasions, and began to set her Subdities a-work to content him, losing no Occasion to sollicite *Augustus* in his behalf, and practising all those Charms upon him, which she knew had greatest Influence to persuade his Preference of *Tiberius's* Services to those of *Coriolanus*.

The Emperor long resisting her Persecutions, and remembering what was due, as well to his royal Word as the Friendship of *Marcellus*, (who publickly propp'd my Master's Interests) and my Prince's Services, who was then struggling with

Death and Danger for the Glory of his Empire; he shut his Ears to the sly Insinuations of *Livia*, which incessantly tormented him. This Perseverance lasted some Months; during which, he often protested to determine the Difference betwixt the two Competitors with an impassionate Equity, and decide the Prize of their Actions by such a general Judgment, as neither should have cause to suspect Partiality. But, in fine, what could not Love do upon a Soul when he had once disarm'd it? And what might not *Livia* hope from him, who for her sake had violated the sacred Laws of Marriage, and (beyond all Precedent) had ravish'd her great with Child from her Husband's Arms? Well, that subtle Spirit ply'd him so perpetually, as his easy Soul, at last consenting to believe that *Coriolanus's* Mouth might be stopp'd with Rewards more important than *Cleopatra*, to please the importunate *Livia*, he declared against him, and promised to pronounce his Judgment to her Son's Advantage.

Of this the whole Court had present notice; and it quickly flew to the Ears of *Marcellus* and *Cleopatra*. The Princess receiv'd this News with a most violent Displeasure, yet supported it with more Moderation than *Marcellus*, who burst into a loud and haughty Passion at the Injury was offer'd his Friend, vigorously disputed his Interests in the Emperor's Presence; and went so far with *Tiberius* upon that Subject, meeting with him at the Door of the Capitol, and exchanging some warm Words, they drew their Swords one at another. This Quarrel might have rais'd dangerous Disorders in *Rome*, if *Cesar's* Authority had not stepp'd between, and forced them to a mutual Embrace, charging *Marcellus* to keep his Resentments to himself.

My

My Master had Advice of his Misfortune that same Day that he fought the last Battle with the *Austrians* and *Cantabrians*, and was giving Orders at the Head of his Army, when two Letters were brought him, one from *Marcellus*, and the other from *Cleopatra*. Whatever his Employment could then alledge to dispense with their present Perusal, was all over-borne by the Passion he preserved for those two Persons; and, opening the Letters, he found these Words in that of *Marcellus*, which he first read.

Marcellus to Juba Coriolanus Prince of Mauritania.

I Would stay till you receive the troublesome News I send you from some other Hand, were it not dangerous to retard the Intelligence; the Emperor declares for *Tiberius*, if your Presence does not scatter those Advantages that *Livia's* Persuasions have gained upon our's: Come away, my dear Brother, if it be possible, and attend all things from the Affection of a Friend, who would not have told you this Mischiefe, but with a purpose to serve you against it, at the Price of his Fortunes, his Blood, and his Life.

This was *Marcellus's* Letter; and *Cleopatra* spoke thus.

The Princess Cleopatra to Prince Coriolanus.

Yesterday I understood from the Princess *Octavia*, that *Augustus* intends me for *Tiberius*. The previous Discovery of my Intentions will tell you how I relish the Design: However, I know his Authority, as big as it is, shall never change my Inclinations. Your sudden Return will possibly befriend you more than

than all the Power we can stir in your Favour ;
and, if you apprehend me right, no Considera-
tion will be able to defer your coming.

My Master, as I told you, received and read these Letters, just as he was at the Point of giving the last Signal for the Battle ; and his Eye had no sooner arrived at the Period, when, stopping the forwardest with a loud Cry, and commanding their Stay till the Signal was given, he remained in a confused Perplexity, with his Thoughts at a loss what Resolution he should take. His Resentments of this Injury no sooner took fire in his Soul, but it presently flew into such a Flame of Anger, as the first Thought that presented itself was to give away the Victory, and punish the Ingratitude of *Augustus*, by the Loss of his Army, and the Ruin of his Affairs, in a Country where his Valour had establish'd them. Then distasting the Treason in that Design, and passing thence to another that clash'd not so much with his Generosity, he took up a Thought to abandon the *Roman* Troops, carry over his Sword to the Enemy's Party, and raise them by that to the same Height from whence he had thrown them.

While this Irresolution kept him buried in a profound Study, some of the Commanders that were nearest his Person, had asked him divers Questions touching their Employment, without gaining the least Word of Answer from his Mouth. At last, awaking from his deep Cogitations, he lifted up his Head, which all this Time he had hung down as low as his Saddle Bow ; and turning his Eyes round, wherein Choler was lively represented, " Let us go, said he, whither our Duty calls us, and prefer our Honour before such Resentments as cannot be justified by the Event of this Day ; we may possibly reverse
" *Caesar's*

* *Cæsar's* Intention, or at least find out a Death
* to guard us from the Injustice is offered.

Finishing these Words, after he had sent all the
Commanders to their several Charges, he first
gave the last Signal, and was the first that flew in
among his Enemies. I shall forbear the Particu-
lars of this Battle, which was the most cruel and
bloodiest of all the rest; only after the Dispute
had hotly held a part of the Day, there fell to our
Lot so intire a Victory, as of more than 50,000
Barbarians that faced us in the Morning, scarce
the Tenth of that Number were alive at Night.
The General *Theopistus* was there slain, with all the
most considerable Persons of his Party, and thus
this Root of Rebellion was cut up without the
Hope of Resource; for this miserable People, a
few Days after, submitted to all the Conditions
were thought fit to impose.

They would have been very gende, could my
Master have staid his Authority in those Parts,
but the next Day after the Battle, conceiving his
Duty amply discharged, he went to find out *Cori-
sus*, whom he had left lame of the Gout in a
neighbouring City, where after he had passed him
an Account of the State of Affairs as he left them,
remitting the whole Power into his Hands, he
took his leave of him, and a few Days after part-
ed with the same Equipage that followed him
to the Army, endeavouring by great Days Jour-
neys to reach the imperial City.

I will not repeat the passionate Complaints which
broke from the Sense of his Wrongs in that Voy-
age; Grief and Anger took their Turns in his
Words and Actions, and sometimes the latter
transported him to such rash Language, and loud
Threats, as his Friends till then had never observ'd,
and indeed were very unsuitable to his ordinary
Mode-

Moderation; whatever Diligence we used in the Voyage, we arriv'd not at *Rome* till three Days after the News of our last Victory, which we found had taken up a glorious Welcome, and express'd itself in all the Varieties of Joy to receive us; Bonfires and Sacrifices made the Streets flame, and the Altars smoak, at a more conspicuous Expence, than was usually bestow'd upon the Conquest of larger Territories; and for a more conspicuous Mark of Glory, the Emperor having now no more Enemies in the World to trouble the Tranquillity of his Dominion, in Sign of an universal Peace, had caused the Temple of *Janus* to be shut, which always stood open in Time of War, and was never seen closed since the Reign of *Numa Pompilius*.

Had Notice been given before of my Master's Coming, his Reception had been little short of a triumphal Entry; and certainly had he desired the Triumph itself, it would have been granted him; but because he left his Charge, and came back without *Augustus's* Orders, he thought it not fit to give Advice of his Arrival, yet could not hinder the first that saw him pass from breaking out into loud Acclamations, and the Noise of his Return ran so swiftly from Mouth to Mouth, as in a few Moments it was divulg'd through the whole City.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

